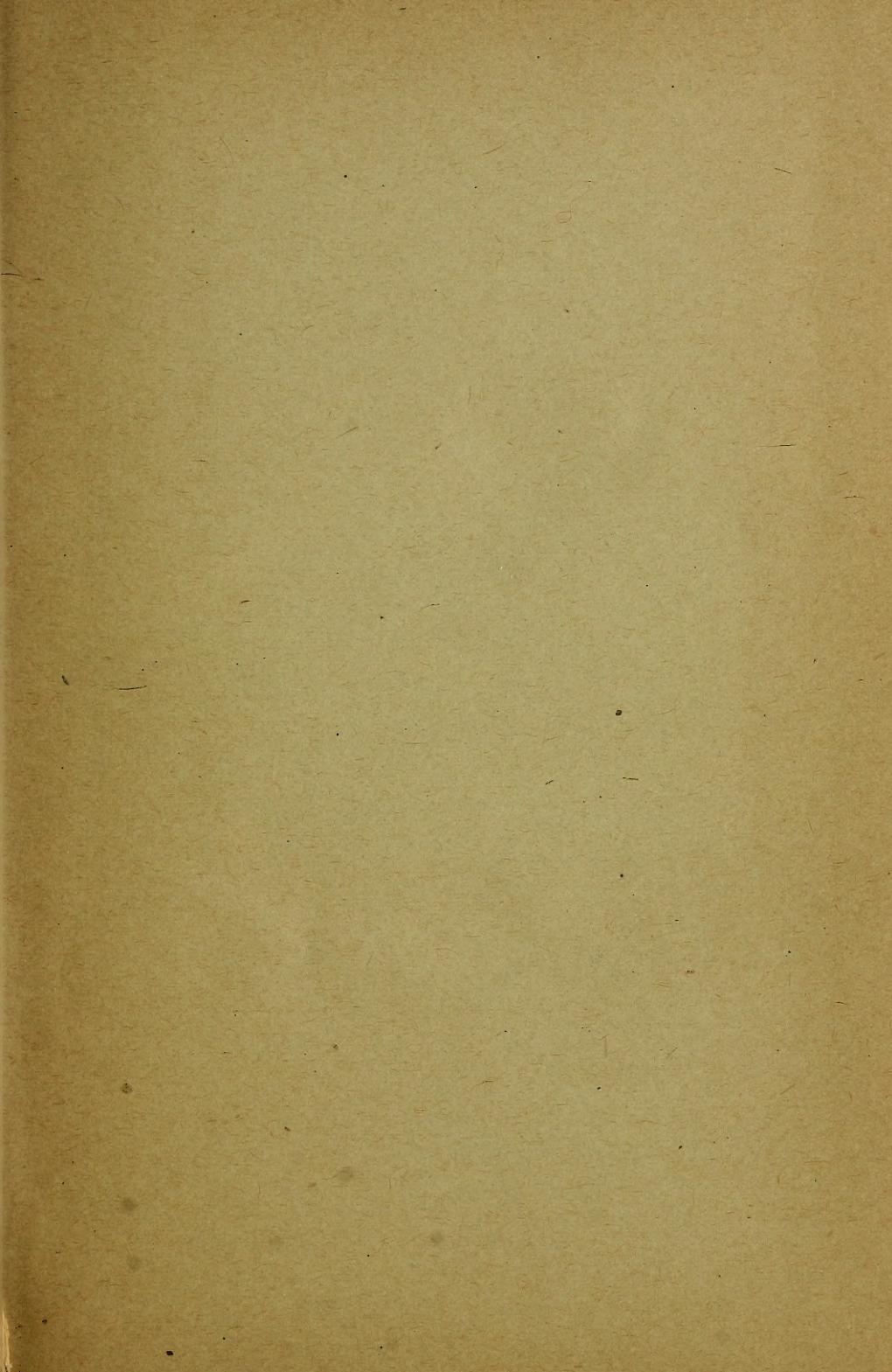


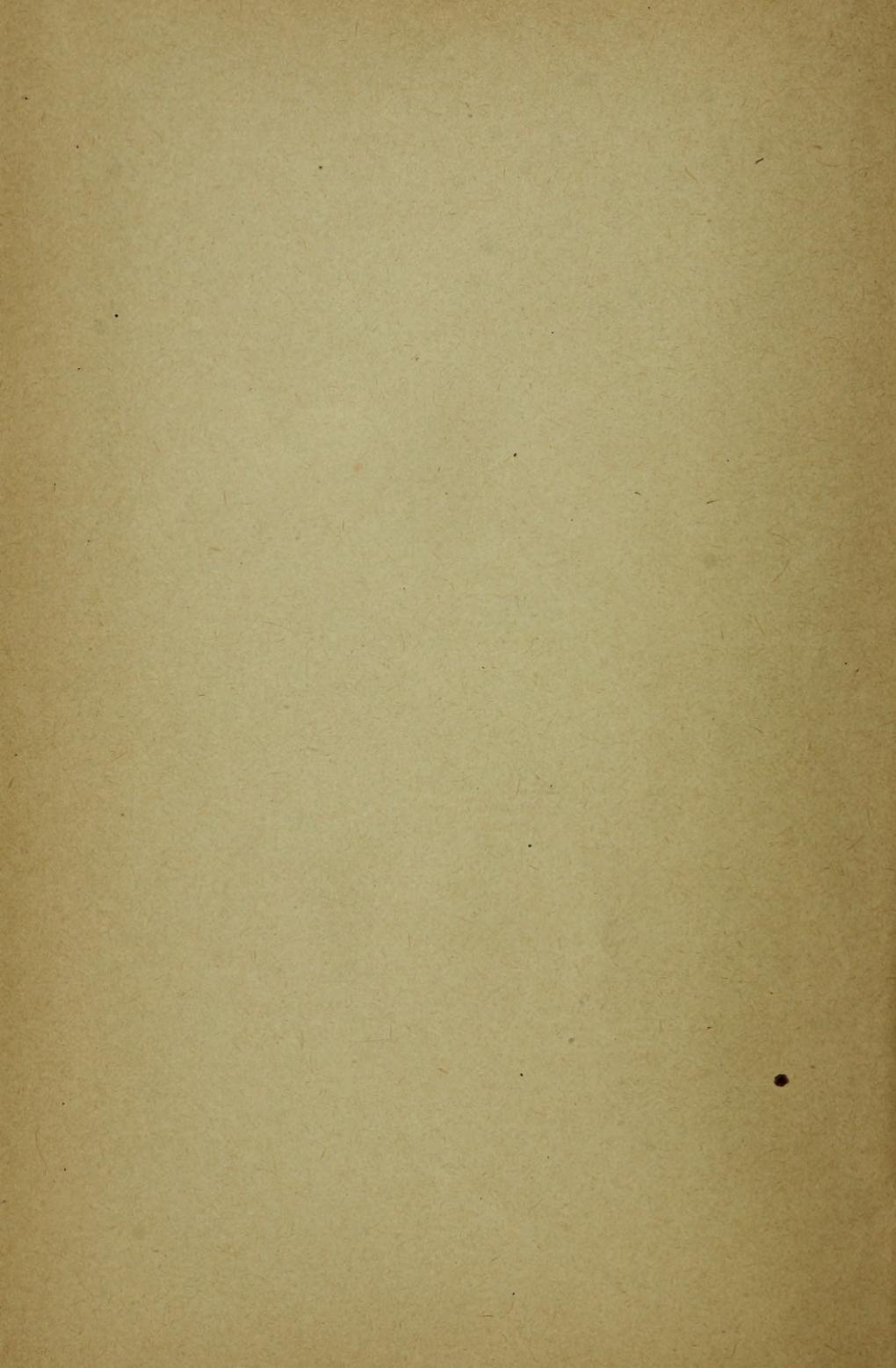
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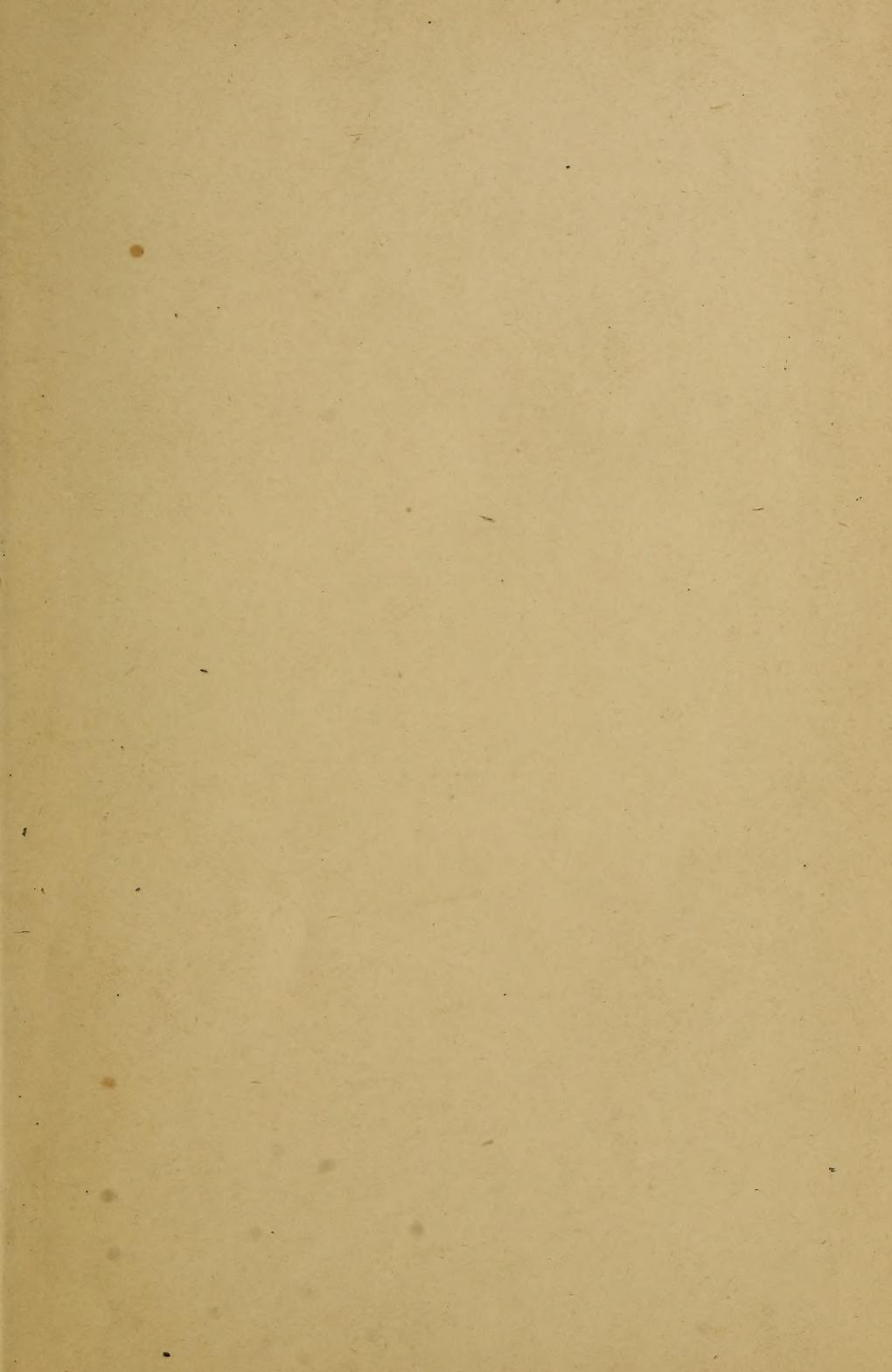
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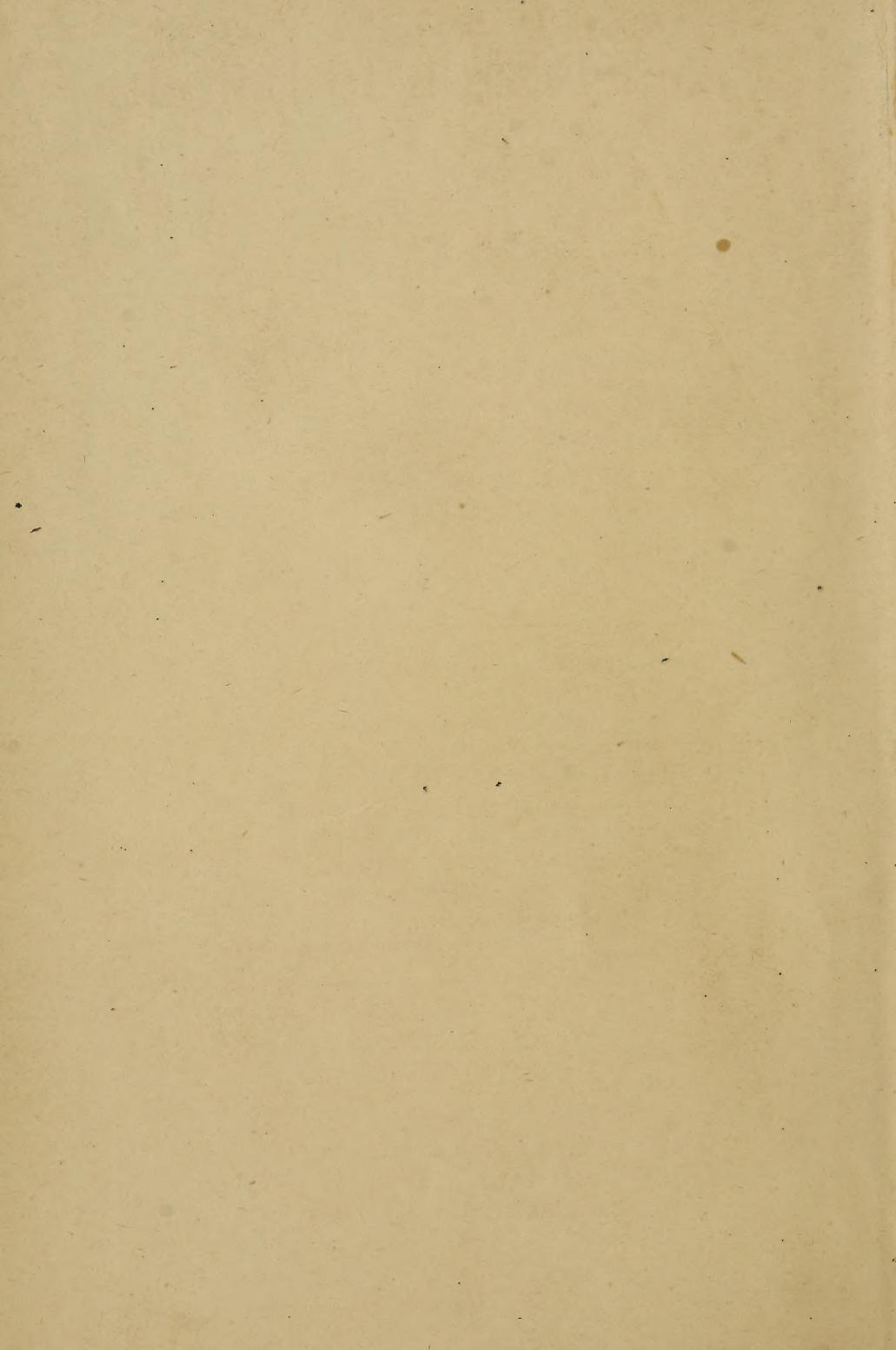
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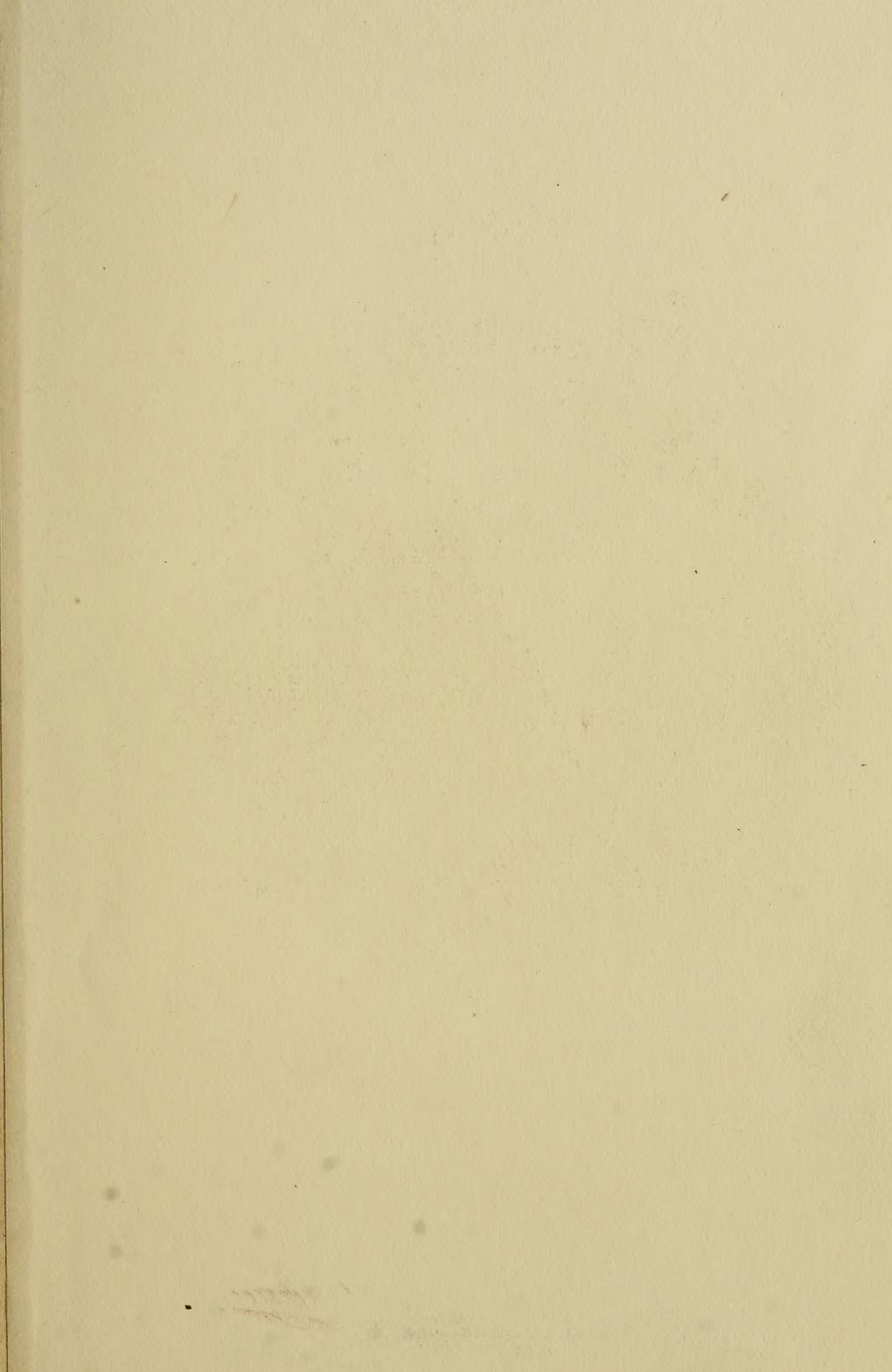
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













Engraving A. H. Ritchie

Wm. Butter

From Boston to Bareilly AND BACK.

BY
WILLIAM BUTLER.
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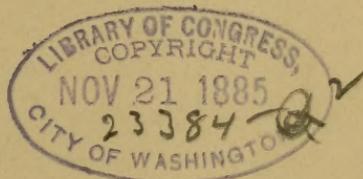
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"Earth's fairest realms in clearest ken
Stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect lay,
The eye might there command wherever stood
City of old, or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Khan,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Timur's throne,
To Pekin of Sinean Kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Moghul,
Down to the golden Chersonese."

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, BOOK XI.

New York:
PHILLIPS & HUNT.

Cincinnati:
CRANSTON & STOWE.
1885.



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THIS BOOK

Is Dedicated

TO THE HON. JACOB SLEEPER,

"CHAPLAIN" C. C. McCABE, D.D.,

AND TO THOSE OTHER KIND FRIENDS WHO UNITED WITH THEM IN FURNISHING
THE MEANS WHICH CONFERRED UPON THE WRITER, HIS WIFE, AND
DAUGHTER THE PECULIAR AND EVER-TO-BE-REMEMBERED
PRIVILEGE WHICH THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE, BY

THE AUTHOR.

Boston, 1885.

P R E F A C E.

THIS work owes its origin to the kind suggestion of the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D. It has been my effort, in its preparation, to keep close to the ideal which he presented as to what should be its character and aim. I found it impracticable to finish the work at an earlier date, chiefly on account of the statistics ; but I feel satisfied that the reader will not regret the delay, when he comes to consider the value of the figures presented ; a large portion of which had to be referred to India for more careful verification. The privilege conferred upon the writer of this book was unique. After the expiration of twenty-seven years, those who sent him forth in 1856, on the duty of founding a mission for their Church, concluded, in their generosity, to send him again, that he might witness its development, and rejoice over “what God had wrought” during the interval in the field which he had selected, and along the lines of labor which he then laid out for his associates and successors.

Few founders of missions have been thus favored as to time and circumstance and the opportunity for reviewing their work. Perhaps not one among

them has been so peculiarly privileged, in view of the extraordinary circumstances which attended the origin of our mission in the great Gangetic Valley.

The reader will excuse the occasional references which I had to make to my other work, *The Land of the Veda*, as this book is, in a sense, the sequel of that work. *The Land of the Veda* shows “what entering in” we had, and the immense resistance which Almighty God overcame in order to open the way for the Gospel which we had to plant there for him. This book shows the results which have been accomplished, and enables the Church to understand what is the outcome and answer to her liberality and prayers, and thus gives the facts by which she can contrast the fearful condition of her mission field in India in 1856 with the blessed changes and results which it exhibits in 1884.

It has been said that “truth is stranger than fiction.” Of the assertion this book will furnish many illustrations. As a participator and eye-witness of most of the events described, it is a duty that I should not leave them unrecorded, and especially when I have been so highly favored as to revisit the scenes where they occurred, and review and rejoice over those victories for Christ and Christian civilization which the record of the first quarter of a century presents to the Church.

WILLIAM BUTLER.

38 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

FROM BOSTON TO BAREILLY.

CHAPTER I.

"And some days after, Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do. . . . And [they] departed, being recommended by the brethren unto the grace of God." Acts xv, 36, 40.

BOSTON, *April* 5, 1883.—In the record of the proceedings of the New England Annual Conference, held on this date in Bromfield Street Church, there occurs the following passage:

When the name of Dr. William Butler was called, the presiding elder presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

Resolved, That this Conference has heard with deep gratitude of the intended visit of our brother, Dr. William Butler, and his devoted wife, to our missions in India, the scene where, under God, by labors, sacrifices, and devotion of the most truly apostolic type, they became the honored founders of that, among the largest and most prosperous of our Church missions. We rejoice that God has raised up to them friends who have so liberally contributed to enable them to enjoy this privilege; and we bid them the most hearty Godspeed, and assure them of our earnest prayers for their health and success in their undertaking and a safe return again to us.

On this action the editor of *Zion's Herald* was kind enough to remark :

One of the most interesting events of the present session of the New England Conference was the passage of the fraternal resolution in reference to the visit of Dr. and Mrs. William Butler to India during the coming year, and the responses made by them. We have rarely seen the Conference more moved than it was by the address of Dr. Butler, in which he referred to the remarkable religious progress since he entered alone the field of his mission in Northern India, and especially to his providential escape in the Sepoy rebellion, and his witnessing of the sentence and execution of the great leader of it. Tears and subdued shouts bore witness to the deep emotions awakened by the magnetic power and eloquence of the doctor's reminiscences.

Amid that blessed scene how easy it was for the mind to rush back to the same New England Conference, when, on the morning of April 8, 1856, Bishop Janes presiding, I stood before that body to take my farewell, and they listened and gazed upon me with tearful eyes, as I was about to go forth in their name to found a mission in the far East, but with no definite idea where it would be located, and with none there then to bid us welcome! But ere we say more about that occasion, let us follow the present events, until they lead us back, as they surely will, by a wonderful line of providences, to that remarkable hour, twenty-seven years ago, in the city of Salem. The present first demands our attention.

The Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting passed resolutions as cordial as those of the Conference here

given, and had even appointed their presiding officer and two of their number to attend the farewell meeting in New York, and then see us off from that port on the following morning. With similar kindness the New York Preachers' Meeting took action, appointed a committee of their number, with Dr. Curry as chairman, and arranged for two meetings, one in St. Paul's, New York, and another in Summerfield Church, Brooklyn, as well as for the farewell meeting in Washington Square Church on the evening before we were to sail. This latter service was the crowning occasion of all. Bishop Harris presided, and Drs. Reid and Fowler, the Missionary Secretaries, addressed the crowded audience, and congratulated "The Father and Mother of the Indian Mission," who were thus so munificently privileged to go forth to visit the scene of their former labors, attended by the sympathy and blessings of the whole Church. The singing was inspiring, especially the new hymn, "The Church's Rallying Song," printed for the occasion and distributed among the audience. It was delightful to see the gifted authoress of the hymn, Fanny Crosby, herself in the congregation, her face aglow and her sightless eyeballs rolling with enthusiasm, as she sang, with the rest, her own grand words; while J. R. Sweeney, the composer of the music, presided at the organ, and did justice to his own composition. Then Chaplain M'Cabe, sustained by W. J. Kirkpatrick, led that wonderful outburst

of glorious song, in which a thousand voices united ! Perhaps heaven does not often hear from earth a more enthusiastic pæan of Christian joy.

It certainly ought to have inspired me when my turn came to speak to such an audience, and under such circumstances. But, though so well used to address public assemblies, and especially on the topic of Christian missions, I found myself so overmastered by my emotions that I began to hope I should not be required to say any thing upon the occasion. I felt like one dazed, and wondering whether all this honor and these words of eulogy were not spoken of some one else than myself. But I was called, and had to address the audience ; my feelings overpowered me, and I realized how weak I was, and how unworthy of this commendation. Beyond all former experience, I estimated how appropriate and safe was humility, and had a consciousness that the joy of heaven, and the words of approval from the lips of even the blessed Master himself, can best coexist with the most profound self-renunciation, and the entire and hearty ascriptions of all the honor and glory of whatever good is done to Him to whom alone the praise is due. “He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.” Yet I could not but feel what compensation was here for the long and anxious responsibilities which I had tried conscientiously to bear for my Church and my God in that far-off land to which we were returning, and how on

this glad occasion I was so amply repaid. We had then to take our stand in the altar, and for nearly an hour wife and daughter and myself had such a hand-shaking as we never knew before: and still the people lingered, and many a tearful "Good-bye" and "God bless you!" were spoken.

Next day, May 5, 1883, a large concourse of these sympathizing friends assembled at the "Anchor Line" pier, where the steamer *Devonia* lay ready for departure. They soon filled the saloon. Brother Cooper, on behalf of the Boston Preachers' Meeting, and Chaplain M'Cabe gave the farewell words, the warning whistle sounded, and our friends passed to the wharf and remained there to see us off. Even then their wonderful kindness had not ended, for they held an informal consultation and agreed that if we wished to return home from India by China and Japan, they would furnish the additional funds to enable us to do so. Our beloved Brother M'Cabe (who, under God, originated this delightful trip for us) came, on their behalf, to the side of the ship, made the additional offer, and urged its acceptance. I promised to give it careful and grateful consideration during the voyage. But, while fully appreciating the interest and joy it would be sure to yield us, and especially to see our missions in China and Japan, we felt that we ought not to allow these kind friends to go to further expense on our account, especially as the great privilege already conferred in this visit to our own mission

field was in itself an enjoyment so complete and satisfactory.

A few minutes after three o'clock P. M. the last cable was let go, and the great ship moved into the river, and turned her head to her course. But as long as we could see that wharf, we could discern the waving handkerchiefs which signaled the loving benedictions of our noble friends. Thank God for true Christianity! Nothing else could create and consummate the privilege and the joy of such an hour as this. How fervently we prayed that night, in our sea-home, that God might remember every one, from first to last, who had united and sympathized in conferring upon us this great privilege and joy! Surely if any thing could make an old missionary superintendent feel young again, to be the center of a scene like this ought to do it. But the joy was deepened when I reflected upon the fact that was underlying it all, and that fact was, how much the Church must value her mission in India when she can thus so magnanimously treat the humble founders of that work! We had no other claim to her consideration, and she was generous enough to consider this sufficient. But the reader will kindly excuse all this talk about ourselves. We will proceed to speak of the voyage, and one or two of its incidents.

We had about eighty saloon passengers, mostly quiet people. There was very little drinking or loose

language. We had no storms certainly, and the officers said the "weather was fine," though there were many of our number, among the ladies especially, who concluded that these sea-faring people had a definition of their own for the word "fine." When one goes on board an immense ship of this class, 4,279 tons burden, he cannot at first realize that any power less than a storm can make her heave up her great form and roll about as if she were a mere whale-boat. The reflecting mind will naturally turn in such circumstances to Him, the Almighty One, who has conferred this wondrous force upon these elements, whose play around you is so amazing, and gather comfort from the thought that there is more than power here. There is control and guidance of these forces by Him who "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm." This justifies the prayer with which the anxious heart invokes his blessed protection from the raging violence around, and the confident expectation of being brought in safety to "the desired haven."

On the fourth day out we were crossing "the Banks," where the cod-fishing is carried on—a wild and exposed occupation, prosecuted amid perils of its own by our hardy "toilers of the sea." The locality where we were now floating naturally suggested to the memory those queer lines which were found about two hundred years ago in the psalmody of the times: lines which, in these days of sweeter songs and

perhaps of sweeter singers, make one wonder that such doggerel ever could have been tolerated for an hour by Christian people. The poet who perpetrated this amazing versification must have been at a great loss for illustration, if not for sense, when he allowed his imagination to lead him to “evolve from the depths of his inner consciousness” the following whimsical specimen of hymnology:

“ Ye monsters of the briny deep,
Your Maker’s praises spout;
Up from your sands, ye codlings, peep—
And wag your tails about ! ”

The remembrance of these queer lines was enough to make a man laugh, even though he were seasick. The laugh might have been longer and more relieving, too, as we lay there and held on, but for the untimely interference of the *Devonia* herself. For just here she had begun to act as though resolved to draw our attention from those codfish and that poetry to the contemplation of her own performances, with that great “tail” of hers, which, as it rose and fell, and went round and round, and “wagged” from side to side, showed how it could thrill and stir you up, until all your poetry was gone, and several other things along with it, and you had to conclude that the situation was not friendly to merriment, and all the more because this specimen of her ability to “wag her tail about” became more lively in its manifestations, and was pertinaciously persisted in, as if to show

how thoroughly it could be done, and what pleasure she took in doing it! Still, in spite of her, we did have our little laugh, and concluded therefrom what a good tonic in sea-sickness a hearty laugh must be, and especially if you can have a few of them quickly after each other. On reaching the shore, and falling in with an old antiquarian friend of mine, I inquired if he knew where the quotation before mentioned could be found. He promptly informed me that a copy of the book was in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and offered to aid me in obtaining a sight of it. I did not need his assurance that the quotation, though in a version of the Psalms, had no authorization from the sacred Hebrew. Of course not. God's holy Book never violates good taste or utters any thing preposterous, nor should it be held responsible for the human errors which some of its expositors, poets, and painters have committed. I did not accept my friend's assistance in searching for the book.

Our careful captain had chosen a southerly course to avoid meeting with icebergs, and until the fifth day, when in latitude $42^{\circ} 23'$ and longitude $51^{\circ} 03'$, we did not sight any. But early that morning one was passed, and three more before midday, all of them, however, away to the north and quite a distance from us. But about three o'clock in the afternoon one was discerned right on our course. The afternoon was fine, sea-sickness was forgotten, and all

crowded on deck to see that great sight. Every eye was soon fixed upon it, though we required more than an hour and a half to come abreast of it. It was, to the passengers at least, an awful sight, and we shuddered at the thought of our great ship rushing on to collision with such an object in the darkness of the night. Here was explanation enough why some vessels have never been heard of after leaving port. This berg seemed almost a cube in shape. We discussed its dimensions and sought information from the officers. It was generally agreed that it was about four hundred feet long on the sides and perhaps over one hundred feet high! Though I had crossed the Atlantic six times, I never before had an opportunity of seeing an iceberg, and now, to see one so large and so near, was quite an event. The afternoon sun was shining upon the tall side, and made it look as brilliant in its majesty as it was terrible. To crash into that cold mass would be as sure destruction as to strike any precipice that overhangs the sea, with the additional horror that there might not be the most distant chance of help or escape, and that the surrounding waters, which would engulf the unhappy passengers, in their intensity of cold would freeze them to death in a few moments. Although we were so far away, the increasing cold which emanated from it in the air and in the sea, changed all the conditions around us. Our ship was kept not less than a mile and a quarter south of it, and our careful officers had

been all day testing the water and the air every half-hour. By such process they are able, in the darkness of the night, to discover the nearness of such a danger, and so may decide upon requisite precautions. Half an hour before we came abreast of this berg the water was found to register 54° , while abreast of it the mercury had fallen to 38° and the air had become nearly 10° colder than it was half an hour previous. Half an hour after passing (say six miles) the conditions corresponded with what they were one hour before. Such was the chill created on the outer rim of a circle that was two and a half miles in diameter. The reader can imagine how the thermometer would register half a mile or a full mile nearer, and what it would likely be by its side.

We also had discussions as to what proportion of this mountain of ice must have been below the surface, in order to sustain the huge dimensions which towered up above the water. The displacement seemed to us almost incredible. Although the composition of the berg is said to include great masses of compacted snow, the specific gravity of which is not equal to the rest, and that the whole mass is not, therefore, as hard and consistent as the ice blocks with which we cool our summer beverages; yet, after making all allowance for this, let any one contemplate a piece of ice as it floats in his tumbler of water, and he may gain some adequate idea of the colossal proportions of this mountain of submerged ice, which

could float and sustain to one hundred feet above the water this fearful object, which for three hours we watched with such intense interest. It was generally agreed that at least seven eighths of the whole mass must have been under the surface. If this calculation be correct, then this mountain of ice must have been eight hundred feet high from bottom to top ! It impressed us as having such power of resistance to the sun that it would require years of time to melt it down, especially as the reserve below would come to the surface as fast as the top portion melted away. And so, perhaps, it would, were it not for the provision made by the Almighty to have the warm south wind concur with the gulf stream to act on the enormous mass. How long this one had been floating around, or where it came from, who can tell ! But, what a sight it must have been when it first let go its fastenings within the Arctic regions, and tore its thundering way down those eternal hills of ice and dashed into the deep and astonished ocean !

Yet this enormous mass was only one of those "morsels" from his "treasuries," to which the Lord God Almighty referred when he showed Job his utter insignificance, by asking him, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered

it?" Job xxxviii, 4, 22, 29. Or again, in David, "He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow." Psa. cxlvii, 17, 18. A Christian has a clear right here to draw attention to the fact, that his Holy Scriptures shine out with an original and permanent light and knowledge, unshared and unapproached by any, even the most ancient of human compositions. The Vedas, for instance, of the land to which we were going, though the most venerable of them all, has no wide sweep of vision to include such facts. They are local and limited in their allusions, and even their admirers have to admit their monotony, and their worthlessness to mankind. Brought into contact with these great facts of nature, or science, or of human experience, they shrink, like so many owls, back to the silence and the darkness of the ruins where they have dwelt so long, unable to endure the light or the questionings to which our modern knowledge and civilization would subject them. But this blessed word of God, more venerable still than they, is as fully adapted to the illumination and discoveries of the centuries after Christ, as it was to the knowledge and civilization of the centuries before him. From the first it boldly accepted, in its utterances, all risks of *the future*, assured that no development of nature or man would ever be able to antiquate its utterances. This was a wonderful risk to assume, and

that, too, in a world where there was so much change inevitable, and at a time which was merely the early dawn of knowledge. But the Bible could afford to do all this, because it was written with divine fore-knowledge. To-day, fairly interpreted, it transcends, as fully as it ever did, the highest attainments and experiences of the human race, and no doubt it will continue to march ahead of all true development until time shall be no more.

Here is as keen a test and as critical an appeal to facts as even its foes might desire. The quotations which I have just given were first spoken to men more than three thousand years ago on the plains of Mesopotamia or the hills of Judea—men who never saw an iceberg, and never gazed upon even the outer circle of that awful Arctic, whose interior secrets are still only known to Him who made them. Even our own hardy and inquisitive race, with all its appliances for discovery and endurance, realizes keenly its impotence, and the limit of its power and knowledge, in the presence of these mysteries. Again and again it has made heroic and desperate efforts to penetrate and explore them. Alas! their frozen bodies and deserted ships on its outer margin are the ghastly evidence of its inability to penetrate those reserved secrets of the great God. Their very failure is additional evidence of the perpetual truth of His holy word, which thus still maintains its indisputable right to “hide pride from

man," and to challenge his profound and intelligent humility, as he stands in a presence like this, and reflects upon that unexplored birthplace of these mysterious "wanderers of the sea." So that ancient revelation, and nature's amazing manifestations, and the true philosophy which reverently contemplates both, combined to inculcate the duty of adoration of that awful, but glorious Being, whose wisdom and resources are so unsearchable and past finding out, that, in this supreme independence of us and of our judgments concerning him and his ways, he can afford to make the visible operations and forces of nature to become merely "the hiding of his power." We bow in reverence before Him and exclaim, "Thou art the God that doest wonders : thou hast declared thy strength among the people. . . . Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known!"

As the sun went down we gladly parted company with our fearful visitant, thanking God for our safety ; but never shall we forget the wonderful scene on which we so intently gazed that day. Next morning, no other icebergs being visible, and the Great Bank having been crossed, our course was altered more to the north-east, but the chilly winds which soon poured down from the icy north made warmer clothing very necessary to our comfort.

On the second Sabbath the sea was calm enough to permit us to hold divine service. The scene was

very interesting. Part of the congregation occupied the upper saloon, where the organ was, and looked down, as from a gallery, upon the preacher and the rest of the audience in the dining saloon below. Beautiful flowers and creeping plants festooned the sides, and ran across, and among them hung the cages of canary birds. The singing of the hymns was sweet, and a very gracious influence rested upon the audience. How appropriate were the words, “The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.”

On the evening of the tenth day our gentlemanly captain informed us that before midnight we should see the first light on the north-west coast of Ireland, and we remained up to behold the welcome sight. Early next morning we ran into Lough Foyle, and landed the mails and passengers for Londonderry. We then skirted later the Giant’s Causeway and the islands, entered the Clyde, with its historic scenery, and at three P. M. reached Greenock. As we approached the pier, there stood James Young, smiling his hearty welcome down upon us, the same kindly face which, along with that of William Stewart, shone out its welcome at the landing-place at Calcutta on our arrival in India, September 22, 1856. Here he was, twenty-seven years later, to repeat the same kindness, and conduct us to his hospitable Scottish home on the other side of this beautiful bay.

Thank God for Christian friendship! But how good and grateful we should be to prove at all worthy of those loving attentions on both sides of the Atlantic!

After a delightful visit to Helensburg and the Scottish capital, I crossed over to Ireland in company with my oldest clerical friend, Rev. John Hay, to visit the scenes where we began our ministry together in the centenary year of British Methodism. We had, of course, a blessed time, full of suggestive and grateful memories. From there I went to Dublin, my native city, and to the locality where my religious life began. I then recrossed the Irish Sea to Liverpool, and one of the first things I did was to visit St. John's market, to find out the spot so memorable to me for what occurred there forty-six years before. Had it not been for that event I should probably never have seen America, and this journey could not have occurred. This, then, to me is memorable ground. Hither my thoughts have frequently returned, and here now the divine voice seemed to say, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God [hath] led thee these forty years," etc.

In view of its importance to me, and in the grateful duty to recognize the links which have connected that hour with this in a blessed chain of providences, which included my becoming an American citizen and a Methodist Episcopal minister, and founder of American Methodist missions in India and Mexico, I am here led

back to review life and its results, with special reference to these facts, then so unexpected. I trust my readers will excuse me in taking a few pages to indulge these personal reminiscences. God may make the record profitable to them, as it certainly will be to myself. It was on this spot, one Sunday afternoon in August, 1839, that I first made an attempt to preach the Gospel. The duty was performed with much misgiving; but by His grace I have been enabled to continue proclaiming his truth from then till now. Perhaps I may not be assuming too much if I modestly suppose that God had some special work that I could do, and that, "when he called me by his grace," it was with the expectation that I should do that work for him. Yet without that "revelation of his Son in me" which took place a few weeks before I first stood here, I should have been both unfit and unwilling to be led forth to such a duty.

The reader will mark how, step by step, my narrative will lead me back again to Boston, to find there that necessary providential development which includes all the justification for this present joyous journey, the account of which I must now suspend for a few pages, until we are brought round once more to this city and can resume it. I ought to add here that I have but seldom given in detail the facts which I am about to narrate, and never before wrote them out. I do so now at the earnest request of some friends whose judgment I have reason to respect, and who wish to have them

embodied in the book, which they had already suggested should be the outcome of this journey. I ought no longer to have any hesitation in doing this, as it is now evident enough to myself that these facts show how and why it happened that, under the divine guidance and calling, I became the founder of the mission in India. This being so (as I presume the narrative will evidence), the facts in question are no longer private and personal to myself, they belong to the Church of God, whose servant I became, so far as she may choose to be interested in them, as marking the hand of God in the history and agency of her precious work in Hindustan. The narrative will also teach a lesson on the duty of personal effort for the salvation of others, which I trust God will bless, and especially to my lady readers.

While lately in Dublin I went to visit a tomb in the Mount Jerome Cemetery. That tomb contains the dust of a saint who will yet arise in glory, and whose blessed face I shall see again with joy. Eleven miles south of that tomb there is a little valley, where I first saw that face. I went once more from the tomb to that valley, on this the last occasion when I can hope to visit it, and there for a few days I have been living my life over again. Forty-seven years ago my home was here. I was then in my nineteenth year, and was regarded by my friends as a moral young man, and considered, by myself at least, as a Christian. I had been from childhood connected with the Episco-

pal Church, an attendant on its services and Sunday-school, and diligent in all its duties, so that I “profited above many” of my class associates, and bore off, because of my superior knowledge of the word of God, several of the valuable premiums in the yearly examinations. I was praised and encouraged, and became zealous for my Church. No doubt of the safety and graciousness of my condition had ever entered my mind. I was taught, and I believed it, that in baptism “I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.” What more could I need? I regarded myself as safe for eternity. Had any one asked “a reason of the hope that was in me,” or why I laid this flattering unction to my soul so confidently, I would have appealed to the book and replied, My Catechism tells me so; I was made all this “in my baptism.” The bald Romanism of the statement, its doctrine of baptismal regeneration, I was not then intelligent enough to understand. Yet on this unscriptural dogma I was risking all my future welfare. Of repentance, faith in the Lord Jesus, the new birth, or the witness of the Spirit, I knew nothing, and had never heard. Truly

“A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.”

How trustingly I clung to the teaching of my prayer book, and, no doubt, would have clung to it, living or dying, to the last, not imagining that there

could have been dangerous error in it. So, had death itself come, I was there instructed, in "The Visitation of the Sick," to send for my minister (assuming that there was time to do so) and make my confession, and he—this mistaken and presumptuous mortal—would have stood by my bedside and uttered these awful words: "Our Lord Jesus Christ hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners—and, by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" All this, according to the requirement there, "I steadfastly believed." I knew no other gospel save this diluted Romanism. No other was within my reach. No evangelical ministry of any dissenting denomination was within a dozen miles of my home.

I look back upon these circumstances with most painful remembrance, yet, I hope, with entire freedom from denominational bigotry. I was intensely loyal to my Church. Nothing short of the most serious consideration could have detached me from her communion. Changing one's Church relations is seldom justified by any thing less than realizing greater help in the religious life, or a larger opportunity of Christian usefulness. But I have never doubted the course I was then led to take in this matter. How could I do so? Here I was, like hundreds around me, sitting under a State-Church-ministry which, year after year, left us unawakened to a sense of our guilt and dan-

ger, and not only so, but which, as in my own case, when God, by another agency and the help of his holy word, enabled me to discover my state, actually discouraged—I might almost say persecuted—me, because I was trying to find the light which they had never shed upon me. They were disgusted that I should discredit, by my doubts, “the new birth” which they said I had received in my baptism, and which, they asserted, was further ratified to me when the Bishop laid his hands upon my head in “confirmation.” Yet, when awakened, I was not able to find any evidence, save this clerical assertion, that any such change had ever passed upon me. But I could not afford to make a mistake here, for eternity was involved. I had begun to feel through all my being that I “must be born again”—must have “the inward and spiritual grace,” without which “the outward and visible sign” was nothing to me but a few drops of water. Alas ! I knew that I had not this regeneration of the Holy Spirit, for the “grace” and “the fruits” of the Spirit are inseparable, and I feared, and soon came to know, that these fruits were not in me.

My religious guides were as confused as was Nicodemus when our Lord preached the doctrine of the new birth to him, and proved to his conscience that he was ignorant of it, though he was “a master in Israel.” This question is vital to the ministry and membership of every Church on earth. How terrible

that men should dare to enter the ministry of any one of them as a mere “profession,” by which to earn a “respectable” living ! If unconverted themselves, how can they lead their unsaved hearers to salvation ? while, as unconverted, they are certainly uncalled of God to this holy office, no matter what their other qualifications may be. Yet these are the men who, in their presumption, I have heard so often talk loftily of their superior, and, indeed, exclusive, “holy orders,” derived from their “apostolical succession”—that miserable Romish fable—and who could speak contemptuously of what they were pleased to call “the unauthorized ministry” of other men : men who had, nevertheless, the divine seal upon their ministry, and whose “proofs of apostleship”—and they needed no other—were the souls which they had saved and edified, and would yet present, as their “glory and joy,” before the throne of God. I had begun to understand that common sense concurred with Bible teaching on this question. If a man trusts a pretentious lawyer, he can only lose his property if wrongly advised ; or, an unskillful physician, he risks only health and life ; but, if he be guided by an unconverted clergyman, he adventures his soul’s eternal welfare, with the liability of finding himself and this “blind leader of the blind” at last “fallen together into the ditch” of hopeless misery ! How carefully should the Churches of God guard the door which admits to their ministry, and see to it that, whatever

other qualification their candidates have or have not, they shall have at least the experimental piety which will enable them to guide poor awakened souls more safely than I was guided forty-seven years ago, when they so confidently cried "Peace, peace," where God had not spoken it. Had I been left to them I should probably have perished in my sins.

But, a compassionate God was preparing another agency to undeceive me, to open my eyes, and turn me from darkness to light, that I might receive forgiveness of my sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified, all through the instrumentality of that blessed woman from whose tomb I have just returned. How heartily I may thank God that she herself had found what she was so soon to teach me. But how she was led out of darkness similar to my own to that attainment, is an essential part of this narrative, and will illustrate the grace of God in a wonderful manner.

This precious lady belonged to the upper circles of society. Her husband had been member of Parliament for the University of Dublin, and was at this time one of her majesty's Judges. She was well qualified, by her many accomplishments, for adorning the position which they occupied. She loved worldly splendor and the gayety of fashionable life, and yet regarded herself as a Christian, and was very regular in her attendance at church and sacraments. Being fond of the harp, and wishing to perfect herself in

its use, she hired a professional harper to instruct her. This harper was a Welshman, and one of the most unique persons I ever saw. He was very small in size, entirely blind, dressed with scrupulous neatness in black, and wore a white cravat. His hair, as white as snow, hung down on his shoulders, and he looked like what we might suppose one of the ancient bards to have been. He attended twice a week to give the lessons. It was a beautiful picture to see the lovely little man, with the harp towering above him, as he sat and discoursed that sweet music ; and she would listen, then take her place and submit herself to his instruction and the requisite criticism upon her performance.

He was a saintly man, but she knew it not. He had not yet ventured to converse with her upon the subject of religion, and probably may have had an apprehension that her High-Churchism would lead her to resent any effort of that kind as an intrusion. But, one Monday morning, when taking her lesson, she paused, and, turning toward him, said, in her own rapid and impulsive manner, “O, Mr. Lewis, I heard such a magnificent sermon yesterday from Mr. M. It was so grand ! Who did you hear, sir ? Where did you go ?” He paused, fearing his answer would not please her “Church” notions. She perceived his hesitation, and then insisted, in a half-earnest, half-playful manner, on being informed where he went and who he heard. He saw “the cross” was reached

and that he must take it up. So, lifting his heart to God for help, he quietly answered, "Madam, I went to the Methodist chapel, and heard a Methodist preacher." She broke out in such a hearty peal of laughter, and exclaimed, "The idea, Mr. Lewis, that you should go among those Methodists!" And then she overflowed again with her fun at his expense and want of judgment "to go among those Methodists!" Poor soul, she knew nothing of them, and thus only expressed her prejudice. But her curiosity was awakened, and she urged him further, saying, "Come, now, Mr. Lewis, I must insist on knowing *why* you went among such people, for I understand that they are very fanatical and ignorant!" Again he lifted his heart to God for help and replied, "Madam, will you listen patiently while I tell you?" "Certainly," she said; "I want to know all about it." He then began and told her how he had gone among these people, and had there heard, for the first time in his life, the Scripture doctrine of a conscious salvation, and how to obtain "a good hope through grace." As he spoke the grateful tears flowed down his face, and he looked the joy which he described. She did not lose a word. She could gaze into his sightless countenance and note the whole expression, and, as she looked and listened to the wonderful story, her own heart was opening with deep feeling to the truth. She felt that he was sincere. Seeing the peace of God on his beautiful countenance, she began to

realize that he had found something more in the Christian religion than she herself had ever known. But when he came to speak of his joyous hope that, ere long, he would be done with the things of earth, and God would open his eyes—which had never looked upon this world—to behold the glories of eternity and to “see the King in his beauty,” her tears were flowing in honest sympathy with his joy. Before he had finished his simple narration of “what God had done for his soul,” she had settled down into the resolution that she must know more about these despised “Methodists,” and would find out for herself if there was reasonable and scriptural justification for such confidence and such happiness as her harper had expressed that morning. She ascertained from him where this Methodist chapel was situated (they then used the word chapel for their places of worship in Ireland) and the hour of service, and, as they parted, she said a few appreciative words to him, and he knew that he had not lost her good-will by his candid statement that forenoon.

On Saturday evening she ordered her coachman to have the carriage at the door next morning in time. It was done, and when she stepped in she surprised the footman who attended her, by telling him to direct the coachman to drive her to the Methodist chapel in Whitefriars Street. To the amazement of the frequenters of this place of worship (built by Mr. Wesley himself) the splendid equipage, drawn by

four bay horses, stopped at the door, and the elegant lady stepped out, entered, and took a seat in the front of the gallery. It is probable that the preacher was the Rev. Gideon Ouseley (a name famous in Irish Methodism). She had never before seen a minister in the pulpit without gown and bands, nor a service conducted without the use of the prayer book. It was all novel to her. But there was a heartiness in the service that pleased her, and the sermon found its way into her soul and gave her more light than she had before. She returned home deeply impressed, and began to pray earnestly to God to help her to understand what true religion was. The following Saturday, in giving her orders, she told the coachman to have the carriage ready next morning, but to "leave off the leaders"—two horses would be sufficient to take her. Her worldly pride was being crucified, and she was becoming "lowly in heart." This was more evident a week later, when she informed the coachman she would not require the carriage next morning. She would walk to the service (as she did ever after), but that she wished him to attend her, carrying her Bible and hymn book; her object being to bring him, also, under the sound of the Gospel.

She now invited the Methodist ministers to call upon her, that she might receive further instruction and have them pray with her, and place in her hands suitable books on the subject of salvation. This was

done, and she soon read "William Carvozzo's Life" and "The Life and Letters of Hester Ann Rogers," and similar works on Christian experience. So faithfully did she follow the instructions given, that she was ere long gloriously converted, to the great joy of her dear old harper. But she did not rest in that whereunto she had now attained. Like Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, (may God increase the number of such Christians in that old Church !) she was led, by her earnest love of holiness, to inquire if there was not something more in Christianity for her to receive, beyond the blessings that came to her in this "new birth?" She rejoiced to be assured that there was a higher life, a perfect love, a state of entire sanctification into which it was now her blessed privilege to enter, and be "saved to the uttermost." With becoming earnestness she sought this "second blessing," and soon entered upon its enjoyment. Henceforth her life became one of the most lovely patterns of "the beauty of holiness." And now, to lead others to the attainment of what she had herself found, became her daily effort and her greatest joy. Her first desire was for her husband's salvation, and he, seeing what divine grace had done for her, submitted himself to her guidance, and sought the Lord on his own behalf, and a few weeks after they were rejoicing as "heirs together of the grace of life." He became a true Christian; a family altar was established in that household and kept up to the close of

life. All the influence of his position was thrown henceforth on the side of evangelical religion and the moral reforms of that day, including the temperance cause. Then her friends and her servants became objects of her solicitude, with gracious results in many instances.

Such was the help that God was so soon to send to me. Shortly after these events, and with special references to her delicate health, her husband purchased a beautiful country home near where I lived, and there she continued her efforts to do good. Soon after their arrival one of my young friends said to me, "St. Valori House has been purchased by one of the Judges, and his wife is a great Methodist. She is in the habit of walking out every morning, and takes tracts with her, and talks to people whom she meets about religion." This was the first time that I had even heard the word "Methodist," and asked my friend what it meant? He sneeringly replied, "Why, a Methodist is one who actually believes they can know their sins forgiven and be assured of the favor of God!" He uttered this sarcastically, to show how fanatical such people must be; but his words took a singular hold on my heart, and led me to reflect much upon them during the day. I knew they did not describe my condition, and I wondered whether they truly described the condition of any one in this world, these Methodists or any one else? But there was a rebound, and my religious pride was

alarmed. I found myself sincerely hoping that I should not fall into her hands or be talked to by her. I did not wish to be disturbed as to my religious condition. On inquiring as to her appearance, she was represented to me as tall, refined, and delicate looking. It was singular how uncomfortable I became by the presence of this "Methodist" in our neighborhood, and how much I began to fear that I might come in contact with her, and that she might talk to me about my religious state.

It was only a few mornings after this conversation that I rose earlier than usual to attend to some business, and going along the road near St. Valori, I saw her coming toward me, attended by her maid. From the description I felt assured this must be the lady! I at once slackened my pace in order to get time to decide what I should do to escape. The wall on either side of the road was over six feet high, and I could not jump over. It looked cowardly to turn back and escape by walking away from her, so I concluded to take the alternative which remained, that, as the sidewalk was fully five feet wide, I would, as we approached each other, step to the very outside limit and leave her a wide berth to pass on. Quickening my steps, to carry out my purpose, as I came near I saw, to my confusion, that she did not intend to move off to the inside, but was going to stop in the center of the path, and so gently bar my way! She afterward told me, that before I reached her, the

Spirit of God seemed to say to her heart, “ Speak to this young man.” So, as she stopped, I had no alternative but to do the same, and then I ventured to lift my eyes and look at her. How amazed I was, and ashamed as well, that I should have imagined her —“this Methodist”—something of a horror, to be afraid of on meeting! How sweet her face was, and such a smile! She could not but see that I was alarmed at her presence, and that I looked rather wild. But she spoke, and said in such a gentle way, and in tones that I shall never forget, “Good-morning, young man; may I say a few words to you?” My trepidation at once calmed down, and I looked again at that saintly face, and answered, “Yes, madam, you may say whatever you wish.” She saw that she had gained her first point, and stepped nearer, till she could touch my sleeve with that white hand, so thin and wasted by the incipient consumption which four years after was to lay her in the grave.

She then said, “I want to ask you this question, Do you pray?” Had she asked me, Do you say your prayers? I could have answered with great confidence. But she did not say or mean that, though herself an Episcopalian, and well acquainted with the prayer book. I had never offered an extempore prayer—could not have done it. My heart had not learned to utter its own cry to God according to its own feelings. I had only repeated the language of other people, whether it fully expressed my own con-

dition or not. It was wonderful what clearness there was in her question, how the Spirit of God carried her meaning into my mind. Each sentence that she had uttered had that unction which accompanies the words of one who lives in close communion with God. So, though in such darkness, I saw at once what she meant when she asked me if I prayed. Being too manly to tell a falsehood, I promptly answered, "No, madam, I do not." She drew a deep sigh, and then said, "Well, if you don't pray, *what is to become of your soul?*" Up to that hour I had supposed that my soul was all right, that I was safe for eternity. But her question went through my heart, and woke me up to a suspicion, which immediately became a consciousness, that I was unsaved, that my soul was in danger! Her tender words had "opened my eyes"—my ecclesiastical salvation vanished as in a moment, and I saw myself, in the sight of God, a sinner, guilty and polluted,

"Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power,
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower."

What a revelation that hour brought to me! I had nothing to say: I hung my head and was silent.

She saw how God was helping her, and touched my arm again. How glad I am that she touched me! The Lord Jesus touched those he would bless. "Such words and touches live"—there was sympathy and

personal appeal in it, no formality or aristocratic bearing. How kindly and tenderly she touched me, as she said, "Now listen to me!" She talked, perhaps, less than fifteen minutes, of repentance, what it was to be born again, to have the witness of the Spirit and real Christianity in the soul. When she ceased I had learned more about true religion than I had gained from all the sermons I had ever heard, for I had been taught—what I least of all expected to know—that I was, indeed, a sinner, needing a change of heart, and must be converted or perish; but I learned, too, thank God, how I might be saved! The Holy Spirit sealed every word upon my conscience, and I became so submissive to the guidance of God through her, that it seemed as though a thread would have led me anywhere to seek salvation. She closed the interview, earnestly exhorting me not to lose an hour in carrying out my resolution to seek the Lord, and made me promise to call upon her that evening, and then used these words: "Young man, God is not only able and willing to save your soul, but he is also willing to make you the means of the salvation of other people." These words startled me. Realizing, as I then did, the depth of my own unworthiness, I could not imagine that God would add personal usefulness in my case to personal salvation. Perhaps it ministers to her joy to-day to know that her expectation was not disappointed.

We parted, but I was so determined to lose no time

in seeking the Lord, that I let the worldly business go for that morning, and walked on to where I knew there was a gate leading into the field, and there I entered, and behind that wall dropped on my knees, and pleaded with God for mercy. The blessed Spirit was helping me, and I found words to express myself. Then and there I gave myself to Christ as Saviour and Lord forever, and implored God to make me such a Christian as this lady had taught me I must become in order to be saved. That evening I called upon her, and she further instructed and prayed with me. She also put into my hands the same precious books that had helped herself—Carvosso's Life and Mrs. Rogers's Life—telling me to read them daily, along with my Bible, and keep on praying earnestly until I felt that the Lord had converted my soul.

But I had a hard conflict, and a long time elapsed ere I entered into the light and joy of salvation. My dear friend was my only helper. No Methodistic or other evangelical ministry was within my reach, nor any of our precious means of grace. I was “in a dry and thirsty land.” The wicked scoffed at me, and some, from whom better things might have been expected, pointed the finger of scorn at “this new Methodist.” But I held on, though without any comfort or joy, resolved not to give up seeking, let them persecute as they might. My convictions of sin were very keen. Often I could neither eat nor drink,

nor even sleep. Sometimes I was so distressed that I would rise at midnight and walk the fields, and look up at the stars, and cry out to God above them to come down to my help and grant me mercy. Satan was doing all he could to buffet and discourage me, so that frequently I almost despaired of salvation. In this weak and agonized condition a new difficulty was added to my burden. I visited a person connected with the "Plymouth Brethren"—an Antinomian and Calvinistic community—who urged me to give up this worry and anxiety about my soul, on the ground that, "if you are *elected* to be saved, God will in his own good time gather you in; being complete in Christ, why distress yourself thus?" Had I yielded to this seductive teaching, I should have lost my convictions and cried "peace" when God had not spoken it, and so, perhaps, added one more to the list of those "goodly formal saints" whom I there heard talk so smoothly of "the finished work of Jesus" and "imputed righteousness," but whose censorious spirit toward those "who followed not with them," evidenced plainly enough, even to one as feeble as myself, how easily a man could become a Christian in their sense, and yet remain destitute of "the meekness and gentleness of Jesus Christ." I had light enough to see the danger, and cried to God to save me from this self-deception, and not allow me to rest in any thing but the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the divine evidence of it in my heart. I

returned home, but realized soon that I had been wounded—an envenomed arrow had pierced me, and it was rankling keenly. That terrible doctrine of an unconditional election and its counterpart, had been insinuated into my soul. I thought and reasoned over those words, "If I was elected to be saved," and shuddered as I reflected on the *other* side of that doctrine. I searched for reasons to enable me to believe that I was one of the elect, and, therefore, my safety was assured, but could not find them; while, my very anguish of soul and the length of time that I had now struggled to find peace with God, seemed to prove that I was, instead, one of the non-elect, and would as surely be lost at last! Had I gone and disclosed this new sorrow to my beloved friend, she might have helped me out of it, but I began to fear that I was giving her too much trouble, and that my delay in finding mercy was becoming discouraging to her. What long and weary months of distraction and mental pain I passed through ere relief came!

Winter arrived, and my friend returned to the city of Dublin, and I was left alone to wrestle with all these difficulties. But after a while I followed her to the city, and on the ensuing Sabbath morning I accompanied her to the Methodist chapel, the first non-conformist service I had ever attended. How simple and apostolic it all appeared! The hearty singing, the extempore prayers, the experimental

preaching (preached, not read), all delighted me. My confidence was won. I felt that I had found here the very help my poor discouraged soul required, and it was easy to conclude at once, as I did, that these people should be my people for the rest of my life.

Here I first saw that dear old harper. I happened to sit where I had a good view of him. It was then the custom in Methodist services to "line the hymns," that is, the preacher gave out two lines, and when the congregation had sung them the next two were given. Every one sang, including the harper. His quick ear could catch the words his eyes had never seen, and it was inspiring to behold his glowing and beautiful countenance as he sang so joyously. On this occasion it happened that the hymn was the first in the collection, "O for a thousand tongues, to sing," etc. The outburst of holy praise rose in ardor as the hymn proceeded; but when we came to the last verse,

"Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;"

I turned to see the effect of the next two lines on this man, who, of all in that adoring assembly, could best appreciate them. The preacher gave out the words,

"Ye *blind*, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy."

The old harper was thrilled; the effect on his feelings was almost overwhelming. His face shone,

the tears rolled down his cheeks, and the sightless eyeballs were lifted up in adoration of the Saviour he seemed then and there to "behold."

Numbers of the congregation were looking at him, and their tears were flowing in sympathy with his ecstasy of joy. We all seemed to realize that, blind as he was, he was beholding more than any of us were favored to see. O, thank God! there are revelations in spiritual religion which the world knows not, and of which mere formal Christians are not aware, when

" Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

That radiant face was realizing its full significance, as he sang and "saw God," and exhibited the effects of that adoring humility in which *self* sinks out of sight, and the Lord Jesus becomes "all in all" to the enraptured saint. Here, truly, was explained and illustrated the full significance of Charles Wesley's words :

" Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love."

The memory of that blessed Sabbath remains with me to this hour. I joined a class, and entered at once with avidity into the enjoyment of the means of grace possessed by those people. I was no longer

alone, without sympathy or assistance, but was helped, especially by hearing the experience of others.

One Sunday afternoon, while in a meeting for Christian fellowship, held in the vestry of Hendrick Street chapel, I was enabled to rest on Christ as my personal Redeemer. All the burden rolled off my heart, and I felt and knew that I was saved! I rose to my feet and at once acknowledged what the Lord had done for my soul, and those present rejoiced with me.

My precious friend was made happy, and praised God on my behalf. She now urged upon me the duty of mental culture, and advised the keeping a journal of my experience and humble efforts to do good. But, above all, she counseled the devout and regular perusal of the word of God, with special reference to the attainment of that further state of grace to which, as a child of God, I had now become entitled. I was consequently led to join one of those little bands which met to pray for this blessing of purity of heart, that "perfect love which casteth out fear." To be sanctified throughout body, soul, and spirit, now became my intense desire. I longed to be saved "to the uttermost," and to know for myself what it was to "walk in the light, as He is in the light," and experience that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." I did not trouble myself about definitions of the doctrine, the experience of which I was seeking, no more than I did a few weeks before, when

God granted me the blessing of justification. I simply accepted the words above quoted in their manifest meaning, and entreated the Holy Spirit to grant me, in his own way and manner, what they implied. Mr. Wesley's sermon on "The Repentance of Believers," and his "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," and also Mr. Fletcher's treatise, greatly helped me; so that I had an intelligent apprehension of what I required, and what the word of God offered to my hope. With all sincerity and strong desire I sought it daily, I might say, hourly. At one of our little meetings a peculiar spirit of earnestness for the blessing sought became manifest. We were kneeling round the center table in the parlor, and one after the other prayed, and some one suggested that we should sing, as we knelt, and with all the faith we had, these two verses:

"O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come !

"Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

As the singing closed all became conscious of the surrounding presence of the holy Sanctifier, whom we had invoked. I can describe my own feelings very imperfectly, for this was something beyond what I had ever known before. It seemed to be light and

life and love combined, so sweetly, and in such an indescribable manner, resulting in

“The speechless awe that dares not move
And all the silent heaven of love.”

Christ had become, beyond all former experience, every thing to me, while I seemed to sink at his blessed feet, “lost in astonishment and love.” Those, in any denomination, who have sought and found this grace, will understand what I am trying to narrate better than I am able to describe it.

The effect upon me was clear. I had henceforth more delight in devotion, closer intimacy with God, greater stability of heart and character, and more deadness to the world. I was conscious of an increase of calmly fervent zeal to lay out my life to do any thing that my blessed Master might require of me. Perfect peace—“the peace of God that passeth all understanding”—kept my heart and mind from day to day. I was free from excitement, from fluctuation, and from all fear, resting sweetly in the calm sunshine of the New Testament salvation, and living “a life of faith in the Son of God,” who, I knew, loved me and had given himself for me.

“O, days of heaven,
And nights of equal praise!”

Sometime after this the Rev. Dr. Durbin, president of Dickinson College in America, then on a tour in Europe, came to Dublin, and was announced to preach

in Abbey Street chapel. I went to hear him. The audience was very large and deeply interested. His sermon was to me a memorable one. The text was, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." Those were the days of candles in the pulpit, and, in illustration of his theme of the divine tenderness toward every penitent soul, he lifted the snuffers and took off the superfluous wick, then, after a moment's pause, he opened the snuffers, and a tiny puff of smoke rose up out of the holder, and he stretched it out toward the audience, and proceeded to show that a feeling in the human soul as weak even as that "smoking flax" need not be discouraged, for God would "not quench it." He carried out and illustrated the doctrine of the divine mercy to mankind, and showed that willful refusal of his grace, and that alone, could cause the final rejection of any human soul. In the light of this sermon that ghastly creed of an arbitrary reprobation of men as men—that "horrible decree," which had hung over my mind like a cloud—vanished away forever. How gloriously this Arminian theology sounded in my ears, and corresponded with all the joyous experience of my heart! I blessed God for the consolation, and felt that his service had become to me one of the highest inspirations of my life.

What glorious perfections of the divine nature omniscience and foreknowledge must be! There, in that evening service, where His gracious presence was so

manifest, the future lay before the eye of God in one unlimited outlook, so that he could “call those things which are not as though they were.” He saw the preacher become missionary secretary, and the unknown listener a founder of missions, both brought together in co-operation, and the India and Mexico missions the result.

So far as I was concerned a new and special interest for the great country which Dr. Durbin represented, sprang up in my mind. But how far I was from imagining that evening, as I sat and listened to him with such delight, in what interesting relations he and I were yet to stand to each other. How, from the very hand which held forth that humble illustration, I was to receive, in another pulpit, and beyond the Atlantic, that letter of instructions—that commission and an American passport—under which I became the chosen representative of his Church, and the founder of that work in India on which his heart was so long set, and to which some of his grandest eloquence became so consecrated to the close of his public life!

CHAPTER II.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."—ST. PAUL.

THE celebration of the centenary of Wesleyan Methodism awakened in my heart deep gratitude to the Author of all good for every thing which that event implied. I was led to cross over to Liverpool to be present on the occasion when the Rev. Thomas Jackson, the president of the British Conference, preached the official centennial sermon required by the Conference of 1839. The text was from 1 Cor. i, 26, "For ye see your calling, brethren," etc. It was to me an occasion of great spiritual profit, and gave me an enlarged appreciation of the work of God being accomplished throughout the world through the instrumentality of the Church with which I had become connected. But God had led me to Liverpool for higher purposes than mere religious enjoyment and contemplation. A new and peculiar class of thoughts and feelings were beginning to assert themselves over my heart and the purposes of my life. But I knew not their significance, and dreamed not where and how far they were going to lead me.

I had been brought into pleasant acquaintance with

a godly man, a local preacher, and, without my knowing it, he was closely watching the manifestations of my experience. When the Sabbath morning arrived it was his turn to preach in the open air at St. John's Market. I gladly accompanied him to aid in singing, as well as to see, what I had not witnessed before, an open-air service. I greatly enjoyed the opportunity. But what was my amazement to hear him, as he closed the service, announce to the crowd, "Friends, I want to give notice that this afternoon, at three o'clock, William Butler, of Dublin, will preach here. Come and hear him!" I was so surprised that my speech seemed to leave me, and it was some time before I could say any thing. When I recovered myself the crowd had departed, and he and I were almost alone. I asked the good man *why* he had made the announcement. I expostulated, pointed out that I had but lately experienced religion, had no training, was only a youth, never had preached, and never expected to do so. The easy way in which he bore all my expostulation amazed me still further. He seemed to have no sympathy for my distress, but he quietly replied, "My brother, you must preach the Gospel, or you will lose your religion." In my simplicity, then, I supposed whatever a good man said was not to be questioned; nor did it occur to me that he might be mistaken. So I felt entirely bewildered. It seemed that I had to do this thing or "lose my religion." We walked home in silence. It grew awfully solemn the more I

thought about it. Some three hours before the time for the service my friend handed me the Bible and hymn book, and told me to retire to my bedroom and ask God to give me a text, and then study it, and that he would call me when it was time to go.

Entering the room, I threw myself on my knees and tried to pray, but my great anxiety seemed to frighten away every text from my remembrance. I could not fasten on any. The distress increased as the hour drew on. At length the words, "Ye must be born again," seemed to shine out of the darkness, and I thought, "Well, I know what that is, and can tell them something about it, and then spend the rest of the time persuading them to seek it." I had caught hold of my two simple divisions. Just then my friend knocked ; it was time to go. How solemn that walk was ! "The burden of the Lord" had been laid on my shoulders, and it was very heavy. But, sooner than "lose my religion," I would bear it ; and then, I reflected, it would only be for that once. The congregation were already assembled around the steps, and I went up, knowing I could at least give out the hymn and offer prayer, and then read a chapter. Whether I could go any further time alone could tell. The second singing was ending, and the next thing the people would expect to hear would be the text. My poor heart beat fast and I cried to God for help. At length the text was uttered, "Ye must be born again." I saw there was only one way for me. If I

looked into the faces of the congregation I should, in my timidity, surely become confused, and have to sit down in silence; so I immediately closed my eyes, and dared not open them again until my poor little sermon was ended. In a few minutes, as I was telling them what God had done for me when I was "born again," a person on the right hand said, "Amen!" How that helped me! I felt that some one was being benefited. Well, I concluded at last, and then ventured to open my eyes. I prayed, and the audience was dismissed. The dreadful ordeal was over!

On our way home I timidly said to my friend, "I have done what you laid on me, but, of course, that is the end of the matter. I shall never make another effort of the kind." He quietly smiled and said nothing. How I did wish he would say that he would not expect it of me! But he kept his thoughts to himself. I returned to my home in Dublin before the following Sabbath. The news that I "had been preaching in the streets of Liverpool" had reached there before me, and the congratulations began to pour in. But to call such a poor performance, delivered, too, "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling"—to call that "preaching," and even congratulate me upon it! However, this was the "sending forth" that I received, and, "having obtained help of God, I have continued unto this day" to minister the word of life as God enabled me. Yes, and even upon that weakest of all efforts, a gracious God was

pleased to set his own seal. I was to meet the blessed result forty-four years afterward in America, when going to attend my Conference in Boston on the 5th of April, 1883, to ask the sanction of my ministerial brethren for my absence on this journey, the very occasion when the resolution upon the seventh page was so generously passed! The excitement there mentioned was caused partly by my reference to this first sermon of mine in Liverpool, and the remarkable fact that on the evening before, when returning from Boston to Melrose, a member of my charge informed me that there was a person at their house who had just arrived from New York, and who had told them that he traveled up in company with a gentleman from Canada, who, being a Methodist, had inquired as to Methodist matters at Melrose, and, on the pastor's name having been mentioned, the gentleman in question started, and inquired eagerly as to the Christian name and nationality, and when assured that it was "William Butler, formerly of Dublin," he remarked, with deep feeling, "Forty-four years ago I heard that man preach in St. John's Market, in Liverpool, and under that sermon I was led to Christ!" How truly was President Jackson's text illustrated in this case also: "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.... That no flesh should glory in his presence."

But there was another purpose to be realized by that visit to Liverpool. While there I made the ac-

quaintance of the Rev. Mr. Trippett, a superannuated member of the New York Conference, who had come for a time to make his home in Liverpool. From conversation with him I gained further information of that free land beyond the Atlantic, and its growing Methodism. I told him how much I desired information about both, and he kindly offered to order for me such books as I needed, and also to forward my subscription for *The Christian Advocate*. I was thus brought into contact and more intimate sympathy with the life and action of John Wesley's Church ; and this became, in some sort, a training that, under Providence, more fully prepared the way for my connection with that Church, ten years afterward, when I had gained that more special aptitude which was requisite to prepare me to fill the peculiar position which the necessity of the hour would require. I was at this time inexperienced and young, and had no qualification for preaching the Gospel except piety and zeal for souls. But that sermon at Liverpool settled the whole question. My friends would take no denial. I must go here and there and preach (or "talk," if I preferred to call it so), and thus out of one effort and revival into another I was carried forward, trying to win souls for the Master.

After two years of various service in different circuits, I was sent to Didsbury College, near Manchester, to take a theological course, under the devout and venerable Dr. Hannah. During one of my vaca-

tions, learning that my beloved friend was nearing eternity, I crossed over to Ireland to see her once more. She was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature; seeing in them the handiwork of her heavenly Father; so, as long as she could bear the effort, she was carried out daily and laid on a bed arranged in a little carriage, and a gentle pony, carefully led, took the dear invalid wherever she wished to go. In this condition I found her near her home one summer day, her good husband guiding the little carriage. There she lay, her head on the pillow, looking around and enjoying the lovely landscape, which she knew she was ere long to exchange for the more glorious scenes of the Paradise of God. I came to the side of the carriage and looked in upon her who had led me to Jesus. She smiled, and the tears came down the sweet face as she saw me. She stretched out her hand, now so thin and wasted, and laid it on my head, and, looking up, said, "Thank God, here is one that is faithful!" She had tried to be useful to many others, as well as to me, but some "in times of temptation had fallen away," and it grieved her. My steadfastness, however, and my prospect of entering the holy ministry were a great joy to her. It was evident now that I should not see her on earth again, as I had to return to England to resume my studies. So, with tears, I bade her farewell, not doubting that she would close her holy and useful life triumphantly. She lingered until the morning of

March 29, 1843, and then met death as such a Christian might be expected to meet it. She had her bed wheeled to the window, which commanded a grand view of the scenery she so much admired. Already she had sent her final messages of Christian love to her friends and those she had so religiously helped, and was only waiting now for leave to depart and be with Christ forever. The morning sun was filling the view before her with loveliness, and the nurse drew her attention to its great beauty, when

“Faith” lent “its realizing light,”

and she exclaimed, “O nurse! soon a brighter sun will shine upon me on the everlasting hills!” She paused, and then her radiant face, looking all the joy that she expressed, she quoted the lines:

“The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!”

Her ecstasy of joy increased; she made an effort to rise, and eagerly stretched out her hands, as if to welcome the help that had come to aid her, exultingly exclaiming:

“Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
‘O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?’ ”

With the last word the head gently settled down, and she was gone! Gone to be “forever with the Lord.” Gone, too, where she will be henceforth surrounded

by the fruits of her loving and gentle ministry here below, showing what one woman, and she even a weak sufferer, may do for the souls around her, when her whole heart is given in loving sympathy to the blessed work. Nor was she unwelcomed to "the everlasting habitations." There were those who waited with joy to greet her on her arrival. There she found her dear old harper—no longer old and blind—for his eyes were wide open now to all the glory he had so longed to see, and in his hands was one of "the harps of God" (Rev. xiv, 2; xv, 2),

"Strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine."

And there, too, was Neill, her coachman (like his beloved mistress, for years a sufferer), with many others, also, who welcomed her to "the excellent glory," while here below there remain a few more of us who hope to overtake her soon. It may be also that she has there met, and recognized already, such as "Samuel" and "Prem Das," and "Rodrigues" and "Epig-mio Monroy," and others of the redeemed converts which have already "gone up" to the same glorious home from the "valley of the Ganges" and the "land of Montezuma," "the first-fruits" of a glorious harvest from both climes. Doubtless it augments her joy to know that she had something to do with the founding of both those missions! By her special desire her mortal remains were laid to rest in a simple tomb, similar in form, and side by side, with the tomb

of the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, her religious friend, in the Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin. Her honored dust there reposes in sure and certain hope to "awake to everlasting life." On the front of the tomb are the words "Sacred to the memory of Sydney Mary Crampton." In the same cemetery, and as near to her resting-place as I could arrange it, lies the body of another beloved woman, my first wife, whose early death, and the circumstances following it, led me to decide to emigrate to the United States. It was her dying wish that she should be buried in the same cemetery with Mrs. Crampton, and that affectionate desire was gratified.

When God saved my soul he imbued me with the missionary spirit. My sympathy for unsaved men every-where, who are "perishing for lack of knowledge," was called forth, and I longed that they, too, should come to know my mighty Saviour. The residence in England gave me a special opportunity for the cultivation of this missionary spirit. I had the privilege of meeting some of the most honored and useful missionaries of their time: men like Barnabas Shaw, Peter Jones, and others, whose character and labors filled me with admiration. There, too, I listened frequently to the first missionary speakers of their day: Robert Newton, Theophilus Lessey, Jabez Bunting, and many more. It was impossible to hear such men and not imbibe their Christlike spirit. I read missionary literature extensively, and especially

the monthly "Missionary Notices" of the Wesleyan Society. The record of the spread of my Saviour's kingdom over the earth became to me the grandest of all literature. Nor was my reading limited to Methodist missions. I read the publications of the other societies as well, and rejoiced in the progress of them all. A missionary library began to accumulate, and my interest rose with my intelligence on the subject. In the meantime I had been brought into intimate relations with Rev. James Lynch, who, on the death of Dr. Coke, had become superintendent of the Wesleyan missions in the East. He had now returned home, and was in the last year of his ministerial service, and, being feeble, I was sent to assist him. From this venerable man I heard much that was calculated to enlarge my views and deepen my interest in missionary work, especially in India. The theme thus became familiar to my thoughts and sympathies, yet, beyond making a missionary speech occasionally, I did not dream what particular use the Lord was intending to make of the deep and increasing interest he was so providentially creating in my mind on this subject. But he intended that that should be manifest when his own time had come.

In 1844 I joined the Irish Conference, was ordained in 1848, and labored altogether six years in that connection. Still a regular reader of *The Christian Advocate*, and enlarging my acquaintance with American Methodism by reading its books, my

thoughts and wishes were constantly turning to the great West, so that, early in 1850, on the occurrence of events which left me free to decide, I resolved to transfer myself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, though not definitely understanding why I had this decided preference, only realizing that I was being "guided aright," and that God would hereafter make it plain to me. I reached America in time for the meeting of the New York Conference, held that year at New Haven, and was kindly welcomed by Bishops Janes and Hedding. On examination of my papers I was received into membership with the Conference, but two days after, on the representation of the Rev. Charles Baker as to the want of men in his district, I was transferred to the New England Conference, and stationed at Williamsburg, Mass. I now became more fully impressed, in view of her growing power, with the responsibility of the American Methodist Church, before God and Christendom, to do her full and proper part of that missionary service for which the world was waiting, and began to talk and use my pen in hope of somewhat stimulating her zeal. Without realizing it, I was drawing attention to myself, and invitations began to come to me, requesting me to go here and there, to congregations and Conferences, and talk upon the subject that lay so near my heart.

In 1852 I published a "Compendium of Missions," several thousand copies of which went into circula-

tion, and drew some attention to the great duty which we owed to the world. I was also selected that year to preach the missionary sermon before the "Biblical Institute," at Concord, N. H., which I did from the text, "Thy kingdom come." The institute published the sermon. In all my efforts I assumed that Methodism was essentially, and from the commencement, missionary in her spirit and aims; that it became her to realize and act upon this conviction as God increased her ability; and that, in proportion as she did so, the Lord would use and honor her in extending the kingdom of his Son upon the earth. By this time I was brought into contact with Dr. Durbin, and was called upon to render some service at our missionary anniversaries. When Harvey Newcomb commenced his preparations for the publication of "The Cyclopædia of Missions," he applied to Dr. Durbin to name a clergyman of our denomination who would prepare the articles on the missions of British and American Methodism; the doctor did me the honor to name me for the duty, so that I soon found myself occupying a position of special usefulness by the kind appreciation of my brethren, and with work enough to do for the blessed cause so dear to me.

Meanwhile the tide of missionary interest was rising in our Church. This was aided by the visit, about this time, of Dr. Duff, from Calcutta, and his earnest pleadings for the American Churches

to extend their help in the East. Dr. Durbin was leading our own Church on to a higher sense of her duty to Christ and to the world, and there was glowing before his mind the idea of a mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church to *India*. His grandest outbursts of feeling and eloquence before our Annual Conferences and the churches were, from this time forward, on this topic. The Board took action for the establishment of such a mission, and the General Missionary Committee, in November, 1853, made an appropriation of \$7,000 for its commencement, while the doctor was instructed to seek a suitable man to go forth as its founder and first superintendent. A volunteer was desired, and an advertisement to this effect was inserted in *The Christian Advocate* and *The Missionary Advocate*, in which such a person was invited to offer himself for this service. But the missionary year closed without any one, deemed suitable, coming forward. Dr. Durbin became very anxious, and so was the Board. In November, 1854, the appropriation was renewed, and the search for the man continued. I watched the result with deep solicitude. In review of the facts, and having had of late years—since my return—conversations with some who then felt more or less disposed to offer themselves for the service, I am not so much surprised as I was at the time with the singular hesitation of our ministers to come forward for this duty. India then seemed very far away, and had but little commercial relations with this country;

most of what was done was by the Tudor Company of Boston, which cut the Wenham Lake ice, and sent it round the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta, bringing back India products. The intercourse with the East was limited. Japan was then a sealed country, and our mission in China very feebly developed. So there was but little enthusiasm on the surface of Oriental affairs to encourage our men to go there. It need not be wondered at that our ministers were slow in looking beyond all these discouragements to the duty of carrying the Gospel to the perishing, who seemed so far away. Then, in a few cases when this was surmounted, and men felt disposed to go, domestic considerations had to be weighed. The wife was found unwilling to venture, or without the health that such a duty would require; or, where health and willingness existed, it was hard to give up the little ones, or it was found that they could not be provided for. So one after another failed, and 1854 closed with nothing yet accomplished.

In the spring of the preceding year I had been stationed at Westfield, and there my precious wife died, and I was left with three little ones, the youngest only four months old. Hitherto, though my heart was yearning for the commencement of that mission in India, I had not thought seriously of offering myself to go. I reflected that I was only a stranger in the land, and naturally felt that some native American minister, and one better known,

would attract more confidence, as well as bring to the inception of the work an interest that I could not hope to develop. Then, again, my wife's delicacy of health had convinced me the burden was one that she could not sustain for a single year. So it seemed all that I could do in the case was to pray and hope that some suitable man, with full freedom for the burden to be borne, would offer himself soon. Dr. Durbin and the Missionary Board could not understand the reasons of this delay, and became impatient over it. Some eminent person wrote to the doctor at this time on the subject of his great solicitude, remarking, "If we have a work to do in that country, we shall find God's chosen instruments to execute it." On this the doctor, whose soul was exercised so long by the "hope deferred," laconically remarked, "We confess to a longing for their appearing." But when the month of May, 1855, arrived, and the suitable instrument had not appeared, he could endure it no longer. He took up his pen and wrote an article which must have cost him some of the deepest feeling of his life. It appeared in *The Christian Advocate* of the 10th of May, and was headed, "THE CRISIS." I will quote the first part of it. He says: "We are no alarmist, and do not now mean to sound an alarm-note. But after consultation, particularly with Bishop Simpson, who has charge of our intended missions in India and Turkey, we feel free to say, that this is the third year the General

Missionary Committee has provided the money for the commencement of a mission in India, and yet the Bishops have not been able to obtain a minister of suitable age, health, and habits, as founder and superintendent of the mission. In general terms, the superintendent should be from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, and of at least seven years in the ministry; of good health, not constitutionally inclined to disease of the liver; married, and not with more than one child or two, better without children; health of the wife good, and free from constitutional tendencies to disease. Such a minister and his wife, with their minds made up to give their lives to a mission in India, would be a great boon to the Church at this time. We think we could find two other younger brethren, of similar conditions and habits as members of the mission. These three mission families would lay the foundations of the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, and we do not doubt but that the Church would afford the mission the means of prosecuting its great work on a scale that would secure the attention and confidence of the Church, and redound to the glory of God.

“We are of opinion that the brethren competent to found and execute the mission are in the ministry among us, if we could be brought into connection with them. Very many letters have been written by the Bishops and Corresponding Secretary, but as yet without success.”

Dr. Durbin then proceeded to urge upon the presiding elders and others to look round them and try earnestly to find the man so much desired, and get him into communication with Bishop Simpson or the Secretary, that the mission might be commenced without further delay.

I thought, surely this definite and pathetic plea would bring the proper person to the front, and especially when so many were looking for him. So I waited to see the result, confident it must be close at hand now. Every issue of the *Advocate* was watched, but week after week went over and no item appeared. The case now began to look very serious. Indeed, it became almost awful to realize that, from the ranks of the thousands of our ministry, a superintendent for this mission could not be found. Must the project, then, be *abandoned* by our great Church, while God was opening the door of access to those perishing millions, and the money was ready and waiting, and all for the want of a suitable man? If so, could we expect to retain the favor of God while we thus left the souls for whom Christ died to perish without hearing of him and his grace, so free and abundant for them? Thousands of our spiritually minded people were asking such questions as these, and they were urged for consideration at our missionary services and Annual Conferences. In these better days, when God's servants offer themselves so willingly for our various fields of missionary

service, it does seem strange that such an emergency could ever have arisen in our missionary history. But the results show that the only thing really needed was a leader, some one to go before and prepare the way. Yet, under the circumstances which developed, it seems evident that it required and received God's more special providence to provide this leader for this mission, and also to have him ready just at this emergency. But this much having been done, men in sufficient numbers began to come forward, and the founder of the mission after two or three years became well sustained with fellow-laborers in the field chosen. I am the more particular to trace out these facts, not to call attention to myself or my share in the work (for what am I in the matter but a humble instrument of the Divine purpose?) I do it in the hope that, having thus traced them, and furnished the record, as no one else can, I may leave a permanent impression upon the heart of my beloved Church in regard to the definite and providential preparation for that great work to which she was thus called in India. My heart's desire and prayer is, that she may be led more fully to appreciate her opportunity, and be faithful and strong to do her full duty, as God must certainly expect she will, after all that he has himself thus done to open her way for its accomplishment.

At the close of 1854 I had again married, and on returning to my home, in Lynn, I found a letter awaiting me from Dr. Durbin, which was, indeed, a surprise.

Not knowing that I was about to marry, and supposing that he could somehow find homes for my motherless children, he wrote to ask me (not, whether I would go to *India*,—had he put that question to me at any time during the year preceding it would have been promptly answered in the affirmative, but) whether I would be willing to go to *Africa*, to superintend the mission in Liberia? I was amazed. My interest and anxiety were with the project for India, and all the preceding facts seemed to point there and not to Africa. But the question had come, and I had to answer it. I felt at once that, with my full-blooded habit, I should probably have but small chance of life and service in Africa. It seemed to me a mistake to send me there. Yet, I am grateful I did not answer "No," that I told Dr. Durbin if it was considered, after medical examination, that I had a fair chance of life, and, therefore, of labor, in Africa, I would go. But an immediate reply from him came back, explaining that he supposed I was still single and could go alone. And this not being so, he did not wish to have me go, and withdrawing his letter. So I was reserved for the more important duty that was yet to be presented, but had to wait till God had made the requisite preparations, on the other side of the world, for our coming. This accomplished, He knew, doubtless, that every thing requisite on this side could be consummated in a few days, and the mission to India would be initiated as he

desired. It is said that "God is never in a hurry," but when his "set time" is come, and he has made all ready, he is often in haste for the accomplishment of his purpose. He requires promptitude from those whom he calls into his service. When he says "Go," the unburied relatives must be left to other hands, and the plow be forsaken in the furrow, by the messengers on whom the mantle of duty has fallen, or they are not fit for the service of the kingdom of God.

Nearly three months had passed since that appeal appeared, on the 10th of May, and Dr. Durbin, becoming discouraged, began to intimate that, if a suitable man did not offer to go to India within a few weeks, the Board would not recommend to the General Committee another renewal of the appropriation, and the project of a mission to India by our Church would, consequently, be abandoned! How much pain must that apprehension have cost the doctor! I was exceedingly distressed. But my mind was at once made up, that the project should *not* be abandoned, if they thought me suitable for the position. Though I would have much preferred, for the reasons given a few pages back, that this responsible duty had been laid upon the shoulders of some brother better known and an American; yet, failing such a one, my simple and decided purpose was, "Here am I, send me." That I might however be clear in my own mind that the duty was really left to me, I resolved to wait two or three weeks more, and if the

American brother, whom I preferred for the service, did not come forward and respond to the "crisis," I would then hesitate no longer.

Four weeks before the meeting of the Board at which this serious action would be taken, I went to New York to ascertain quietly whether the way was now open for me to offer myself. Dr. Durbin was not in the city, but Brother Terry informed me the man desired had *not* come forward, and also how deeply exercised Dr. Durbin's heart was in view of the failure. I returned home, had an interview with my presiding elder, Rev. Dr. Crowell, and then, with my wife's full consent, and invoking the divine guidance, on the 10th of October, I wrote to Dr. Durbin and offered myself for India. I was accepted and the painful "crisis" was over. How glad I felt! I seemed now to realize why it was I was so providentially led to America. It was evident that God had a purpose in my coming, and it was his intention I should be on hand to meet a foreseen emergency, so that the Methodist Episcopal Church should not fail of her duty to Christ and the world. In a review of the facts that have been developed, it seems very clear to me now that I was divinely controlled as well as guided in the whole matter, and especially in the more emergent circumstances. A fact or two may here illustrate the reasons for this conviction.

Trusting that I do not presume in thinking the

Lord intended I should become the founder of the India mission, it seems plain that, for reasons then known only to himself (some of which, however, are clear to us now), I was held back until he was ready in his providential arrangements for the work which had to be done. We can now see that, had I acted six months sooner than I did, the field it was best for me to choose, and which I did choose, would not have been open to us, for the King of Oude would have stood right in the way. He was not removed and his kingdom annexed until a few weeks before I reached India, in 1856. The patience of the English government with this royal sot and utterly debased creature had just been exhausted, and his removal decreed. His terrible record is given in "*The Private Life of an Eastern King*," written by an American gentleman in his employment (republished about 1854 in this country). Up to that hour Oude was closed to Christian missions. Again, Rohilkund without Oude, would have been too small for our purposes, and I might have been thus led to choose some other field not at all so suitable in the qualities which I was instructed to seek as the one we now occupy; for that choice has stood the test of twenty-five years' reflection, and is admitted to-day, by general consent, to be unexcelled by any other region occupied or unoccupied in all India. Again, had I gone six months earlier, it seems almost certain that some of my colleagues might have reached me ere the terrific storm of 1857

burst over Hindustan. As it was I was alone to face the danger, and the Church was not discouraged, as she might have been, by the loss of her first representatives. God had only to hide me and mine in the hollow of his hand till the indignation was overpast, and when over, my first colleagues, who were waiting on the outside of the danger at Calcutta (two brethren and their wives), were able to enter and join me, all safe and well. On the other hand, it was most wisely arranged that I should not be later in arriving than the fall of 1856. We were just ten weeks settled down in our chosen field when the Sepoy Rebellion opened its horrors. God probably knew it was best the first representative of the Church should pass through that ordeal, and then come forth out of the midst of that circle of fire with not a hair of his head singed, to find his beloved Church rejoicing over his safety, and ready to respond to the grand extent necessary, with her men and her means, to occupy the wide field so providentially given her to cultivate there for Him. God thus timed our coming, and took abundant care of the emergencies involved, so that all should "turn out for the furtherance of the Gospel."

It was arranged by the missionary authorities that I should be ready to sail for India as soon as my Conference met, in April. Meanwhile, one or two young colleagues to accompany me were being sought for by the Corresponding Secretary, but, to my regret, as

well as his own, the effort was without success so far. Yet even this hesitation, as we can now see, was overruled for good. On reaching India a great deal of prospecting had to be done, the various unoccupied portions compared, and the one most suitable selected. So it was best the founder of the mission should go alone and be free to meet this heavy responsibility. The guidance of God would surely be given, and time and experience have shown that it was granted according to the necessity of the case.

While finishing my pastoral term and getting ready for our departure to the East, a curious circumstance transpired in Lynn, where I was then stationed. The Rev. Parsons Cooke, of the Congregational Church, issued a work in two volumes (subsequently increased to three), in which he undertook to show, as his pages stated, that "Methodism is not a true branch of the Church of Christ!"

This singularly bigoted man—my next-door neighbor, as it were—originated quite a sensation by his sudden and startling charge. But he labored hard to prove his uncharitable imputation true, chiefly on the ground, as he alleged, that Methodism was manifestly destitute of a real missionary spirit, and, therefore, wanting in the apostolic characteristic of a true Christian Church. Our Arminian theology was also a great trouble to him. The three volumes of his "Centuries" were launched from the press with much haste, and created amazement. He had before him the An-

nual Report of our Missionary Society for 1854, and his manipulation of its statements and figures were singularly unfair and uncandid.

The gist of his argument was, that with all our boasted progress we had no true foreign mission worthy the name, and yet were raising missionary money under that pretense, in order to spend it at home, where he considered we were not much required, and were rather in the way of other denominations like his own. His specification was, that of the \$228,204 income of the year, we spent only \$4,883 on China, \$964 on South America, \$10,055 on Germany, and \$33,825 on Liberia—only the first-named, according to him, being a mission to the heathen; all the rest—nearly four fifths of the whole amount—we were spending at home. It seemed greatly to distress this man that our American Methodism was spending “so much at home,” and gaining such a foothold in the land. He had no thanks to render to God for the fact that tens of thousands were being yearly converted and led to Christ thereby, or that we were *gaining* the strength and development which would soon enable us to do our duty to the heathen world. Nor did he make the slightest allowance for the fact that our Church, as an organized Christian community, was only seventy-one years old when he was writing these “bitter things” against her.

Instead of admitting that her progress in those seventy-one years, from nothing up to her standing

in 1854, was a marvel of grace and progress such as Christendom had never seen before, and for which a good man might well be glad and bless God, he, on the contrary, seemed vexed and distressed at the development of this youngest member of the evangelical family so unjustly taunted by his comparison. He overlooked the fact that his own denomination, when it was only seventy years old, had not done one half as much for home or foreign missions as the Methodist Church had in the same time. He ignored the unexampled liberality of this young Church in the resources which she had developed to build her houses of worship, her parsonages, schools, and colleges, and other institutions over this wide land, with all of which appliances his own denomination had been supplied for nearly two hundred years, and, therefore, his comparisons were wanting in Christian candor, and unfair before God and man. He also ignored the fact that our denomination was, even then, standing at the head of all the American Churches in efforts for the evangelization of the heathen Indians, having more stations, missionaries, church members, and scholars than any of them. (See "Newcomb's Cyclopædia of Missions," p. 626.)

How sad it seems to quote to-day the words of this angry man, when he had the temerity to charge us with wasting missionary money at home, "in sectarian rivalry that added nothing to the Christian life of the land!"

It is also monitory to remember now, that, despite all the talk of the time, of "Christian Union" and "Evangelical Alliance," the reckless charges of this man, instead of being rebuked, were eagerly taken up and reiterated by some professors and editors of his own Church, and our ministry and people in many places were taunted by their neighbors, who were simple enough to suppose the charges were true because such men repeated them so confidently. These reckless and uncharitable writers would not thank me were I here to quote their names and the harsh utterances to which they so eagerly committed themselves against the Methodist people. Enough, that their Master and ours was so soon to roll away these reproaches and vindicate us on this ground, also, as a true Church of Jesus Christ. But it made me tremble to think, what justification they would have found for their stinging invectives had the catastrophe occurred which Dr. Durbin feared when he wrote that final appeal, in 1855, entitled "The Crisis!" Had we really failed, and abandoned the project of a mission to India for want of a suitable man to lead the way, then, indeed, Parsons Cooke and those who echoed his charges would have made the severest use of the fact to our disgrace and annoyance. God alone can know what the *depressing* effect would have been upon the missionary spirit of our Church for many years afterward, or how long it would have been ere we could have recovered ourselves and stood where it is our

joy and honor to stand to-day upon this question before Christendom and before God.

But we may venture to predict that Parsons Cooke's "Centuries" will not be much read during the millennium, while it is a comfort to think that he has, ere this, witnessed arrivals in the heavens, the gathered fruits of Methodist missions from India and other heathen lands, which have amply convinced even him that he greatly mistook the spirit and purpose of the Methodist Church when he undertook to write these volumes !

Two of our children were then beyond the age when it is considered to be safe and proper, on account of growth, education, and moral influence, to have them in India. To meet this difficulty was, in our case, a heavy cross that only they know who have had to bear it. It is a wound that seldom heals in a parent's heart, but of which missionaries generally say but little, lest they be misunderstood. Yet it is a sorrow in which, no doubt, they have the special sympathy of Him for whom the sacrifice is made. In this case the cross was more weighty from our not having relatives on this side of the Atlantic with whom they could be left. They had to be intrusted to the care of strangers, whose interest in them had to be paid for. We had been led to hope for other arrangements, while we met the necessary expenses, where a sympathetic and Christian interest would have been secured for them ; but all failed, and at last the day

of sailing drew so close that we had to accept the best arrangement that seemed available, which was to place them at a private school in Connecticut, in the hands of strangers whom we had only corresponded with, but had not seen, until the evening when we went to place our darlings in their hands.

We had some reproaches to bear from a few who, if we could judge from their remarks, would not resign a child of theirs in order to save any number of human souls. Of course such people could have little sympathy with "the Father of mercies," who, in man's great extremity, "spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all"—gave him up to a poverty where he "had not where to lay his head," and to sacrifice and suffering for sin in which "he poured out his soul unto death, and made intercession for the transgressors." In the yearnings of our own hearts, and amid these remarks by such mistaken friends, there came to our aid the appropriate and sympathizing promise, "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or *children*, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." To this blessed promise we clung both then and when far away, while our hearts ached as we thought of them. One of these dear boys we were not to see again on earth, as he died four years after we left him. Yet now, twenty-seven years since that cross was lifted for

Jesus's sake, and amid the blessed results, with four of our children, we trust, in heaven and the other four on earth in the Church of their parents, and some of these also honored and useful in the same holy work, we feel that God has been true to his promise—we have received the “hundred-fold more in the present time,” and are willing to compare our experience with any of those whose thoughtless words gave us pain in this matter of resigning our children in 1856.

In the preparation of this review of the circumstances through which we were called to pass, in the founding and development of our mission in India, I cannot be too grateful that God put it into my heart to rescue my notes and letter books when, on the night of the escape from Bareilly, I had so hurriedly to fly and leave nearly every thing else in our home to the torch of the Sepoy. The help to me is very great. Had I to trust merely to my memory now I should have to write with great hesitancy of the remarkable scenes through which we were called to pass. But, with these books and old letters and journals in my hands, I can live it all over again, and see and compare it safely and accurately. Truly has the poet said :

“ Sounds which address the ear are lost and die
In one short hour ; while that which strikes the eye
Lives long upon the mind ; the faithful sight
Graves’t on the memory with a beam of light.”

My work in the preparation of the articles on the “Missions of English and American Methodism,” for

Newcomb's *Cyclopaedia of Missions*, had to be concluded before we sailed. This threw an additional burden upon weeks that were already sufficiently crowded with the cares and duties which the new condition of things had brought. But at length diligent toil conquered the situation, and our preparations were completed in time for the meeting of the Annual Conference.

On the 8th of April, 1856, we went to Salem to take our farewell of the Conference, over which Bishop Janes was presiding. We knew, and were persuaded, that the loving sympathies and prayers of these dear brethren would follow us to the last. It made me feel strong that I enjoyed their generous confidence for the peculiar and difficult duties which I had undertaken. Though neither they nor we could then imagine the "great fight of afflictions" into the very center of which they were sending us, nor the dark clouds of heathen cruelty which were so completely to envelop us after our arrival, that for many weary months they were to fear we were no longer among the living! Like that father of the faithful, who, "when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed, not knowing whither he went," so our simple duty was obedience, and our confidence was trust in the same divine guidance. We "knew not what things might befall us there;" but we knew our Guide, and that was sufficient. Enough that *He*

knew, and had challenged our confidence in the words, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." It was not only sufficient, but even best, that we should not know in advance. Far better to wait and work on in the duty assigned us, assured that as our day so our strength should be.

That night the farewell meeting was held in my church in Lynn. It was a crowded and memorable meeting. H. V. Degan presided. A. D. Merrill offered the opening prayer. Dr. M. L. Scudder was the first speaker, his theme being "The Nature and Necessity of the Missionary Cause." He was followed by Dr. Jesse T. Peck on "The Grand Idea of the Missionary Work." Then Dr. Durbin rose and traced "The Divine Hand in the Inception of this Mission to India" (though *how much* of his theme was still unknown, even to him, these pages show). Turning to me, as we stood there together in the pulpit, he gave me a charge on confidence in divine guidance, and then handed me my letter of instructions, my passport, and a letter of credit, and closed his address with much feeling, saying, "My brother, we give you a large discretion in the duty you have to fulfill for us." He then paused and exclaimed, "*I long to live to see this mission to India firmly established!*"

Next morning they accompanied us on board the ship at East Boston, and exactly at nine o'clock the *Canada* let go her moorings and passed away out on

her eastern course, my wife and myself, and our two little ones, waving our adieus from her deck. Up to the last Dr. Durbin had hoped he would be able to send at least one young minister with me, but we had to go alone. He promised, however, to send him immediately after us, so that he might overtake us in London and accompany us to India. But, for reasons which are now apparent, God controlled all action of this kind till the proper time had come for sending them after me. It was an omen of good to us, a few hours after leaving port, as we were arranging our surroundings for the night, to hear the sound of prayer from the adjoining state-room. Two voices, one after the other, pleaded with God for his providential care over our ship and all that it contained ; and they added, what is so appropriate for Christians when traveling, that the Lord might grant that they should “grow in grace on the voyage, and be brought back again in the possession of a full salvation.” How good that sounded, and in such a place ! We soon made the acquaintance of our praying neighbors, and found them to be Methodists from Canada. Their fellowship added much to the interest of the voyage.

CHAPTER III.

" But I write the more boldly unto you in some measure, as putting you again in remembrance, because of the grace that was given me of God, that I should be a minister of Christ Jesus unto the Gentiles. . . . Yea, making it my aim so to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was already named, that I might not build upon another man's foundation; but, as it is written,

They shall see, to whom no tidings of him came,
And they who have not heard shall understand."

—ST. PAUL. (Rev. Ver.)

My letter of instructions, drawn by Dr. Durbin and countersigned by Bishop Simpson, directed me, on our arrival in London, to seek for all such information as would be useful to me in the duties which I had to fulfill. I found much courtesy from the secretaries of the different missionary societies in that city whom I consulted, especially in regard to those portions of India which were as yet unoccupied by any Christian agency, as well as about matters of finance, administration, and missionary policy, on which I needed information, so as to be better able to understand what might occur in my own administration. I found among these gentlemen a hearty appreciation of the help which America was sending to aid them in the evangelization of British India, and fervent hopes were expressed that our success might be very abundant.

Dr. Durbin's solicitude was following us all the time. He wrote to me nine days after I sailed. He was evidently anxious lest I should become discouraged by his failure to find at least one man to go on with me from London. I may be excused in quoting his words on this subject. He says:

"I hasten to say to you, Brother — has finally declined. I am surprised and grieved at this. I have written to Brother —, but am not sanguine of the results. . . . I will give you a steady and hearty support. Be of good courage, and let those yet to come say, 'William Butler founded this mission.' . . . I hope to see Bishop Simpson next week in Cincinnati, and I will do all I can to send you *two* assistants. I will in due time look to the interests of your children. Be of good cheer. Give our kind regards and the assurance of our prayers to Sister Butler, and may God bless and preserve you all, and give you success in your great undertaking."

The solicitude shown by Dr. Durbin was so often and variously expressed that I presume it was caused by his apprehensions that our courage might not be fully sustained when we came to face the real difficulties of the heathenism which we were to encounter, and especially being thus left alone to face them, as, also, that the yearnings of our hearts for the darling boys left behind in strange hands might weaken our purpose to persevere in the sacrifice we had made. It could be no premonition of the fearful dangers into

the midst of which we were unconsciously steering. But, I am grateful to say, we felt no fear, nor did our purpose falter for a moment. The consecration to our work was complete, and our trust in the care and guidance of God unhesitating.

Having completed our outfit of books and clothing in London, and gained all the information available, we left Southampton docks on the 20th of August, 1856, in the steam-ship *Pera*, and, when a few miles down the Solent, we met and passed the consort vessel of the same line, the *Ripon*, just arriving from Calcutta. The news was passed around that "she had on board the Dowager Queen of Oude." Beyond the singularity of the fact that this was the first time an Indian queen had ever crossed the ocean, we paid no heed to her coming to London. But how much the eye of God above saw in the fact, as we passed her, is intimated in the *Land of the Veda*. I had left behind me in London, Azeemoolah, the vakeel of the Nana Sahib, and he and she represented the two forces that were so soon to combine, and, with fire and blood, to render my mission nugatory, by sweeping every thing English and Christian from the soil of India! Before I reached Alexandria they had both received the refusal of the English government to their proposals, and soon returned to India to work out the fanatical purposes which they had so cleverly concealed from those with whom they had been negotiating.

After crossing the Bay of Biscay and passing the Pillars of Hercules, we reached smoother water, and social intercourse began. At that time Bishop Colenso's vagaries were subjects of discussion, especially his pamphlet about polygamy being scriptural, so that he declared he would admit to the Church and to the communion table a convert from heathenism, with all his wives ! He berated the missionaries for declining to accept his doctrine or follow his lead. Some of our gentlemen passengers undertook to defend the Bishop's views, and we had a lively discussion over the subject until it was closed by one of our number pressing the gentleman who defended the abomination with the legitimate result of it, and demanding to know why polyandry should exclude from the table of the Lord if polygamy did not ? If the right to communion was conceded to a man with his four or five wives, why not to a woman with her four or five husbands ? Both unnatural and guilty conditions exist in India, though the latter is coming to an end. But here our opponent backed out, with the easy remark, "O that is a different thing," and there the discussion ended.

We have abundant reason to be grateful that our mission from the very first, in common with evangelical missions, has made no compromise with sin, but has taken the high scriptural ground on this question, as well as on that of caste, and has thus preserved the peace and the purity of its churches.

An old traveler like myself, moving across the world in these days, is constantly reminded of the changes and improvements that are taking place, and which are quietly revolutionizing the civilization and methods in which people had such confidence only a few years ago. How easy it would be to note scores and hundreds of these facts, but our limits forbid referring to them, except very occasionally, in view of the more important matters for which our pages are reserved. This modern idea of iron ships, which are steered so accurately by steam instead of the weak human hand—the loading and unloading—the trimming of sails—the weighing of the anchor—all done so easily by the same mighty agency, and thus reducing the number of men necessary to work a vessel to about one half of those formerly required, stands prominently out among these great improvements. Formerly England boasted of her “wooden walls,” the “hearts of oak,” of which her men-of-war and her merchant marine were made. But her poets no longer sing, as Pope did in days of yore,

“Let India boast her palms, nor envy we
The weeping amber and the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.”

The gigantic strength and remarkable longevity of this pride of the British forests, which has done so much for England’s exaltation among the nations, is

landed by Dryden with equal complacency, when he writes :

“ The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays.”

But were these two poets to rise from the dead, few things would amaze them more than to find how nearly antiquated these objects of their boastings have become; nor would they be less amazed on beholding the colossal proportions and rapid speed of the iron structures which have superseded their beloved but slow-sailing and diminutive “oaks.”

On the morning of the fifteenth day we cast anchor in the harbor of Alexandria, and here begins at once that capability of comparison and contrast which a *former* visit, at an interval of twenty-seven years, enables us to make from this onward, showing that, not merely in progressive America, but even in the sluggish and conservative East, the spirit of improvement is abroad, and the world is being lifted up to a better life; that even wars and commotions, commercial rivalry and the love of gain, are all made tributary by the Almighty providence in bringing forward that better state of things for which good men have been so long praying, and which together constitute the beneficent dawn of that day when the sun of righteousness shall rise on every land, “with healing in his wings,” bringing peace to earth and good-will to men.

No item of truth or blessing can ever be permanently lost to this world while God governs it. Its advocates may die, and its example and facts pass from the memory of living men, but the guardianship of God will be over its life and its future, and, like the grain in the hand of the mummies of this land, the sunlight, and “the scent of water,” will revive the power that has lain dormant for a thousand years, while a harvest of good, that might fill the world with fruit, may spring forth from it. One of these seeds was planted in this city over eighteen hundred years ago, and was soon afterward lost to view. But its feeble tradition came down the ages to the times of John Wesley, and his earnest and practical mind saw, in the constitution of the Church of Alexandria, a primitive episcopacy that was safe, and free from all sacerdotalism and prelacy, deriving its just powers from a synod of presbyters, whose executive it was, *primus inter pares*. He saw and approved that efficient and brotherly idea of the Christian ministry, and resolved to plant it in the virgin soil of the New World. The Methodist Episcopal Church is the harvest that has grown from that Egyptian seed. No “lordship over God’s heritage”—no ecclesiastical despotism or hierachal assumptions—can flourish in its presence.

Had Alexandria only been faithful to the divine idea, her glory would not have departed; nor would the crescent of the Arabian antichrist be floating

to-day from her flag-staffs, the symbol of a nation that has, in the just judgment of God, sunk to be “the basest of kingdoms.” One of her presbyters apostatized from Trinitarian Christianity, broke the peace of God in Christendom, and introduced the heresy that still bears his name. Mohammedanism came in and dominated over a Christianity once so glorious in faith and government, but which had then sunk so low as to deny the divinity of “the Lord that bought them.” The Methodist Episcopal Church ought, ere long, to plant again in Alexandria the polity which she there found, and the faith “once delivered to the saints,” which would soon restore Egypt to God, and fulfill the merciful predictions which the Lord Jehovah has left to her as “a door of hope.” He has expressly declared, “For they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them. And the Lord shall smite Egypt: he shall smite and heal it: and they shall return even to the Lord, and he shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them.” “Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.” (Isa. xix, 20, 22; Psa. lxvii, 31.) How severely she has been smitten, during the past two thousand years, is well known. But the tide has turned at last. The “healing” process has begun. Across her territory now runs the overland route to India. Telegraphs and railroads stretch through her great valley. Her Suez Canal bears the

immense commerce of the Eastern world, the Fresh Water Canal is extending irrigation and fertility to the south. Schools and Christian missions have come in to consummate the blessed cure, and God has taken guarantees, through her debt and the consequent English influence, with its control of Mohammedan despotism, that the fanaticism of her cruel creed shall not arrest the healing effects which Christianity has introduced. No land has known deeper guilt before God, or passed through severer punishment for it; and, doubtless, we may expect that the mercy and grace predicted for her “will much more abound;” for He, whose promises are as certain as his threatenings, has predicted concerning her, “Whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt, my people.”

Nearly all these evidences of the transition which is now passing over the land of the Nile have been inaugurated since we were here before, and the increase of population under this improvement is remarkable. In Egypt proper, without her dependencies, there were, according to the census in 1847, a population of 4,542,620 ; in 1875 there were 5,500,000, but Sir Auckland Colin’s census, taken last year, gives 6,798,230. Cairo has now a population of 368,108 ; Alexandria, 208,775 ; Port Said, 16,560 ; and Suez, 10,913. This advance intimates a great future ; while her fertility can again be made what it was when Rome conquered Egypt to make it the granary of

Southern Europe. It may be that more than her former glory awaits this land, once the cradle of arts and sciences, when she shall “rise and shine” because her light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon her.

In 1856, when we left Alexandria for Cairo, to cross the desert to Suez, they were making the last section of the railroad. We rested midday for lunch at the crossing of the Nile—and that lunch was something to remember, from the swarms of flies which surrounded us. The moment the cloth was lifted off the food they boldly settled down in millions upon every morsel of it, until it became black with them! They seemed fearless, and were not to be whisked away. We looked on with amazement, and the question arose, Was the fourth plague of Egypt reinflicted? We had evidence enough that the third had never been removed. But those flies! only by the most desperate efforts could the hungry crowd of passengers secure their food, cutting it up as hastily as possible, and then, while the left hand was kept busy fanning them off the plate, the other conveyed the morsels to the mouth ; and, even then, the nasty gray pests dared to follow the food to the very lips. The poor children, not as active as their elders in managing matters, cried with vexation. It was truly a miserable meal. What made the aspect more repulsive was the constant presence of ophthalmia ; every third person seemed to have it. It was fearful to see the

native children, as they were carried astride the shoulders of their careless and dirty mothers, with these abominable flies in a complete black circle round each eye, sucking the edge of the lid ; and then to think how easily the terrible and painful disease could be spread from one to another by the feet of these active agents of filth and impurity ! How truly expressive was the divine description that came to our remembrance there, “The land was corrupted by reason of the swarms of flies.”

Christian purity alone can deliver Egypt from the burden of this and the other plague. Mohammedanism and heathenism cannot and does not, either here or anywhere else. Poor Egypt ! she needs the cleanliness which only godliness can give her.

Another relic of the past was before us as we sat and fought for our uninviting food. Gangs of men, women, and children were carrying clay on their heads in baskets to form the road-bed of the railway. Over these was an Egyptian “task-master,” dressed very gaudily, and in his hand a whip with a long lash. He stood midway from where the earth was taken up to where it was deposited. His eye was busy watching every individual of that toiling throng, and if he saw one of them lagging for a moment he noted it, but said nothing till that poor creature next came hurrying past him, when out would fly that long lash, winding around the naked body and leaving its cruel mark. He thus struck several of the poor girls, and

kept them all going in a very lively fashion ; but what abject fear and misery were in their faces as they were thus driven in their enforced toil.

In some such style, and not many miles from this very spot, about thirty-four hundred years ago, might be witnessed many similar “task-masters” goading a race of foreigners reduced to slavery ; and “they made their lives bitter with hard bondage,” till Abraham’s God could endure it no longer, and appeared for their emancipation. “The Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their task-masters ; for I know their sorrows ; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians.” If it were proper to reserve sympathy from any who are oppressed—which it is not—it might surely be done here. These are Egyptians, the descendants of those selfish tyrants who grievously oppressed their fellow-creatures ; but now their own turn has come, and Abraham Lincoln’s doctrine receives another illustration, so that every groan and drop of blood drawn by the lash of those primitive slaveholders from the bodies of the Hebrew race has been answered by another from the bodies of their own descendants by the despots of the past and the dynasty of the present, these Albanian foreigners, who all alike have pursued their own aggrandizement by enforced labor, and by loading the long-suffering nation with debts that seem too colossal for redemption under their present miserable civili-

zation. But if Christian honesty can obtain a fair chance to free these finances from the control of the debauched and self-aggrandizing hands which have so long manipulated them, Egypt's credit may rise again, and her afflicted people be lightened of their load.

That evening after sunset we entered "Grand Cairo," as it used to be called. How quickly we realized that we were then standing in "The Gate of the Orient," and amid the scenes where the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" originated! Early the following morning, as we came out on the balcony of the hotel, that wonderful vision, which is never forgotten by any who is privileged to see it, rose up before us, for there were the Pyramids! Old Egypt was looking us in the face, or, as Napoleon I. put it, as his army halted beneath their shadows: "Soldiers, forty centuries are gazing down upon you!" But our visit to them had to come at a later date, and when we had more leisure to enjoy it.

At eight o'clock A. M. we had to start on our journey across the desert, eighty-four miles to Suez on the Red Sea. The camels, bearing the mails, the specie, and passengers' luggage (for freight then went round the Cape of Good Hope, in sailing vessels), had left twenty-four hours in advance of us, and were now ahead.

Our passenger caravan was made up of a long line of two-wheeled shigrams, each holding about six persons. The long pole was swung upon the wheelers,

four mules were attached, and these were kept at a moderate gallop, so that the wheels might sink as little as possible in the sand (for road there was none). But how can one do justice to this peculiar equipage and its effects upon the passengers! It was not quite as bad as riding upon a camel, but it was the next thing to that, with some inconveniences of its own added. The tall wheels flung up the sand and dust in a flying cloud that half suffocated us; then the vehicle rose and fell with the movement of the wheel mules, and swayed from side to side by its own momentum. Add the heat of early September in the desert to this, and our condition may be imagined. We endured it as well as we could till we suddenly drew up under a tree, an acacia, called "the desert-tree," positively the only tree between Cairo and Suez, and this was half-way. The lunch was laid out for us, and, now that the disagreeable double motion had ceased, and the dust no longer rose, and the wretched flies were forty miles behind us, with the delightful air of the desert, so elastic and inspiring, we felt disposed to improve the opportunity with which our hosts, the Peninsular and Oriental Company, had provided us. They showed that, by the aid of six patient camels which had gone ahead of us, they could "spread a table in the wilderness." There was not an object in sight all round to the horizon, save the long line of camels which we had passed a few minutes before, and the Khedive's palace half a

mile to the left. His highness had taken a notion some time before to have a palace in the desert, where he could have perfect solitude when he chose. But every item of it, stones and all, had to be carried across a trackless waste of sand, over the intervening forty-four miles! Yet it was done, and finished in grand style, and when completed it was soon almost forgotten by the man at whose order the immense expense was incurred. The people to be pitied are the servants who are left in charge of this palace. They might as well be behind iron bars as there. Far better to be on Alexander Selkirk's island, for there they could walk about and see something green, but these wretched prisoners have only that one tree to look at, and probably could not find their way over those sands to either Cairo or Suez without a guide.

As we sat at our meal the long line of camels came up and passed on with their burdens. Each group was in the special care of a responsible sheik, with drivers under him. How that cavalcade recalled the description of the "Midianite merchantmen" to whom Joseph was sold to be carried into this very Egypt.

We had the curiosity to count the camels as they passed by, and found there were seven hundred of them—yet there was not a pound of freight, nothing but passengers, luggage, the mail bags, and the specie—"pieces of silver," truly. For nearly all this half century, the silver dug in the mines of Mexico has

gone regularly once a month (now fortnightly) to London, where it is purchased and sent on to the East for exchange. It is minted again in Calcutta for use in India, and the rest goes farther east, where being without alloy, they are valued above all other silver coins; so that Mexico supplies India, China, and Japan with their currency. Bank-notes were then unknown in India, and gold is doubted by a people without education, and who fear being deceived, but silver they think they are safe in accepting, and all payments must be made in that metal to the multitudes. Our seven hundred camels were all needed, and it is likely there was over a million dollars in that caravan. What a prize for the wild Bedouins to swoop down upon! But the East India Company (for the miserable Turkish government could not hold them in check for a single week), by the concession of a sort of blackmail, and employing the very sheiks themselves, at a constant compensation, to guide this treasure to Suez, makes it more profitable to them to be honest than to live by plunder.

After an hour's rest we started again, but found that the motion (as in palanquin riding) was much more disagreeable after eating than before. As the time rolled on the effects grew worse, until the system became disagreeably relaxed, and we learned the full meaning of "the desert sickness"—in some respects worse than that endured at sea. How we longed for Suez and a glass of water! At length,

as the sun began to decline, we saw the little town ahead, and the Red Sea beyond it. Sweeping round, we passed "Joseph's Well," and in a few minutes more drew up at the door of the hotel. Instantly came the cry for "water." Every one pleaded for it, and especially the ladies of the party. I hurried up the Egyptian waiter, and the precious fluid came, and was poured out and handed. But O such water for sick people! It was muddy and tepid, and was promptly ejected, and the man asked how he could offer such water to ladies. He declared he had no other. I insisted he must run to the well we had passed and bring a fresh supply that would be cool and nice. But he answered,

"Sir, that water is not fresh, it is brackish."

"Well, go where this came from and bring some of that, and be alive about it."

The poor fellow looked at me and replied,

"Why, sir, there is no fresh water here; not a drop."

Amazed, I asked him,

"Then where did you get this, which is fresh, if it is not drinkable?"

"Sir, it came from the Nile."

"How?"

"In skin bottles, on the backs of camels."

No wonder it was muddy and warm, and that our desire for such a beverage ceased at once. Such was Suez in 1856, and such the supply of one of life's

first necessities for the sixteen hundred people then residing there. Not a drop of fresh water within more than eighty miles, and the whole of that distance a bed of hot and trackless sand, across which these skin "bottles" had toiled for four days, in the raging heat, on the camels' backs.

In approaching Alexandria I intimated that even the sluggish and conservative East was feeling the thrill of our Christian civilization, and beginning to rise from the misery and helplessness of the long-suffering past. What an illustration of this does Suez itself present on this second visit of ours. Now we return, and Suez has risen to the rank of a little city, with its ten thousand nine hundred and twelve people, and gardens and orchards are flourishing. A railway connects it with Alexandria and Cairo, and piers and docks and light-house have risen, as by magic, out of the barren sands. The Suez Canal now connects the waters of the Mediterranean with those of the Red Sea, and ships of various nations pass Suez almost every hour between sunrise and sunset. That canal is yielding its stockholders the largest dividends of any enterprise on earth. The steamer in which we sailed, drawing twenty-seven feet and nine inches, pays over £1,100 toll (\$5,500) each time she goes through it. To crown all, the same Christian civilization has dug a second canal beside the first to lead in the fresh water, so that the excellent water of the Nile now flows in abundance the whole

way to Suez, and is beginning to "make the desert blossom as the rose." These facts amaze these Ishmaelite races, and well they may, for they are the miracles of modern civilization, of which Mohammedanism and heathenism never dreamed, and of which they are, and would always remain, destitute, if the races that have accepted "the Prophet of Nazareth" did not come and originate them.

What a world this could be made, and will be made, if Christianity gets control of it! Surely paradise can be restored. It has not been in vain that humanity has waited long for Christian civilization to appear and end her religious uncertainties, to give her peace, and terminate all her preventable sorrows. How these scenes here prove that Christianity has the "promise of the life which now is," and as well as of "that which is to come." Even here, on this, the most forbidding and difficult spot on earth, she has conquered deficiencies of nature that seemed insurmountable; and, even in a temporal sense, fulfilled the promise of Jehovah: "I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen." He did so, without the aid of science, over three thousand years ago, across in that very peninsula, in view of where these notes were taken, opening a living stream in that desert for their use; and a traveler, as he goes over the world, sees that, in proportion as men are "His chosen" people, he grants them the inspirations of sanctified

intelligence to benefit themselves, and to bless the world around them. So, that, when false religions fold their hands and despairingly accept as inevitable the miseries of life, our civilization, full of expedients born of hope and faith,

“ Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done.”

Thus, in cases like this, she builds her reservoirs, digs her canals, or sinks her artesian wells, and so unseals the rich supplies which make famines impossible, and causes the valleys to sing for joy. She then creates the railroad, and carries the superabundance to the destitute parts of the land, keeps down famine prices, and lets the hungry be fed.

These Mohammedans here, if their house takes fire, will run out with a yell, sit right down on the ground before it in despair, and helplessly look on, abandoned to the conviction that, “if it was pre-destined to be consumed, there is no use resisting fate. Let it burn.” Christianity, on the contrary, implants different impulse. She invents the steam fire engine, and the electric bell, and when the flame breaks out, the Christian runs and turns on the alarm, so help is at his door in five minutes, and life and property are saved. The other civilization is not worthy to live. It is doomed to die, and Christianity alone deserves to be exalted in the earth; yet these are but a part of that mighty measure of blessings

for body and soul, for things temporal and spiritual, for the poor and downtrodden, which the true sons of God are toiling and contending to win for our race, in order to make them all the common heritage of every creature under heaven. Such men fling trembling cowardice and inglorious ease to the winds, and know well whose they are and whom they serve. And, as sure as God is God, they will never relax their diligence till the work is done, and their disinterested devotion is crowned with universal victory. Well may they continue to challenge each other's valor in the unflinching conviction that "the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to . . . the saints of the Most High," and sing, as they do :

"O, who would not a champion be
In this the lordlier chivalry ?
Uprouse ye, then, brave brother band,
With honest heart and working hand ;
O, there be those who ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory :
Work, brothers, work ; work hand and brain ;
We'll win the golden age again.
We will, we will, brave champions be
In this the lordlier chivalry."

In this blessed expectation all good men have been toiling and struggling, but have died ere the fruition came, though they exulted to witness every element in motion, material as well as intellectual and spiritual, that seemed to tend to that grand result. We,

to-day, in our wider opportunity, are the inheritors of the past, and yet heirs of all the future. For we are reaping where they have sown ; and in this sense, too, may it be said, “God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.”

But, let us return to the poor helpless waiter who stood there with that rejected water-jar and the goblets in his hands. He and his brothers of the desert might think this good enough ; possibly not one of them had ever tasted of “a living spring” or of “water out of the stony rock.” But we had, and knew by experience what it was, and that this was not at all like it ; yet what could we do in that dry and thirsty land, where no water then was ? No wonder the Holy Scriptures—an Oriental book, and full of Eastern scenes and allusions—speaks so frequently and so feelingly, too, of the need and value of this precious element, or that our blessed Lord puts the “cup of cold water” among the charities that he will reward at last. (Matt. x, 42.) The people of India call the water-carrier a *Bihishti*, from *Bihisht*, paradise ; a beautiful name for his vocation, styling him a distributer of heaven’s bounty ! How gladly we would have recognized his title had he put in an appearance at that hour with his *mashk* of clear cool water from a Bareilly well !

But to sit there any longer, and be tantalized by

the sight of that jar of muddy, lukewarm water, was too much for our sick and feverish condition, so, in hope of finding something more suitable on board our steamer, we took up our hand baggage, and started for the pier, where the little tender was waiting to convey us three miles down the Red Sea, to where the great vessel lay at anchor. The tender seemed to take us very slowly ; but, at length, we reached there and hurried up the ladder, for the moment forgetting the water, in our anxiety to secure state-rooms equivalent in position to those which we occupied on board the consort ship, which we left at Alexandria.

As we hurried into the saloon in this search, what was our surprise and delight to see, standing before us on the table, an immense glass basin, heaped up with broken ice from Wenham Lake, and round it stood decanters full of Ganges water, with tumblers all ready, and a man waiting to serve. *Bihishti*, “Heaven’s bounty” truly ! The packages were pitched into the corner, state-rooms were forgotten, and a grand rush made by that ravenous crowd for the blessed beverage, provided so opportunely for us. It was a sight to see that crowd as they stood round, and with radiant faces, imbibed “heaven’s nectar,” as they styled it.

But what a meeting of the past and present was here, and what would Moses and the elders of Israel have said if the scene had been foretold to them !

That, thirty three hundred years after they had crossed through this sea, a great vessel of over four thousand tons would lie at anchor about, or not far from, the very place where they had crossed, and that on board of her would be white-faced strangers from a continent of whose existence they were entirely ignorant, but who would there be regaled with water (not from the Nile, or the Jordan, the nearest rivers, but) from the Ganges, of which they never heard, and that that water would be cooled by an article which they never saw, solidified water, that would melt away in an hour if exposed to such air, and yet that perishable article would have preceded them from their distant land a year before they left it and have gone twice under the equator, on its way to Calcutta, and again on its return, to meet them there, in the Gulf of Suez, so that it would have crossed the line for the third time, and yet be in splendid condition for their use after its long travel of twenty thousand miles! What a miracle of the future civilization of the world would they have esteemed all this to be! The manna in the wilderness would hardly have been more wonderful than that congealed water on the Red Sea.

The “Tudor Ice Company,” of Boston, conferred this boon upon India and the East, and, in blessing others, were themselves blessed with a generous recompense. The cargo of ice paid amply for the return cargo of India’s products. The ice became not

merely a luxury, but also a medical agent in hospitals, many physicians holding it to be a specific in certain conditions of the cholera, and so a help in the saving of hundreds of lives yearly. Eight years after this I had an opportunity of testing its value, as I lay prostrate in an attack of the Asiatic cholera in the city of Calcutta. For thirty-six hours after the attack began the physicians attending me gave me nothing save Dr. Collis Brown's Chloriodine dropped on broken ice. The symptoms were controlled, and I was saved.

The great ship weighed anchor next day and we were off. The following morning, while putting things to rights for the voyage, I was amazed to see enter the state-room where I was a curious looking animal as big as a cat, having a bushy tail as long as his body, and a keen-looking eye, with a ferret-like nose, as though made for poking into the narrow places. He was perfectly self-possessed, but condescended to glance up at me, with what intention I could not know; but I did not like his cynical looks, and so sprung on to a chair and sung out for the steward. The man came running to see what was the matter, when I asked him what that creature there was. He smiled quietly at my alarm and said :

“ That, sir, is a mongoose. You need not be afraid.”

Just then the mate of the mongoose came sauntering in. But I hesitated to get down on the floor till

the man explained further. The mongoose is the *ichneumon*, and is prized for its wonderful ability to search out and kill all sorts of snakes, rats, and vermin of that class, which abound in the East. People in India try to domesticate them for this most useful purpose, but the freedom that is necessarily conceded to them, proves too much for their love of perfect liberty, and, unlike the cat, which is true to her home, they wander at length into the fields and do not return. On being assured that these were perfectly harmless, and even liked to be noticed, I got down and made the acquaintance of the larger one, who had no timidity at all. He came on my invitation and got up on my lap, and when I stroked him he turned on his back, and was as happy as a kitten. But he was a queer-looking creature to handle, and soon went off to attend to the duties expected of him.

The Red Sea is nearly one thousand four hundred miles long, and from twenty to two hundred miles broad. I presume it is the hottest locality on earth, where even double awnings wont sufficiently protect you from the fierce heat overhead from 8 A. M. till evening. More invalids die in that portion of the voyage than in all the rest of the way from India to England. There are light-houses only so far as the English influence extends on the Egyptian side, but on the Arabian side, and on that of Nubia and Abyssinia, not a light is seen; so that for over six hun-

dred miles the utmost precaution is necessary to escape the dangers which the many islands and shoals present, especially at night. Going down we passed the port for Medina, where Mohammed died ; and that for Mecca, toward which every Moslem sets his face and directs his prayers when he performs his devotions.

On the right hand we passed Suakim, the port of the Soudan ; then came to Mocha, famed for its coffee, and so on to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb (the Gate of Tears), so called originally, no doubt, from the dangers of its navigation. We saw four steamers lying wrecked here and on the shores of the island of Perim, in the middle of the passage. The voyage from Suez to the Straits requires nearly a week.

Shortly after leaving Suez, the day being clear, we had a sight of the range which includes Mount Sinai, on which God came down in such terrible majesty to give his holy law as the rule of life to men. What reflections that sight awakened ! And now, as we glide along by this ever-famous peninsula, where the Almighty required his people to "remember all the way" which he had led them for forty years in the wilderness, let us look at this Letter of Instructions, and see what is the duty which will begin in a few days more, and will soon tax heart and brain in its fulfillment for Him whose awful second Commandment pealed out from this mount of God, amid thunders and lightnings, against that fearful sin of

image-worship of the very people to whom we are now going. They were then, and they are to-day, the most flagrant transgressors of this law of that “jealous God, who will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images;” so that they have continued to multiply their “gods” until they now count them by the million !

The letter thus opens :

“ REV. WILLIAM BUTLER :

“ DEAR BROTHER : It hath pleased God, we believe, to move you by his Holy Spirit to take upon you the office and work of establishing a mission within the jurisdiction of the British Empire in India, under the patronage and support of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church ; and we have received from the Rev. Bishop Simpson, who has episcopal charge of said mission, a copy of the commission which he has issued to you, giving you the public authority of the Church to establish and superintend the said mission. And the Bishop has directed us to give you such instructions as are necessary to enable you to accomplish your mission, according to the conditions of the appointment.”

I was then instructed to so arrange my journey as to reach Calcutta between the 1st of September and 10th of October, and, in passing through London, to seek from missionary secretaries and others all the

information available that would be likely to aid in carrying out the duty assigned me, and also to do the same on my arrival in Calcutta.

Three fields were suggested for special examination. The instructions ran,

1. "Take such counsel concerning the particular field to be occupied as you may find and judge to be friendly and reliable; and in your inquiries we direct your attention particularly to Eastern Bengal, a vast and populous district lying to the north-east of Calcutta, beyond the ancient city Dacca, toward the mountains. This field, we understand, is unoccupied, and is easily accessible; and all the elementary books of the language of the people are ready prepared for the use of the missionary. If you find our information correct touching this country, and there be no counterbalancing difficulties, we commend it to your attention.

2. "But, before deciding on the selection of Eastern Bengal, as suggested above, we wish you to inquire particularly with respect to the Rohilla country, and the regions lying still farther west and north-east. Our information leads us to think favorably of the north-west of India; and the chief objection that occurs to us, in reference to it, is, that it is more generally supplied with missions than Eastern Bengal.

3. "And, in addition to these fields, you will give attention and make special inquiries concerning the Bellary country, lying on the north of Mysore; and

if you find strong grounds to believe it is a more promising field for our new mission, you are hereby authorized to stop at Madras and make further inquiries; and, if need be, go out in person and examine the country. But we do not advise you to stop at Madras, unless your previous inquiries shall strongly confirm our present limited information in favor of Bellary as the place for our new mission. We commit this matter to your discretion after due inquiry."

The field selected, and, on report, approved by the Board at home, I am next instructed as to the form which the mission was to take, and what was to be its special work. It says:

4. "In selecting the people among whom you will establish our mission, we wish you to have reference solely to the *native population*. If there be a European population present in the country or city in which you establish our mission, and the mission can be made to serve their spiritual interests, we shall consent and be glad; provided such service does not interfere with the execution of your mission among the heathen. We send you to preach the Gospel to those who have not heard and do not hear it, and all your plans must be devised with this end in view.

5. "This leads us to say, in all your plans for founding and executing your mission, you will regard the preaching of the word to the people as the principal efficient means of their awakening and conversion, and all other means as only auxiliary to this great

efficient instrument ordained of God. The establishment of schools, and the distribution of tracts and books in and by the mission, are subordinate to the great design of the mission, which is, to preach the word to the people by the living minister."

The letter then proceeds to deal with questions of administration of the mission to be thus founded, and of its organization and correspondence. To all this Bishop Simpson added his admonition : "Brother Butler, *lay deep and broad foundations for Methodism in India.*" In the selection of a field, I was forbidden to enter "upon another man's line of things made ready to our hand." We were to respect the labors of those Christian brethren, going "where Christ was not named," and there laying our own foundations. There was little temptation to any unsectarian Christian to do otherwise, in view of the many portions of the land, with millions of people to whom no one had yet come with the Gospel. There was, there is to-day, an abundant choice of unoccupied fields. It is likely that even yet one half of the people of India have never heard the offer of salvation through Christ. The south, the sea-coast, and the great cities, and along the lines of the leading thoroughfares, are more or less occupied; but the centers, the dense populations of the agricultural regions, and the multitudes in states ruled by native sovereigns, are still without the Gospel. Of the two hundred and sixty millions of people in India, perhaps

not one half of them have yet seen the face of a missionary, or ever heard the name of Him who died for them! It was easy enough to find unoccupied fields. But I had to bear in mind that I was to select a field where "broad and deep foundations" could be laid—a wide field, as well as an unoccupied one, wide enough to avoid being either divided up by a variety of languages, so that we could not work connectionally, or else be sandwiched in between existing missions, and so unable to expand adequately, and have room for development into a Conference organization, if God's good hand should prosper us to such a result. The number of languages in India is so many, that you can pass out of one into another in certain localities, within the space of two or three hundred miles. It is not easy to say how many there are, but twenty-three leading languages, and three times as many more limited ones, are commonly alleged to be in use.

Another difficulty of selection lay in the fact, that those who had preceded us in their explorations had naturally sought the larger cities, even when they had to pass over hundreds of miles from the last mission to do so.

We, too, were anxious to have our share of such great centers of life and influence, as well as to have them in wide sweeps of the land, and yet in territory entirely unoccupied by any other missions. I was not aware, until I made the trial, how difficult it was

to find all these advantages combined in such a way as would stand the test of experience and time, and yield entire satisfaction in the review a quarter of a century later.

Nor was this all. It was essential that, in the field chosen, our missionaries should not be located where they could not freely communicate with each other, and be visited with the regularity that our system required. Neither was it then desirable that they should be located in territories ruled by native princes, and away from the protection of British officials. These, with other considerations that I need not enumerate, led me to decide against such localities as Bellary, the Deccan, Rajpootana, and Dacca as not the best for our purpose. Dacca at first seemed desirable, but, when I came to examine its claim, I found it situated in the delta of the Ganges, with the great Brahmaputra on the other side, lying very low, and intersected with scores of rivers and streams that are all circuitous, and which in the rainy season swell and inundate the whole district like an inland sea, so that from the middle of August to the middle of October it becomes unhealthy. That country is too much cut up to permit roads to be of any use. Boats are the chief reliance, as in Burmah, for moving about. But the delay and difficulty of reaching from place to place is so great that, even now, one can go from Calcutta to Bombay—fourteen hundred miles—in less time than it requires to go

from Calcutta to Dacca, although the latter is only one hundred miles from the mouth of the Ganges. The expense is corresponding to the loss of time. In passing, I may remark that Dacca is famous for the delicacy and beauty of its muslin, which is worn by the upper classes of India, and, indeed, finds its way as an article of luxury all over the world. Astonishing statements are made of its manufacture. Here is a sample, in regard to the spinning of the thread, which has to be done with such amazing nicety that the operation is performed with the fingers on a fine steel spindle by young women who could only work during the early part of the morning, while the dew was on the ground ; for such was the extreme tenuity of the fiber that it would not bear manipulation after the sun had risen. From their fineness these muslins were called Abrawan, or “ flowing water,” and Shabnam, or “ evening dew.”

Many other parts of the country were examined or inquired about, but were declined for various reasons, as not being what we most desired. There was a peculiar feeling of sadness involved in visiting, and then turning away from, the localities thus decided against. Here were districts containing from one to four millions of people, on whom we looked in our search for the suitable field which we sought. It was in each place within our discretion to say, “Here we will settle and plant the Gospel among these people,” so long sitting in darkness, and to whom for a day or

two the light had come at last; or, we could say, "No," and turn off, and take that light away with us, leaving them again in darkness, feeling that another generation would probably pass away ere any one else would come, like us, searching for a new mission field, to give light to these millions sitting "in the shadow of death!" It seemed something awful to be invested with such a power, but it had to be exercised till sufficient had been seen and considered to make the comparison; and then to select from among them all the most suitable as the mission field to whose evangelization our Church would devote her means and energies.

As we went round, prospecting so anxiously and prayerfully, we would occasionally meet with English gentlemen, devoted servants of God in high position, both in the civil and military departments of the government, who gladly welcomed us into their districts, and used most earnest persuasion to have us terminate our wanderings and settle down with their people. Most liberal offers of pecuniary aid to the mission to be established were held out. One of these noble men, Mr. Tucker, Commissioner of the Benares Division, made very special efforts to attract the mission into his dominions. He seemed to anticipate that our work was going to have a grand development, and he wanted to secure the blessing for his people. But there was already, apart from the missions in the city of Benares, an Episcopal Mission at

several points in his district. Still he pleaded, notwithstanding, that the supply was not a tenth part of the demand. He even called the missionaries of that society together, and urged them to appreciate, without delay, the chance of the help we could bring for the evangelization of the people, by calling in all their scattered missionaries and concentrating them in the south of the division, and resigning the whole north to us, with head-quarters at Goruckpore. His argument with me, and which was most earnestly urged, was, that "so much preparatory work had been done throughout the district that we should reap a harvest far sooner than we could in new and unbroken ground." But, to me, this plea spoke caution rather than encouragement, for I saw it would be a departure from our principle of non-interference with the labors of other Christian brethren, nor did it seem just, as they had in a measure broken up their field and sowed the seed, that we should step in between them and the harvest for which they had toiled and prayed. I had to decline, greatly to his regret. When, some time after, I wrote and informed him that I had decided for the valley north of the Ganges, he replied with much feeling, repeating his opinion of the more quiet class of people, and greater preparations for success we would have found within his limits, and concluded with the words: "But now you will have to take the bull by the horns!" Well, we were willing to incur that risk. Though far

beyond his figure and his fears, the danger had to be faced within six months, which was to give us a realizing sense of what David meant when he invoked the divine protection, and pleaded, "Be not far from me; for trouble is near; for there is none to help. Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion." Psa. xxii, 11.

Well, they truly did compass and gape and roar, and also blasphemed our Christ, and we are now returning to behold how wonderfully our God controlled all this rage for his own glory; and to do in Bareilly, and in Lucknow as well, exactly what David said he would do after he was similarly rescued: "I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee." Verse 22. We go, also, gladly to anticipate and claim the victory in which this defeated resistance is yet to issue, as he says, in verse 27: "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee." Exactly; for each resistance gave God his opportunity of victory, and each victory is most assuredly leading on to the final triumph, in which the contest is to issue to the praise of his glory. God's Church need not fear, "though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;" because "God is in the midst of

her ; she shall not be moved : God shall help her, and that right early."

Another good man, Mr. Atherton, holding a high position as Judge of the Sarun District, hearing of our arrival, so earnestly desired that we should consent to plant our mission within his jurisdiction, that he addressed Mr. Tucker, requesting him to inform us of his good-will and ready assistance. He wrote : " If the American missionaries wish to face the devil in his den, let them come to this place, and make Chuparah their head-quarters. I will subscribe one hundred rupees a month toward the mission so long as I hold my present appointment, or any other of equal value, and I am sure others also would subscribe cheerfully. Inclose this note to Mr. Butler, that he may know a welcome awaits him and his brethren in my places."

Six hundred dollars per annum from a Christian whom I had not yet seen, and who belonged to another denomination ! Such was the sympathy shown by some English gentlemen for the perishing heathen around them !

A few words on the field chosen, and accepted by the Board, may conclude this chapter. It was a very remarkable Providence that reserved for us such a wide, unoccupied, and, indeed, pre-eminent field, as this has proved to be.

For nearly forty centuries the Brahmins have been studying the soul and its destiny under the shadows

of the Himalayas, in the great Gangetic valley. There its wonderful epics were composed, there are its great Mela grounds, there are the scenes of Vishnu's reputed incarnations, and probably there were its Vedas and the Shastars written.

My letter of instructions, among the others, mentions the Rohillas. This warlike race occupies the western half of the great north valley; yet, by itself, Rohilcund would have been too small a field of action for the Church which I represented; but east of that, in the same great valley, and only divided from it by an arbitrary line, were the kindred people of Oude, but their bigoted sovereign kept the gates of his kingdom closed against Christianity up to within a few weeks of our arrival. Rohilcund and Oude *together* would constitute one of the grandest mission fields in India, or in the world. This great valley, speaking generally, is bounded on the north by the Himalaya mountains, on the west and south by the Ganges, and on the east by Goruckpore. Within these limits, which would measure about four hundred miles long, and an average of over one hundred and forty miles wide, there are now, it is calculated, nearly twenty millions of human beings.

The census shows that in this extensive valley there are seven hundred and two towns which have from one thousand to five thousand of a population; twenty-nine towns with from five thousand to ten thousand; and twenty-two towns and cities with from

ten thousand to three hundred thousand souls in each. What an opportunity of Christian usefulness did God provide here for the Methodist Episcopal Church !

The density of the population in some of the districts of this valley is up to four hundred and forty-two to the square mile. With the exception of a mission of the Episcopalianians in one of these cities, this great mass of humanity have none but *us* to look to for the means of grace and salvation. If these millions are saved, it will be by our faithfulness to the solemn trust so providentially placed in our hands ; and if lost—if they go down to an idolaters' eternity—it will be in consequence of our neglect, or of our inability, to save them. No Church on earth has a grander opportunity than Methodism possesses to-day in that valley.

How wonderful that it should have been reserved for us till we were ready to enter it ! It was only a few weeks before I reached Lucknow that Oude was annexed, its king pensioned and removed to Calcutta, while his mother, the Dowager Queen of Oude, whom I passed as I came out of Southampton in August, had returned with the intelligence that the government in London would not reverse the action of the Governor-General and Council in India. The kingdom was henceforth to be governed by British officers. Sir Henry Lawrence was appointed as the head of its administration. But before he could

arrive at Lucknow from the Punjab, I had reached its gates, and found them just opened to Christianity. So I entered and passed on up to Bareilly, and took possession in the name of my divine Master, planting the standard of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the central city of that great Gangetic valley, ours forever to cultivate for Christ, "till its idols shall be utterly abolished, and the Lord alone shall be exalted" among these millions.

This, then, is our parish in India. But our "goodly heritage," though given us of God, was not going to be conceded to us by "the rulers of the darkness of this world," Satanic or human, without a terrible resistance. A struggle, the most fearful that Christianity ever passed through on the Oriental hemisphere, was soon to rise and combine its energies to resist our entering, where "Satan long had held his throne;" so that only ten weeks elapsed from the time when we obtained a home in Bareilly, till that resistance burst forth in "blood and fire and pillars of smoke," and for long months we were unheard of and were even given up as dead! The whole of the terrible story, and how we were saved, and how God "made the wrath of man to praise him," and restrained its remainder, are all told in my other book, *The Land of the Veda*, and need not be further referred to here. Now we are returning, and we shall have the opportunity of seeing how far my conviction, uttered at the time, that the Sepoy Rebellion

would not only fail, but that, instead, it would even throw the country forward a hundred years nearer to its salvation—how far that expectation has been realized. So here we pause until the next ocean is crossed, and we stand once more in “The Climes of the Sun,” and contemplate the results which have been there wrought out during the past twenty-five years.

We are now approaching the southern end of the Red Sea. Abyssinia is close on our right, and Yemen in Arabia, with its port of Mocha, on our left. Before us are the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the Island of Perim, with its welcome light-house, being in the center. How grateful we felt for preserving mercy, as we rounded into the unique harbor of Aden, to replenish our resources, and prepare for our run across the Indian Ocean.

This port of Aden is a place of remarkable strength and of great importance, holding somewhat the same position between Africa and Asia that Gibraltar holds between Europe and Africa. The etymology of the name is supposed to be the same as Eden (or Paradise), and that it was so designated by the Arabs to express their sense of its climate and the commercial advantages for which it has long been famous. The sunshine is perpetual, and we did not find the heat too oppressive. Rain seldom falls, sometimes only once in three years, but the water supply is ample, by means of immense reservoirs built by English

enterprise, so that its thirty thousand inhabitants and all the ships that call are amply supplied. The Arab women were unveiled, and appeared quite at their ease in the presence of strangers, as their cousins, the daughters of Judea, did in days of old. About half a mile out from the city, at the reservoirs, I saw numbers of them who had come, like Rebekah, to draw water, and some of them did look as handsome as, no doubt, she did. My foreign costume and white face made me, evidently, an object of amusement to them, though it was all modestly and kindly carried on. The warm olive color was certainly no detriment to their beauty, and probably they exhibited about the very tinge which was borne on the cheek of the lovely "mother of all living" in the original Eden somewhere in the northern part of this same peninsula.

But our rambling must close, and we hurry on board again. How the sense of responsibility deepens as the expected duties draw nearer, yet we are kept calm and trustful as they approach. With a profound respect for the authorities whose commission I bear, and with a humble reliance upon the providential guidance of Him in whose name they have sent me, and whose blessed promise, "Lo, I am with you alway; even unto the end of the world," now becomes more close and precious, as the distance from them manifestly grows wider, and this final start is made. Seven thousand miles now separate us from them, and

from the loved ones and dear friends whom we have left behind, dwelling amid the peace and security of our Christian civilization in loved America. How intense were all these feelings and thoughts as we weighed anchor, and run out in the shades of the evening through the narrow entrance into that Oriental ocean, on the other side of which was India ! We glanced back with sympathy, and, as we looked forward with hope, our thoughts were well expressed in the simple words of the poet,

“ To some thou givest at ease to lie,
Content in anchored happiness ;
Thy breath my full sail swelling, I
Across these broadening seas would press.

“ At friendly shores, at peaceful isles,
I touch; but may not long delay ;
Where thy flushed East with mystery smiles
I steer into the unrisen day.”

CHAPTER IV.

So might I view Sin's moldering empire fail,
And the bright coming of the Saviour hail !
Yet, Lord, before that solemn day arrive,
Before I cease to labor, cease to live,
Though not to me the blessing should be given,
To see earth covered with the rays of heaven,—
Still may I, gracious Lord of life and light,
Snatch some lost heathen from eternal night,
Plant the first church upon some Pagan shore,
Gaze on its offsets branching into more.
Would others reap where I alone have sown ?
Others shall make the glorious cause their own ;
And I, exulting, view the dawning ray,
Though they may have the fuller blaze of day.—*Anon.*

OUR good ship was *The Nubia*, Captain Tronson commanding. The “monsoon,” or stormy rain-fall, had not yet ceased, and before reaching

“The golden gates of day,
Which open on the palmy East,”

we encountered one of those tropical storms, so common in these seas at certain seasons of the year. The thunder and lightning, and the intense darkness and amazing downpour, were an experience not to be soon forgotten. How calmly and firmly each man stood to his post of duty, and what a solemn pause was all over that steamer as she contended with the raging

elements. But we were protected, and came out into the sunlight without a spar broken, or a sail lost.

We were not so fortunate on the next occasion, in about the same locality. A cyclone came up, and struck us ere we were ready for it. Our ship, *The Lady Jocelyn*, an immense vessel built during the Crimean war as a troop ship, was only "an auxiliary screw" steamer—the little propeller, of sixty horse-power, was used merely for going in and out of port, or for crossing the line, where the wind so often fails. When not used it could be lifted up, and the great ship then went under canvas alone. In this condition, on the occasion in question, proceeding slowly on our way, the cyclone was seen approaching. To get out of its path was impossible within the time. So on it came roaring, the water and air constituting a great black column that towered up toward the sky, revolving rapidly on its axis, and yet moving in a plane of its own, like the annual and diurnal motions of the earth. Amid terrible suspense it swept down upon us, and in five minutes tore away our sails, and bending the great vessel over, shifted some of our cargo, and left us helpless for a time. The effect was remarkable. The inclination of the deck to the water made it look as though the ocean were a hill-side. The dreadful power passed on, and we were glad to find that our spars were unbroken. Soon fresh sails were brought up from below, and the gallant ship was trimmed again. The engineer lit his

fires, and dropped the screw, and in six hours she was recovered to a better position, and we ran for Cape Town, where she was quickly refitted.

An unfortunate ship, according to her reckoning only about twelve miles south of us on that day, was struck by the same cyclone about one hour ere it reached us, and not only lost her sails, but also had her masts broken, and was left like a helpless log upon the water. She did not reach her destination till nearly four months after our arrival. The description of the sufferings to which those on board were reduced, before help overtook them, was dreadful.

It was a singular coincidence that the English and American Methodist missions to India should both have commenced their labors under afflictive circumstances, in each case the sorrow being connected with their superintendent. On the 3d of May, 1814, the superintendent of the first band of Wesleyan missionaries, our own Dr. Coke, proceeding to Ceylon, suddenly died within three days' sail of India. His brethren, deprived of their zealous and devoted leader, landed in sadness upon these shores. On the doctor's death, James Lynch (referred to in my second chapter), one of the five missionaries that accompanied him, was appointed to take charge as superintendent. He labored nearly thirty years, and then returned to Ireland, his native land. He was there appointed to the Comber Circuit, but being feeble, I was sent to assist him to finish his year. The good old man took

quite a fancy to his youthful colleague. We traveled and labored together. I derived much of my early missionary inspiration from association with this devoted servant of the Lord. On my way to India, I found him on the platform of the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary in Exeter Hall, London, very feeble, but calmly awaiting his departure to a better world, while the boy preacher that he so kindly encouraged fifteen years before sat by his side, and was on his way to that very India as superintendent of the American Methodist Mission to be established there.

Thus it happened that to me was given the peculiar honor of being a sort of connecting link between the first and the last established missions of Methodism in India—a living bond, as it were, uniting English and American Wesleyanism in the foreign field. I appreciate the privilege, and would rather thus stand—a link in this honored ministry—than to wear the gaudiest miter of him whose ministerial confidence is the empty figment of a so-called “apostolical succession !”

Nearly half a century passed away, and on the 19th of September, 1856, another ship neared the coast of India; this time bearing, not English, but American Methodist missionaries. They are also the first band that their Church has sent to India, and they, too, are overwhelmed with anxiety and distress, for they fear that their superintendent is no longer among the

living! He had preceded them seventeen months before, had selected the field, and anxiously awaited their coming; passing, in the meanwhile, through the "great fight of afflictions," in which our work in India began.

The pilot, who had come on board their ship in the Bay of Bengal, had informed them that the terrible Sepoy Rebellion was raging over the interior of India. But let one of themselves describe their feelings, as he did afterward in a letter to me. He says: "We knew nothing of the fearful scenes transpiring in India until our pilot came on board, on the morning of the 19th instant, bringing files of the latest papers. After we had recovered ourselves a little from the first blow, we turned to the account of the Bareilly tragedy. I read it aloud, trembling almost to read from line to line. Twenty-nine out of eighty-four Europeans escaped, and *your name unmentioned!* Our worst fears were excited. We saw, however, that only official names were given; but, after resolving the matter, could encourage ourselves but little to hope for your safety. We remained in this state of intense suspense until four P. M. on Monday, the 21st, when we cast anchor at Garden Reach. I hastened on shore, called on Brother Stewart, and learned the joyful tidings of your escape to Nynee Tal, and also Mr. Owen's safety, of which we had been uncertain. Our interest was all concentrated in this question, '*Are Brother*

Butler and family safe? When we learned this, our gratitude and gladness were such we scarcely thought for the time of your losses and sufferings; it seemed enough that you were safe. ‘O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.’ I returned to the ship, then were we glad, thanked God, and took courage.”

On the 8th of October, 1883, still another ship is approaching the shores of India, but no sorrow clouds this arrival. The shadow of death is not here. Loving friends are waiting to welcome “the father and mother of the North India mission” to their old field of labor, while all is gratitude and joy. Goodness and mercy have followed them, and here they are once more crowned with loving kindness and the favor of the Lord.

But, ere we indulge this grateful strain, let us speak again of our former voyage, when we came as strangers, with hearts full of anxiety for the field which we had to choose, and the work which we had to inaugurate. On that occasion, instead of landing, as now, at Bombay, which was not then, as to-day, the Gate of India, we went up on the other side, by Ceylon, to Calcutta. After rounding Cape Comorin, we ran into Point de Galle for a few hours, to land the mails, and had our first experience of

“The spicy breezes”
That “blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle.”

We landed, and went to the Wesleyan mission house, and were cordially welcomed. In company with our kind hosts, we went out to visit the cinnamon groves, which I suppose have given rise to the idea of these breezes.

Returning to the mission for tea, before going again on board, we had our first opportunity of hearing "the Redeemer's name sung" in a heathen land.

As we partook of some refreshment, the soft, sweet strains of a hymn came from an adjoining building, and recognizing the precious tune, we eagerly asked, "What is that?" and one answered, "That is a class-meeting just commencing." "And what are the words?" How delightful was the reply, — "The words are :

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,'

in the Singhalese language."

This incident intensified thoughts which had been in my mind ever since I had offered to go to India, in relation to the adaptation of the Gospel to these people. As I came nearer I longed to learn from those who would fully understand me whether the Christian religion was really all to these Orientals that it was to redeemed people in our Western hemisphere? Could they have an experience like our own? I felt that the very life of my mission depended upon the reply to this question. As a Church

we could not long keep up our interest in a work of evangelization that fell short of this. To elevate, by education and Christian civilization, was good in its way, but any change of religion or moral conduct that was not accompanied by the conscious salvation of God in the hearts of our converts would not long command the sympathy and generous support of the Methodist people. This I felt and knew, so I went to India with anxiety on my mind in regard to this vital question, and my first impression was favorable. Had time permitted I would have introduced the subject right here, but we had to hurry on board, with the question unasked. The desire to know, however, was intensified, and two days later, on arrival at Madras, the delay there being longer, I took a boat and went ashore, resolved to terminate my solicitude on the subject.

Finding my way to the Wesleyan mission house, I was fortunate in meeting the chairman of the district (their title for presiding elder), Rev. Mr. Hodson, and, after informing him who I was, and what I had come to do, I asked this venerable man, who would certainly understand me, what was the character of the religious experience of their native converts.

He seemed surprised at the question, and asked what I meant by it. I explained that I wanted to know whether these Hindu people could be converted, and have the witness of the Holy Spirit to the fact

of their acceptance with God, as we in England and America enjoyed it. He looked at me and smiled, no doubt thinking I was a novice in missionary experience to put such a question. But he saw I was anxious to have a candid answer. Without further remark he left the room, and soon returned, leading in a young man whom he introduced to me as one of their theological students, and quietly observing, " You can ask him," he went out again, leaving me face to face with the answer to my question.

Even at home, and amid the confidences of our pastoral life, it is not always easy for a minister to ascertain exactly the real condition of the religious life and experience of his members. Yet here I was, with an utter stranger, and he a Hindu, seeking this information.

But I was committed to the inquiry, and, finding that he could speak English, resolved to improve my opportunity. My limited time made it necessary that I should be prompt ; so, after greeting the young man, I drew up two chairs and we were seated. His gracious and intelligent appearance impressed me favorably. I wished him to feel quite at ease with me, told him who I was and where I was going, and then said :

" You are the first converted Hindu I have ever seen, and you cannot imagine with what interest I look at you. I want you to help me by answering me a question or two."

He replied that he would try to do so. I then said,
“First, then, will you tell me how you were converted to Christianity ?”

He was solemnized by the abrupt inquiry, and a shade of emotion passed over his countenance, but he was soon self-possessed again, and, after a few seconds, replied :

“ Well, sir, I heard the missionaries preach in the Bazaar, and was led to read the Bible. I thus found out that my ancestral religion was false, and that Christianity was true. I embraced it, and was baptized. I am a communicant, and attend church ; I study the Scriptures, and am a Christian.”

Had he stopped here, as I feared he might, and, as I afterward learned, hundreds of “converts” do,—perhaps because they are not taught better,—I should not have been much encouraged by the interview ; but, to my delight, he went on to say that he had been led to see that he was a sinner—that his heart must be changed and his transgressions against God forgiven, or his soul would be lost ; and, under this deep sense of his need of mercy, he had come as a penitent to God ; that he was soon enabled to cast himself by faith on the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and God took off from his conscience the heavy load of sin, and shed abroad his love in his heart. He then felt and knew that he was saved, and had ever since been happy.

How glad I was to hear this simple, clear state-

ment—to have this evidence, that our blessed religion could be every thing to a Hindu that it was to me. I rejoiced with him, and then said :

“ Now, that seems all right ; you have given to me a reason of the hope that is in you, will you further tell me, as you have been introduced to me as a theological student, what are your motives for entering the Christian ministry ? ”

This was a very close question, but he endured it, and modestly replied :

“ Well, sir, the mercy that has saved me can save any one else, and I have such sympathy for those around me who are now as I once was, that I want to lead them to God for mercy, as I was led myself. The Lord has laid this upon my heart as a duty, and I dare not refuse. I must preach the Gospel.”

I was delighted with his reply, and said :

“ I think any of our Quarterly Conferences in America would vote you, on such evidence, a license to preach. I thank you for answering my questions ; you have done me more good than you can know, and have solved any doubt I may have had whether God could save your race and call them to his holy ministry as truly and fully as he saves and calls his servants elsewhere. I shall never forget you ; you have greatly encouraged me for the work on which I am entering.”

Bidding him an affectionate farewell, I had to hurry away to reach the ship ere she lifted her anchor.

During the remaining four days of the voyage on to Calcutta I thought constantly of that precious young man, and prayed earnestly that God might so guide and bless our efforts that I should live to see raised up in the mission which I was to found men like him, converted to God and having a divine call to the work of the ministry—feeling assured that if this were done our people at home would never fail in sympathy for the work, but would sustain it as long as it presented such claims as these to their confidence and affection.

How much need there is in a land like India, or, indeed, in any unevangelized land, for caution in these important matters, where converts so much need “line upon line,” as to the essential nature of Christianity, and where they are so liable to stop short of divine grace; resting content in sacraments and Church membership, and the remembrances they have of the sacrifices they made in order to become “Christians:” and too often trusting in the form without the power. What perpetual need there is to reiterate the caution, “Ye must be born again!” The clearest teaching and the highest standard are needed here, where so many influences combine to cloud the subject and lead men to rest in “a name to live while they are dead.” A religion of mere form is all that such people ever know, so they have a strong temptation to rest satisfied in the purer forms of Christianity, and suppose it is all right with them because they have ac-

cepted a Christian creed, been baptized, regularly participate in the holy communion, and try to live right.

If their spiritual guide be a man who is not aware that the witness of the Holy Spirit is the common privilege of Christians, every-where and in all ages, he is not likely to urge them to seek it earnestly ; nor will he be very emphatic in drawing their attention to the definite instruction contained in those passages which teach this blessed truth ; such as : “*Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.*”

Here the witness is essentially connected with the sonship of God’s children ; the testimony of the Spirit accompanies his work in the heart—the evidence goes with the relationship as surely as feeling and consciousness go with life.

On my return, anxious to add another voice to “the word of their testimony,” as I moved among the congregations which our brethren have gathered out of heathenism into the fellowship of Christianity, I repeatedly exhorted on such texts as, “Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed ?” and was constantly pleased to find that I was understood on this subject by our converts as I would be by our congregations at home.

They have been well trained in the truth of God by men who are not troubled by any mental reservation as to whether the Lord Jesus, in the same sense and with the same intention, died for every one whom

they address. They fully believe that there is no bar in the way of the salvation of any of their hearers in any decree of Him whose love for the world led him to give his Son to "taste death for every man." Nor are their expectations of gracious and present results at all paralyzed or postponed by any millenarian expectations which tend to quiet down such an agony of soul for their converts as leads them to "travail in birth again till Christ be formed within them," under the delusive idea that the power and extension desired will all appear "when the Lord Jesus himself comes" to accomplish it.

A latent Calvinism or a premillenarian theory is a very poor qualification for a missionary who longs to see present results of his labor. Ritualism—resting short of the great radical change which is conscious to all who have experienced it—is equally misleading, and leaves little results of spiritual life to show for their labor, even when half a century of toil has been expended. How much better to trust the Gospel, as retaining its entire original energy and grace, and offer at all times immediate and conscious salvation by believing on the Son of God, as did Philip to the stranger eunuch, expecting immediate results, and so having it done to them "according to their faith."

Our Methodist missions have, without hesitation, dared to stake their hopes of success on *such* convictions. Are they justified in this, and what are the results after twenty-five years of effort?

Let us land, and see for ourselves what God has wrought by such methods and such faith as theirs, and all others who are like-minded.

On the 8th of October, 1883, we ran into the magnificent harbor of Bombay, and dropped anchor amid a scene of great beauty. It was the morning of the holy Sabbath. The air was warm, the water smooth as a lake, and before us lay the open “gate of India.” Bombay is probably the finest city on the Oriental hemisphere. The cotton famine during our Civil War, when the English government made such strenuous efforts to lead the people of India to give their energies to cultivate the plant and supply Lancashire, gave Bombay its grandest opportunity. Great fortunes were accumulated during those five years; and its merchants vied with each other in making their city worthy of the wealth that poured in upon it. Magnificent parks and public buildings, wide streets, and all the modern improvements, were created. No city in the East ever attained such an accession to its splendor as this one did during that period.

But their heathen civilization failed when the pressure of prosperity came upon it, and the temptation of “making haste to be rich” proved too much for a people who had not yet cordially accepted the maxim that “honesty is the best policy.”

Instead of being satisfied with such a prosperity as then flowed in upon them, and trying to be conscientious in their efforts to retain it by fair dealing with

their new customers, they began to tamper with their bales of cotton to make them weigh heavier, introducing sand and even stones. But they quickly "killed the goose that laid the golden eggs." The mill owners of Lancashire were, ere long, disgusted and exasperated to find their delicate machinery injured by the adulterations; so, as soon as our war ended, and our southern ports were opened, they gave up depending on India, and went back to New Orleans and Charleston for "honest cotton."

We had made our run from Liverpool to Bombay, a distance of six thousand two hundred miles, in twenty-eight days. Just as nine o'clock struck that morning, a boat came off with two gentlemen in it wearing European costumes, and we were warmly welcomed by the presiding elder, Rev. D. O. Fox, and one of his members. We were soon transferred to the shore, and passed through the customs, and by eleven o'clock I was standing in the pulpit of our English Church near the Fort, to preach. I was taken in the evening, for the same purpose, to our Grant Road Church, and after that to the Bazaar, to the service in the Mahratta language, conducted by the venerable and saintly George Bowen, and so ended a delightful day about eleven o'clock that night. Being early in October the heat was very great and exhausting, and we had another month of it to endure, before the cooler weather of November would come on.

This was my first glimpse of the work of the South India Conference, which I was afterward to see very extensively, when I had gone over the field of the North India Conference, my old sphere of labor.

Letters and a telegram from our brethren were here awaiting me, urging us onward to Lucknow, so that we might be in time for the Dasserah and Camp meeting, which were about to commence.

We hurried up our preparations, and on Monday evening went to the station to take our departure. Here, too, we were struck with surprise on seeing the evidences of the changes that had come over India, not only since we first landed, in 1856, but, more especially, since we left it, only eighteen years ago.

Then the only way to reach Lucknow from Bombay, a distance of ten hundred and ten miles, was the single seat on the mail cart, or else by palanquin,—a litter swung on a pole, and carried by eight men, for each person,—which would make about three miles an hour, the bearers being changed every twelve miles, each man receiving four annas (twelve cents) and buckshish; a slow and most expensive mode of traveling. The journey would then have required eighty-four changes of bearers between Bombay and Lucknow, and would have cost about one hundred and ten dollars for each person carried. Every river on the entire route would have had to be forded, for there were then no bridges, save occasionally a rickety bridge of boats, and the time con-

sumed on the journey would have been (if there were no detentions or breakdowns) fully twenty-five days, including the Sabbath's rest, "according to the commandment." The running is done between five o'clock in the evening and ten o'clock next forenoon, the traveler being obliged to remain under cover during the great heat of the day. It was very tiresome, especially for ladies. But, in the new condition of things, we found a first-class railroad ready for our use. The carriages were remarkably comfortable, with special appliances for traveling in a hot country.

We chose the second class, having a large compartment to ourselves, with sofa seats to rest and sleep on. There was blue and green glass in the windows, to moderate the glare of the sun, and a bath-room attached. The whole cost for each individual, from Bombay to Lucknow, was only thirty-six rupees, about fifteen dollars, the class above being twice that sum, and the one below only one half the amount, and the distance was run in forty-nine hours. What a change for the better in eighteen years was here!

The railroad system extends all over India now. This line continues east to Calcutta, a distance of fourteen hundred and eighty miles from Bombay. Then from Calcutta to Peshawar there is a line eighteen hundred miles long. Another from Bombay to Peshawar, *via* Delhi and Lahore, is eighteen hundred and fifty-six miles long, and another, which is two

thousand three hundred and ninety miles in length, from Bombay to Kurrachee by Lahore. These are the longest lines in the country.

When we first entered India there was only one short line, seventy-four miles from Calcutta, out to Raneegunge, to a coal-field there. For years this was all. They were timid about proceeding, as they feared in regard to the coal supply; but, finally, they ventured on from Raneegunge to Benares, and thence to Delhi, and found coal mines as they proceeded. When they reached Delhi a mine was discovered near Umbala, and on they went to Peshawar. The Maker of this world had planted the coal where it would afterward be most required, and it was ready to be discovered when the highest necessities of India were to be promoted by it. The line to Peshawar runs along the outside border of our mission field, and now another line has been made through its entire length, called the Oude and Rohilcund Railway, from the city of Benares to Allyghur.

No mission is better furnished with facilities for intercommunication than this. In twenty-four hours our missionaries can come together for their Conference, and this at a trifling expense. Southern India is, also, extensively provided with railroads, there being lines now from Bombay to Madras, from Madras to Bangalore, and on to Beypore.

The native princes have also caught the inspira-

tion, and have built lines in their dominions ; so that in the Nizam's territory, in Baroda, the Mysore, Scinde, Tirhoot, Kandahar, and many other native states, the princes have built their own roads, and connected them with the great trunk lines laid down by English companies under government guarantees.

The telegraph has been run every-where. Canals and works for irrigation are nearly equal to the demand for them, and famines are thus being made almost impossible.

A great system of education, higher and lower, aided or supported by government, extends through each presidency. A system of the cheapest postage known in any nation is available to all, and the "money-order" and "parcel's post" systems are now added.

India is already in "The Latin Union" for outside postage ; so that, instead of the "thirty-eight cents," as a letter rate from Boston to Bareilly, and ten cents on a newspaper, as it was in 1856, five cents now carries that letter, and two cents the paper. No other heathen nation has such postal facilities as now exist in British India.

The whole of this vast aggregate of good, and more that might be mentioned, as hospitals, etc., have been conferred upon India by the Christian civilization that now directs her interests. While peace, intelligence, and valuable improvements extend everywhere. Not a sword can be drawn by one of their

native princes against another, nor a drop of blood shed from year to year. The benign oversight of English authority forbids it. Of course there are many wrongs yet to be righted, and national sins to be forsaken (such as the accursed opium traffic), but the past and the present are a guarantee that the future will be better than this if the same course is only patiently and perseveringly pursued, as no doubt it will be.

What nation could have done better for India, in view of the circumstances, than England has done? Certainly we Americans are in no condition to "cast the first stone" at her for her failings or misdoings, while our own sins of rum-selling, Mormonism, political self-seeking, corruption, Sabbath desecration, and profanity abound as they now do. I feel constrained to add here, that I doubt if there be in any land on this earth a civil service of more pure and accomplished men, or public servants who are more above suspicion, or whose just administration, on the whole, gives greater satisfaction to the millions under their rule, than is done by the civil service of Great Britain in India: while their generosity and sympathy with the work of our missions are princely, and are known to every reader of our annual reports for the past twenty-five years.

But here we are in our comfortable compartment, provided for by our Bombay friends, with a well-furnished lunch-basket for our interesting jour-

ney. The shades of night fall before the *Ghats* are reached. We cannot see them till we are returning. They ascend three thousand feet, and the wonderful railroad climbs up round them in a way that surprises every one who has the opportunity of beholding them. This elevation is exceeded by the railroad which crosses the “Cumbres” in Mexico. But, although that attains an elevation of over seven thousand feet, yet the palm of beauty must be conceded, in some points, by the Mexican line to these *Ghats*.

Early next morning we were running across the plains to Khundwa, and evening found us at Jubbul-pore. Another good night's rest, and by eight o'clock in the morning we ran into the great station at Allahabad (*Allah*, God, *abad*, dwelling or city—the city of God), at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. Here we were hailed by one of the officials (a telegram having been sent on by the good folks at Bombay), and breakfast was offered. One of our kind entertainers delighted us by remarking, “This station used to be a scene of constant profanity. It was dreadful to listen to the cursing and swearing which rolled along this platform from morning till night, and this from officials that were half-intoxicated. But God, in mercy, sent ‘William Taylor’s men’ in here among us; a great reformation followed, and now from Monday morning till Saturday night we seldom hear an oath, or even a loud word; the men are sober, their work is well done,

and all is peace and gentleness." What a testimony! I found the chief of the station was a class-leader, and nearly all his subordinates, European and Eurasian, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

After hearty salutations, we are once more on our way. One hundred and sixty-four miles still lay between us and Lucknow.

At five P. M. we rolled into the station at Cawnpore, and were then within the bounds of our own mission field, the North India Conference.

The moment we stopped there was handed into our compartment a great tray, on which was a cooked dinner, smoking hot, that would have well fed half a dozen hungry people. Truly our friends were taking care of us. What cordiality and kindness they were showing. We part from them and are off again, this time for the last stretch of the journey. How grand the scene appeared as we ran on to the magnificent bridge over the Ganges. In my day we had to cross this river on a bridge of rickety boats, which the floods of July would often sweep away, and then a row-boat was the only way across the wide expanse of waters, which overflowed the land on either side, till the river extended to several miles in breadth, and hours were required to cross it, usually in great discomfort on account of the rapid current and tropical rains.

But now here we are on a bridge that is really a grand structure, and in five minutes we have rolled

over, and are ready to give our three hearty cheers for Christian civilization and its blessings. Every important town we fly through now has a Methodist preacher and a little body of Christian believers in it, with the means of grace, and a school for the education of their children. But the last forty miles are passed as we come in sight of the Alum Bagh, in the center of which are resting, awaiting the resurrection of the just, the mortal remains of the good and brave General Havelock. What memories the sight of that dome brings back to us. How the dreamy aspect has vanished, and the awful facts of the days twenty-six years ago stand out again before us in their dread reality!

Five miles more and we arrive at the station, by half past nine o'clock, and are in Lucknow, full of gratitude to the divine goodness which has brought us so far in safety.

As soon as the train stopped there was such a hearty burst of joyful recognition. There stood, to welcome us, the presiding elder, Dr. Johnson, with Dr. Waugh and a number of the brethren. We were hurried into carriages, and started for the Mission House of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, where it was arranged that we were to be entertained. Nothing is said of any reception or further demonstration, nor are we expecting any thing of the kind. We are tired and sleepy, and are longing for quiet and rest. But, to our surprise, before we reach

the last turn, where the Mission House comes into view, the carriages stop under the shade of the trees, and we are asked to alight. What does this mean? It was a surprise, prepared by our loving friends to amaze and delight us. When we got out of the carriages we were put in line two and two, arm in arm. This looked rather formal, but even then expectation of any reception was not awakened. I quietly submitted, and that was all. When we were adjusted we began to move on through the dense shade till the corner was turned, then, lo, all was explained! Over the gate, now full in view, was an arch, and from it blazed out in golden letters, fifteen inches deep, the glad word,

“WELCOME!”

While, lining the avenue, from the gate to the house were about three hundred native Christians, the men on one side, the women on the other, and as soon as we emerged out of the shade, and came into the blaze of light, and were seen, there pealed out, in their own language, but to the old familiar tune, the glad words:

“Lo! subh kí roshní átí,
Táríkí hattí dúr;
Har mulk aur quam páti,
Masíh ká sachchá núr.”

Which verse, being interpreted, means,—

“The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.”

The effect was overwhelming. Who were these who were thus singing, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Some of them were the dear *orphan girls* whom I had taken up, in their destitution and misery, twenty-five years before. We could pick them out, by their gleaming eyes and their grateful tears, as they looked once more on "the father and mother of the mission," as they called us. How nice and clean and good they all appeared; how glad and happy! It was about the heaviest test of our feelings that we have ever known in life. The emotions were overmastering. I felt like one dazed as I tried to walk up between that rejoicing, loving line of native Christians, with their pastors and teachers. There, at the head of the line, on the steps of her hospitable home, stood that blessed woman, Miss Thoburn, surrounded by her staff of faithful helpers. What a welcome, and what a contrast was this to our first reception at Lucknow! No common words are at all warm enough to describe the scene, or to express the emotions of that glad hour, while, to write as we really felt, would, to those who were not there, seem to be the very extravagance of language.

It was late ere we were able to get away from our dear friends to seek rest. That rest did not come readily. We realized so fully that we were actually back again in Lucknow, and the mind, in its excitement, went out and called up that wonderful past,

till we were living it all over again, as if it were only a few months since we passed through those experiences. The excitement and joy of the reception of that evening contrasted so wonderfully with our first experience in that city, twenty-seven years before, it is not possible to understand and appreciate the present until we recall what that reception was. On the 29th of November, 1856, we first entered this city. Our note of introduction was to the gentleman then in charge of the government, pending the arrival of Sir Henry Lawrence, who was coming down from the Punjab, to take upon him the heavy responsibility of administering the affairs of this great province.

For a week we were entertained here, in "The Residency," which, before another year had elapsed, was to become so famous throughout the world for its wonderful defense, and for its relief by General Havelock. Some of those with whom we then associated were destined to fall victims in that terrible siege. How little they apprehended that such a conflict and such sufferings were so soon to come upon them.

Our entertainer, who made us welcome to the hospitality of his home, had little sympathy with our object, and gave me plainly to understand that he did not believe in our success—even went so far as to say that we could not detach one of these people from their ancestral faith; that caste, custom, and sentiment were all too strong for us, and intimated that it would be the part of prudence to give up the

effort, return to Calcutta, and take the first ship that would carry us back again to Boston! He could not think it was safe for us to go, when I proposed next day to do so, alone and unattended into the bazaar (the business part of the city), and so insisted on furnishing me with one of the government elephants, an immense creature with a grand houdah on his back, and, added to this, an armed Sepoy on horseback, who was to guard me, and be responsible to him for my safety. All this was considered essential by this high English official, not for my dignity or pleasure, but for my safety in that great city, the capital of the Sepoy race, and whose people were all armed, and so turbulent that a spark would ignite a commotion and set them fighting at any hour. My American passport was here, probably, of more value to me than it ever was elsewhere. This gentleman recognized that it gave me a claim to his special consideration, so he would run no risk of my going unprotected into that bazaar, where he feared I might get knocked on the head. It would have been awkward had this occurred, and a paper come six months after from the Department of State at Washington, inquiring what became of that American Methodist preacher who went one day into the Lucknow bazaar, and did not come out again. He would, in that case, have had hard work to trace me. So I was well protected while with him, and he saw me safely depart, no doubt with satisfaction.

I have never, in any city of India, save in Hyderabad last year, seen such a hostile, ferocious population as I that day witnessed in Lucknow. Indeed, in all its aspects, Hyderabad last February reminded me of what Lucknow was in 1856. To this hour no missionary has ever had a home in Hyderabad, or dared to preach the Gospel within its walls. When we went through it last year it was almost in the same conditions as formerly in Lucknow. We were taken on a pair of elephants, under the protection of Colonel Campbell, commander of the Resident's escort, and accompanied by an armed guard. The "Resident" is the English ambassador at the court of the Nizam of Hyderabad. This State is not ruled by the English. It is one of the "protected" States.

The fanatical and armed Mohammedans, which go swaggering through these bazaars, are a terror to every one, even to their own government; violence and murder are of constant occurrence. The Nizam's own life is not safe—he must be carefully guarded, and what he eats and drinks have to be scrutinized and tested with great care. His prime minister, Sir Salar Jung (considered to be the most enlightened native statesman that India has produced in our day), was hated by this faction for his liberalism, and died suddenly—it was feared by poison—only a few weeks before we reached Hyderabad.

So turbulent are these fanatical followers of Mohammed, that the English government (which keeps

the peace among them all) is obliged to maintain in cantonments, three miles away, twelve thousand troops, of whom six thousand are British soldiers, and to have the city effectually commanded from certain strategic points with artillery, not for its own protection, but solely for the peace and welfare of this Nizam and his government, in this, the largest native State in India. The Nizam would not be safe for a day in his own capital from these furious and ignorant "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who are banded together and infest the city, were this protection withdrawn.

How much this people and their great capital need the Gospel of peace! God grant that, twenty-five years hence—nay, long before that time—Methodism (which is already in the vicinity, at Secunderabad) may have won her way in, and be as peacefully located here, and as great a power for good, as she is to-day in Lucknow! The former, in that case, will then be no greater instance of the intervention of our wonder-working God than the latter is now, and certainly both will be reckoned in the religious history of mankind as among the brightest examples of the power of providence and grace.

Never shall I forget that day, in 1856, when I first saw Lucknow. The houses are flat-roofed, and being elevated on the elephant to a level with every thing, I there, for the first time, saw heathenism and Mohammedanism as they really are.

I had been reading Bayard Taylor's book, "India, China, and Japan;" and was interested in his description of Lucknow. He stood on that iron bridge across the Goomtee, and looked at the flowery city, and wrote, "It was as lovely as the outer court of paradise." But what unutterable vileness was reeking within! Here were men and deeds that were characterized by the Holy Spirit, when he grouped such together in the fearful words, "earthly, sensual, devilish :" but which may not be further particularized. Enough to say, with Shakespeare,

" Not to be named, my Lord,
There is no chastity in words to utter them."

Here were not merely armed ferocity, raging religious intolerance, but, worse than all, humanity fallen so low in its rampant and shameless vice, as openly to debase itself even unto hell! Truly the closing part of the first chapter of Romans might have been written of Lucknow as justly as of Rome itself. No wonder that there is a hell hereafter, or that the Sepoy Rebellion was permitted to come and sweep from the face of the earth, which they defiled by their presence, so many of these vile wretches, "who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

The weary hours of that ride drew at last to a

close, and I returned to the Residency, discouraged in mind and sick at heart. We had, evidently, a fearful work before us in our attempt to evangelize such a people as this. The question arose at last, could it be done? or must we yield up our hope, and adopt the unbelieving views of our host? The dejection went with me to my couch and banished sleep, till my soul was filled with distress that bordered on despair of accomplishing any thing.

Here was this guilty and colossal heathenism, that we were sent to overthrow, pouring down its fierce defiance upon us, and Satan standing at its side, sustaining it with all his policy and power, both evidently holding us in contempt and scorn. What could weak humanity do against such an alliance? In a deeper sense than we ever knew came the words to our memory: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." How self-evident was this truth now. How small, how weak and little we felt ourselves to be. Every thing that looked like self-sufficiency had fled, and a painful sense of feebleness had come in their place.

I understood not, at the time, the process through which I was passing. But it was an experience that comes, more or less, to every missionary who is alone, and especially at the commencement of his enterprise, and may be regarded as the missionary's baptism, when God fits his messenger by such self-renunciation and such absolute trust upon the Lord

alone, that the Almighty can use him as his instrument. When a man has gone down thus low, till he can go no deeper, with self-renounced weakness, keenly felt, and God only remaining to be trusted in, he then looks up, and humbly asks his all-sufficient Master and Lord, how he is to carry out his commission in view of all this conscious inability ?

God's hour has then arrived, and there comes down from heaven to the help of this poor weak creature, what Dr. Judson calls, "the surest things in the universe, the promises of God," to make him equal through grace to the difficulties of his position. He seizes these promises as his own, and begins to rise, never to doubt or despond again. They relate to himself, as the human instrument of the Lord's work ; and to the final victory in which that work is to result. To such a man, in such an hour, what an inspiration to his soul are the words which meet all his own deficiencies, when his Master says, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, thou worm Jacob. . . . I will help thee. . . . Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth : thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff."

That poor "worm," so weak and breakable, will be made strong enough to thresh the mountains ! How wonderful, how divine, is such a figure ! Then for his blessed work, and its result, comes down into his

soul the glorious promises, “the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.” “The idols he shall utterly abolish,” and “the Lord alone shall be exalted in the earth.”

Blessed baptism! for he is now “endued with power from on high,” and need never again doubt nor be discouraged. He knows God will sustain him, and is assured that he shall see victory over sin and hell, and shall yet sing with exultation: “Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place!”

I desire to say earnestly to the Church, that she is honored by having *such* men in her service in India (as she has also elsewhere, no doubt). It is characteristic of brave men that they “see their danger, and yet face it.” These devoted brethren have certainly done this, and the triumphs of which I am to speak, as I have seen them, is the honor that God has put upon their Christian faith and courage, as they have toiled for her, and for the divine Master, in whose name she sent them forth.

I have furnished the evidence of the seriousness and risk of this service in the apprehension of the political official under whose roof we were then sheltered, as well as that of Mr. Tucker. But it is due to the facts in the case, and to the glory of divine truth and grace, that I should add one or two testimonies more from other parties, and let them leave

their record as part of the early history of the Methodist Church in India. One of these is furnished by Bishop Heber himself, the author of the hymn,

“From Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand,”

whose zeal and holy courage were of the highest order.

Many years before we entered this valley he had traveled through its entire length, and had been entertained in this same Residency. But his apprehensions of the serious nature of the risk that would have to be run in any attempt to introduce Christianity here, were awakened as soon as he reached Benares, and realized the energy and fanaticism of this race. They were repeated when he reached Lucknow, and had studied the condition of things there. He writes :

“The custom of street-preaching, of which the Baptist and other dissenting missionaries in Bengal are very fond, has never been resorted to by those employed by the Church Missionary Society, and never shall be as long as I have any influence or authority over them. I plainly see it is not necessary, and I see no less plainly, that, though it may be safe among the timid Bengalese, it would be very likely to produce mischief here. All that the missionaries do is, to teach schools, to read prayers, and preach in their churches, and to visit the houses of such persons as wish for information on religious subjects.”

At Lucknow he added: "It would not be expedient at present to send a missionary here; but they might have a school-master, furnished by our society, with a stock of sermons to be read every Sunday."*

Even he felt the overwhelming influence of this colossal and fierce resistance to Christianity, while the provision for his own safety, "an escort of fifty armed men," requiring "three elephants and twenty-two camels for their baggage and tents," shows what was then the situation, and the dangers to be anticipated.

But, on the Bishop's plan of doing missionary work, the result would have been very small at the end of twenty-five years. These people will not enter a Christian place of worship until they become interested in Christianity. There is no other way to reach them, but to go into the streets and market-places, and there address them. Of course, they who first undertake to do this accept the risks involved. But the Bishop thought these risks too great, and interposed his authority to prevent his own missionaries from assuming them. Yet, what would he have said had he then been told that, finding such methods were necessary to their success, even they would discard his counsel, and would yet imitate the practice of "the dissenting missionaries," and that, too, not only "among the timid Bengalese," in and around Calcutta, but also elsewhere. Or, what would he have

* Journal, vol. i, pp. 299, 406.

thought, if told that missionaries of a Church of which, probably, he had never heard, would ere long come here, where his words were written, who would have the courage, as Mr. Atherton said, “to face the devil in his den,” and, clad in heaven’s own panoply, “be able to stand against all his wiles;” having to wrestle, not only with flesh and blood—misguided and ignorant Sepoys—but with foes infernal, who inspired and directed their rapine and rage, as they fought to close the gates of this city and this country against the Redeemer of mankind and his missionary ministry! Well we knew that we have had to wrestle against more than visible and mortal foes, even “against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.”

How would the Bishop’s amazement have culminated, had it been added, that, within ten years of the time when the

“Rude alarm of raging foes,”

whose head-quarters would be around this very Residency, another Bishop, when that Residency had become a ruin, and a perpetual memorial of Christian victory, would sit calmly, almost under its shadow, organizing those missionaries into an Annual Conference, and that some of the twenty-seven native helpers whom he appointed to labor with them, would have flowing in their veins the blood of that Sepoy race!

During the years when I have gone round my wide district in that land, alone in my palanquin, or slept, as I have done, in a caravanserai, with none but natives around me, and no white man within thirty or forty miles, often have I reflected gratefully on the wonderful change that God had wrought in Oude since Bishop Heber passed through it and wrote these words.

Nor was the powerful and experienced governor, or the lordly and gifted ecclesiastic, alone in their solicitude as to the turbulent character of the race north of the Ganges. Believing that the proper way to win that valley for our divine Master was to occupy it *at once and strongly*, especially when Christian civilization had shown itself to be invincible, and the apprehension had gone down deep into the native mind that the spread of our holy religion was inevitable, I had proposed to some noble-hearted Christian men, in the civil and military services, that if they would stand by me and help liberally to provide houses for them, I would ask for twenty-four missionaries, and occupy with them all the leading cities of the valley, so that Christianity might rise right up with the new state of things that had been inaugurated. Their valor had, under God, opened for Christianity a grander opportunity than it had ever before seen there. It was their victories that whipped the fierce conceit out of those subdued millions, who, in their ignorance, had undertaken to annihilate the

last remnant of Christianity from their country. God had used these brave men to fulfill his promise to us, that every impediment in the way of our work, visible and invisible, should be removed : “I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight : I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron.”

The pious men among them sympathized heartily with the work which we had now to undertake, and for the fulfillment of which their sufferings and victories had opened the way. So they subscribed thousands of rupees to aid my proposition. Our Missionary Board accepted the generous aid, and promised to supply the missionaries. I drew up a circular and appeal, and waited on General Sir James Outram, then head of the government of Oude, in succession to Sir Henry Lawrence, who had been killed during the siege of the Residency.

I shall long remember the surprise and exclamation of the brave officer, as he finished reading the circular and looked at me. He was in his office, and surrounded by some of his staff. Handing the paper back, he exclaimed :

“Now, sir, do you want to provoke a second Sepoy rebellion ?”

“No, Sir James, I do not,” was my reply.

“Well, sir, this looks very like it ; why, it is an invasion ! Twenty-four missionaries !” Then warming up more, he asked, “Have you no discretion ? If

this thing is to be done, can't you do it with some policy? Why not quietly introduce them, one here and another there, and not alarm the kingdom with your twenty-four all at once?" On he rattled in the same strain, and at length brought up with the declaration, "No, sir, I wont give a rupee to help your proposal. It's dangerous, sir; it's dangerous!"

It was all in vain to remind him that they had to be distributed over a wide area, from forty to fifty miles asunder, and that God, whose Gospel of peace they were to preach, would take care that their presence and labor, so far from proving a danger to British rule, would become the source of great strength and blessing to it, as is already the case. No; he was too much excited to see it in that light. He was alarmed, and would give neither aid nor sympathy to our project!

Now, here was one of "the bravest of the brave"—the man who acted so magnanimously toward Havelock, and who led the cavalry so grandly on the day of the mighty struggle of that little host with the whole army of Oude, crossing the Goomtee, and taking the Sepoy host on the flank, and so completing the wonderful victory; yet he shrunk back when asked to help a little body of Christian missionaries who were claiming those heathen as the inheritance of the Son of God. Not all the rewards and decorations of earth could have induced him to consent to lead these "soldiers of Christ" on to the contest with "the

rulers of the darkness of this world." The brave man, so worthily designated by his contemporaries "The Bayard of India," sleeps to-day in Westminster Abbey, the mausoleum of England's illustrious dead; but he did not possess that celestial courage, conferred with their commission, by "the Captain of our salvation," upon his "called and faithful and chosen" servants, who would dare "stand up for Jesus" in that Lucknow bazaar, and enter upon that struggle for evangelical victory which the bishop and the general both regarded as so full of peril!

Ah! many a missionary has won, and will wear forever, a decoration of honor and triumph, in comparison of which "The Victoria Cross" and "The Star of India" are not worthy to be compared.

Occasionally one meets at home some people who desire to be regarded as wise men in missionary matters, and consider themselves capable of criticising the devotion of their brethren in the field, even to the extent of depreciation. One of these said, some time ago, that "the heroic element was not very prominent in our modern missions." How little such people know what they are saying when they talk thus, and how differently they would expect to be spoken of if they themselves had stood this test, and these gratuitous remarks were made concerning them and their sacrifices and labors. If there are ministers on earth regarding whom our divine Master utters the caution, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets

no harm," it is such men as these humble, modest missionaries, whose devotion and holy courage "the apostles, elders, and brethren at Jerusalem" would have gladly commended and honored, as "men who have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus." Such men can afford to be modest and patient. Their work, so quietly and courageously and well done, is their ample defense. Their Master will take good care that their faithful service shall have full honor and reward "in that day."

I know now what many of them have passed through, and how long and patiently they have borne "the burden and heat of the day," doing their work free from ambition or self-seeking, only intent on winning sculs for Christ, and desiring no human applause, but of whom, nevertheless, it may honestly be said :

"Their album is the heathen breast,
Where darkness broods and demons rest,
Without a ray of light ;
To write the name of Jesus there,
And point to worlds both bright and fair,
Is their supreme delight."

But here we are at Lucknow again, at the close of a quarter of a century since that interview with Sir James; and we are here to contemplate the results of the effort which he declined to aid, from apprehension of its dangers. Meanwhile our missionaries have toiled patiently, with faith in God. They have said but little of their trials, lest they

should be misunderstood, and have spoken modestly of their success, lest they should seem to boast. Indeed, some of them were not fully conscious of how high the tide had risen around them till I pointed out the water-marks of other days; so that I had the satisfaction of encouraging them by the comparisons I was able to make for them, not only as to the commencement, but even as to the state of the work eighteen years ago, when I left India, compared with its advanced condition as I found it now. It was a privilege to be able thus to "strengthen their hands in God."

CHAPTER V.

"So did I speak, because my heart was sore,
Musing, O India, on thy sins and pains,
What time I stood on these outstretching plains,
Where messenger of peace ne'er stood before.
A generation since has passed, and more,
Not now that horror of great darkness reigns;
The starless night of desolation wanes,
And their fresh songs the birds of morning pour.
Glory to God, in earth and highest heaven!
See countless souls, in throes of a new birth!
Soon shall heaven's joy that ancient sorrow chase,
And loving much, because so much forgiven,
Shall India, trumpet-tongued, proclaim to earth
The unsummed riches of redeeming grace."

—DR. M. MITCHELL.

THE morning after our arrival in Lucknow (in 1883) we went early to attend service in our English church, a beautiful and commodious place of worship. A congregation of over three hundred was present. This congregation sustains its own pastor, and meets its expenses, and also aids in the work among the natives. The same may be said of our other English churches in Nynee Tal and Cawnpore, and, in part, of those at Seetapore, Shahjehanpore, Bareilly, Moradabad, and Chandausi. All the rest of our congregations in that Conference, about one hundred and fifty in number, are entirely native work.

The life and power of godliness are well sustained in their English charges, and the "Desarah" meetings are services held annually during the "Doorga-pooja" vacation, for the revival of the work of God. The Oude District Conference is held at the same time; and this is immediately followed by the native camp-meeting. Here, of course, our principal interest was concentrated.

To us it was a real surprise to see the preparations for the camp-meeting, made in one of the large centers of the city, under the trees through which we came the night before. Expressing our astonishment, we were informed that sanction was granted by the municipal authorities.

The English government has of late been wisely extending liberal institutions to the towns and cities, giving them considerable self-government, under the forms of municipal corporations. The effect is good and is not abused. To our surprise, here was this body of native gentlemen, who have become so conciliated toward Christianity, that they extend to us all of liberty of action which we could desire in our work, and were kind enough even to loan some of the tents that were required for the occasion.

And this is Lucknow! and these are the people who resisted Havelock, and aimed to destroy every thing Christian and English from their city and the country at large, in 1857! The camp-meeting was held under the trees in that center, where half a

dozen roads meet, without the slightest disturbance, and in such peace that we had not, and did not require, a single policeman for our protection. I will describe one of those meetings.

The congregation consisted of more than four hundred native Christians inside the tent, sitting down, native fashion, on the carpet, which covered the whole space. Around these stood, under the "kanats," or wings of the tent, thrown up to give them shade—another congregation of heathens and Mohammedans, who looked on and listened with surprise to all that was said and done there. The praying seemed particularly to impress them. They looked, but saw no shrine, no idol or symbol of a deity—on the contrary, our prayers were directed upward, "to the hills from whence cometh" our "help," because our God was in the heavens. What a lesson they had of the spirituality of the Deity! They seemed as if they should not forget it. Right hearty was the singing, and the prayers fervent.

After the sermon Dr. Johnson, the presiding elder, exhorted, and invited penitents forward for prayers. Several came, and kneeled down on either side of the stand, the men on the right hand side and the women on the left (the sexes sit apart in India), and, what showed the good training they had received was, that with each penitent there would come forward one or two of the church members, the men with the men and the women with the women. They would

kneel with them, and aid them all they could in seeking mercy. The whole assembly bowed down, and joined in the effort. To me it was a wonderful hour. Seldom have I witnessed more fervent pleading with God. The earnestness suggested to my mind the words, "There was a great cry," yes, "strong crying and tears to Him who was able to save." No confusion, nothing to criticise, all engaged imploring mercy for these poor souls.

But still the heathen looked on, some of them as if awe-struck with the wonderful scene. And this was in Lucknow! That fact kept constantly recurring to my mind. I reflected, what would Havelock have thought, or Bishop Heber, or Sir James Outram have said, had this scene been foretold them!

Yet here it was, not in imagination or hope, but in all its glorious reality, the sons and daughters of the Sepoy race holding camp-meeting in the center of the Sepoy capital! God had, indeed, "chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, . . . that no flesh should glory in his presence." Here, too, unto these people, once and for so long without a ray of Gospel light, Christ Jesus was of God made unto them "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Hallelujah! We glory in the Lord.

As the pleading with God closed, Dr. Johnson encouraged those who had come forward to acknowledge what the Lord had done for their souls. Thirteen of

them did so, and truly “confessed Christ before men,” then and there. We rejoiced with them, as, no doubt, did the angels of God, which were hovering over us.

During the meeting there were some converts baptized. It was pleasant to witness their zeal and earnestness. One of the party was old, and finding some of the candidates taking the vows in a feeble voice, he called out to them, “Speak up !”

Receiving the ordinance, they laid their right hand on their breast, and bent the head forward. It looked so devout, and for them the holy rite meant so much more than it usually does with us.

The Sabbath was “one of the days of the Son of man.” From seven o’clock in the morning till half past ten at night, service after service, at brief intervals, had filled up the golden hours. The love-feast in the morning was glorious. Never before had I seen so many native Christians together, or heard so many of them testify for the Lord Jesus.

The women were as ready as the men. And the burden of testimony was, salvation in Christ, and how they loved their Saviour. One venerable man, who had tried Hindu rites thoroughly, gave his simple experience in this fashion : “Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva did nothing for me ; Satan was still in my heart till I saw Jesus.”

Surely this is the true Gospel, deliverance of the soul and life from sin and the power of Satan, by the

grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, received and confessed. Even the external aspect of the occasion was honorable to Christianity. For every one of them, the poorest as well as those better off, had made the most of their circumstances in the way of cleanliness and tidy clothing. There was a brightness and pure aspect over the scene, which intimated their conviction that "cleanliness is next to godliness." The women and their daughters looked nice, and their dark eyes gleamed with intelligence and goodness. On each lap lay the Bible and hymn-book, ready to follow the minister in the service.

In all India, heathenism could not furnish, from the same class of persons, such a scene as this, even apart from its piety; Christianity alone can create it: and the tendency is all the time upward, as the sentiments born of intelligence and self-respect develop themselves. Their bodies, their clothing, and their homes intimate their Christianity.

Slowly, but surely, they are rising as a class, notwithstanding the persecution and poverty through which they have struggled up to their present standing. Even the enemies of their religion are beginning to respect them, and to recognize the fact that Christianity does elevate its disciples. I could clearly see, by contrasting with the past, the change and improvement in both respects, and rejoiced to see them. But, precious above all, was the religious advance that I readily recognized. Here was the grandest improve-

ment. No longer leaning heavily on us for every item of instruction and spiritual help, and yielding little in return of stimulus to our faith and religious feelings, I found many of them now able to stand alone, in full and conscious conviction of the help of the indwelling Comforter, and drawing their confidence and strength from His grace and guidance, rather than from our humble and reiterated instructions, as in the days gone by. More of God and less of man, in their experience; and yet, with a higher appreciation than they had before, of all the good that we can do them by our instruction and example.

Their faith, their experience, and their power in prayer have begun to be a real benefit to the missionaries, and a help in carrying on the work of God. No longer having to take them by the hand, to assist them over every little difficulty, they can now "run and not be weary." They can be more relied upon, and are quietly advancing in every element of power.

This fact was pleasingly illustrated in this very service. The presiding elder, anxious to have more divine unction in the meeting, rose and exhorted them to seek a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit, and proposed that we prostrate ourselves before God and seek it. He selected the person whom he thought would best lead the audience to the throne of grace, and quietly said, "Will Sister Caroline please pray?" and "Sister Carline" did pray. How evident it was that she knew how—that she had "power with God"

—that her faith could claim the blessing and bring it down upon that bowed assembly. There was more in that pleading than a rich, full voice; there was an unction in those simple earnest words of that sister, as she talked with God, and implored him to grant us that baptism for which we waited before him. The tone of the service rose, and was sustained to the close, by the blessing which came down in answer to the prayer of that native Christian woman.

As the meeting drew to a close, the elder rose, and said, "Now, I want all of you who enjoy the witness of the Holy Spirit, and consider yourselves consecrated to Christ forever, to rise to your feet in evidence of it." My heart bounded, and I earnestly looked to see what response would be given to such a proposal as that. They rose in all parts of the tent, so many that I was surprised and delighted. Some of them were about to sit down, when the elder said, "Please don't sit down; remain standing a few moments while I ascertain the extent of this testimony, and until Brother Butler can see what God has wrought." They stood, and he counted rapidly. Then turning to me, his face radiant, he said, "There, Brother Butler, there are standing before you now more than three hundred souls that God has saved!"

I shall never forget the joy of that moment, or the adoring gratitude I felt to Him whose high work of redemption was there displayed before us, with all the future which that scene intimated for Oude and

for India, as well as the past, which it so contrasted ! How fitting to the hour and the facts were the words that rushed to our memory : “ Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty ; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name ? for thou only art holy : for all nations shall come and worship before thee ; for thy judgments are made manifest.”

And this was in *Lucknow*, where a few years ago our divine Saviour had been so fiercely blasphemed, his claims defied, his religion trampled under foot, and his followers slain with the sword ! The locality and its antecedents made the grace seem more wonderful than it could be elsewhere.

The sacramental service in the church was worthy of the time and place. No caste there. How Christian it looked to see all these varieties of color and race and class kneeling round that altar. The American, the English, the Sikh, the Rohilla, the Eurasian, along with the varieties of caste from the Brahmin to the Pariah, “ all one in Christ Jesus,” all sharing in those elements, “ the communion of the body and blood of Christ.”

The central figures at one table were the Rajah Hernan Singh and his lady. In distributing to them the elements, and remembering who he was, I saw an additional evidence of the power of our mighty Saviour. The Rajah is brother of the reigning Rajah of

Kupurthulla, whose father, for loyalty to the English government during the Sepoy Rebellion, received certain estates of defeated rebels in Oude. This brother manages these estates, and is reckoned among the nobility, or talookdars, of Oude. These India barons are numerous, and were granted by the English government some special immunities. They are a powerful body of men, and occasionally meet together at Lucknow for consultation in regard to their interests, which they can thus represent to the paramount power.

This Rajah, in view of his higher education and his knowledge of both languages, they elected as their secretary and medium of intercourse with the supreme government, notwithstanding he is a Christian ; which, in itself, is a pleasing evidence of the tolerance of mind to which the talookdars of Oude have come. His lady is worthy of him, a noble, educated woman, the daughter of a native Christian minister.

Our mission is even already touching every class and condition of society, "from the least unto the greatest;" though our success is chiefly among the poor, as has been the case in the early history of all missions in heathen lands, as well as under our Saviour's own ministry, who rejoiced that "to the poor the Gospel was preached." But we look for the time when the highest will bend with the humblest at the feet of Him who is "Prince of the kings of the earth," and yet who delights to lift the lowliest

of those who love him to rank with dignities that shall be “ eternal in the heavens.”

The last event of that glorious Sabbath will illustrate this point, showing how the very humblest of all can be exalted to honor and joy that the highest, who refuse Christ, know not and cannot appreciate.

The benediction had been pronounced, and we were leaving the tent, when Rev. S. Knowles came up to me and said, “ Brother Butler, would you not like to hear our Jungle Methodists sing ? ” It sounded so queer. “ Jungle ” means wild, uncultivated. It was a curious adjective to apply to Methodists. I had seen about all the kinds there are of these people throughout the world, but here in India was something new, “ Jungle Methodists ! ” Of course, I could guess what the good brother meant, but the way it was put provoked a broad smile, and yet there was gladness in the heart from the fact intimated, that the lonely dwellers in the Terai had already learned to

“ Join in the glad redemption song.”

Yes, indeed, late though it was, we did want to hear these Jungle Methodists sing. But a few words of explanation are necessary here.

My readers may have seen some account of the good work done by this faithful missionary, the Rev. S. Knowles. This brother labors close up to the Terai forest, which lies along the base of the Himalaya Mountains. Between the cultivated plains and

the foot of the hills is a space of about thirty miles, almost entirely destitute of human habitations. It is called the "Terai," and is a jungle—that forms a paradise for thousands of elephants, tigers, leopards, wolves, and other wild animals. During the daylight these creatures lie up in their dens, and the herdsmen of the villages on the outside venture to take in their cattle to graze. But, as soon as the evening sun declines, they must leave; for then that stirring scene, so graphically described in the one hundred and fourth Psalm, takes place: "Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God." Often have I heard this roaring, as I have gone through that Terai by night, on my way to Nynee Tal. But no one dare venture to pass through, or remain there, except under the protection of a torch. With that you are safe, though in the midst of it and alone. I presume that even a child, had he only sense enough to hold up his lantern, might walk through it and be safe. They would "roar," but would not come near nor touch him. Such is the security of light. The fact may well be an illustration of a higher protection from a fiercer foe, "the roaring lion, who walketh about seeking whom he may devour," can seize the human soul only in the darkness which that soul wilfully prefers. "But the sober and vigilant" are in the care of the good Shepherd; "not walking in

darkness, they have the light of life," and are safe, were a thousand devils prowling round them. Their light protects them.

The British government realizes most of its revenue in India by taxation on the cultivated land, which is tilled under a settlement, made every thirty years with the agricultural population.

Inside of the Terai there are open spaces, unincumbered by trees, where the soil is rich, and here the government allows people who are landless to go in, burn off the grass, and break up and cultivate the soil, without requiring taxation from them.

These people, of course, assume the risk, and have to provide for their own protection. Not for one hour after sunset could they or their cattle be safe without this provision of light. One of their number has to be watchman, but his vigilance, in faithfully keeping a fire burning, is ample and his fellow-villagers sleep in security and peace. Our mission extends its ministry over some of these Terai cultivators, and so Christianity dwells with them in their jungle home, and is all to them that it can be to those who rest amid the luxury and safety of our highest civilization.

It is a historical fact that Christianity is the only religion on earth that inspires people to *sing*, as a part of divine worship, and she provides ample means for the exercise of the privilege. This truth is intensified in proportion as those who sing are evangelical and holy. Such appreciate that "service of

song," for which the Lord calls when he says, "Let the people praise thee, O God ; yea, let all the people praise thee." We see the provision which evangelical Christianity makes for this delightful duty in the immense variety and number of the hymn and tune books which she furnishes for her adherents. Mohammedanism has no hymnal, nor has Hinduism, nor Buddhism. No glorious outburst of sacred song from the hearts and lips of these people ever awoke the echoes of any heathen or Mohammedan temple, and never will till those temples become the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Why should they sing? Singing is the language of gratitude and joy, and the natural and spontaneous expression of exultant life. Redemption and song stand related as cause and effect; the appropriate language of salvation is singing. When God transforms a mourning sinner into "a new creature" in Christ, and sets his feet upon the rock, and establishes his goings, he finishes his work of grace by "putting a new song into his mouth, even praise unto our God," and authorizes him to sing all the way to the heavenly Zion, where he is to sing forever.

Taking up a concordance, I find (without enumerating with accuracy) that so important is this joyful duty in the estimation of our redeeming God, as a part of the devotion which we owe him, and which was designed to furnish such help to express our adoration and joy, that the words, "sing," "singing,"

“song,” and “praise,” are used in the holy Scriptures about three hundred and twenty-six times. Instruments to aid us in singing these praises are commended, and the examples of saints and angels in heaven are given to encourage us to exercise ourselves in this holy service, so helpful to genuine piety.

No wonder, then, that the true people of God are so fond of the privilege, and that not merely amid its most elaborate manifestations, where—

“Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise;”

but also, and often more sincerely, in the humblest places where he records his name; so that in highland glens, in catacombs, in deep forests, in “the inner prison,” and even at the stake, God’s redeemed servants have ever loved to “sing unto the Lord,” and heartily rejoice “in the rock of their salvation.”

So, these humble dwellers in the Oude Terai are in this “true succession.” They sing and love to sing, and also desire whatever help is possible to them, that they may do it “lustily and with good courage.” Harps and cornets and organs they had never heard, and could not afford, but they saw that they could consecrate to holy purposes the simple expedient used by their heathen neighbors for secular and idolatrous festivities; and thus the humblest of all the instruments which helps the praise of God’s people anywhere, has become their assistant in such glad service.

A *ghara*—a vessel of earth baked in the sun—is taken, the bottom carefully cut out, and a piece of prepared skin is laid over and tightened up. The left arm is introduced, and the instrument (which did not cost ten cents) is played by the right hand, and the sacred song is started and sustained according to the ability and enthusiasm of the leader.

Here was the scene which Brother Knowles invited me to witness at the close of that delightful Sabbath. It had been a day of high privileges from seven in the morning till after ten o'clock at night, and these "Jungle Methodists" had enjoyed the holy festivities as much as any one else. But, even after that "feast of fat things, and wine on the lees well refined," they wanted to have a finish up and consummation of the whole in the method so dear to themselves.

We found them sitting in a circle on the ground, the leader with the *ghara* in the center, and they sustaining him with an earnestness and delight that it was a privilege to witness. No careless one in that happy group. Every soul seemed intent, and sang as if they were resolved to get out of the song and the instrument all the jubilation it was possible to obtain from them.

The song was a *bhajan*, with verses having two lines each, and a chorus to them. It was all about

"The precious blood,
That cleanseth from all sin."

Deep sympathy with the fervent and holy song seemed to absorb all their attention, and their bodies swayed to and fro as they sung so rapturously. After listening a long time we left them singing, and I believe they continued till near midnight.

Some one has written that

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.”

I have never beheld rocks and oaks so miraculously affected, but have seen here “greater things than these.” Heathen breasts not only “soothed,” but enraptured; heathen hearts not only “softened,” but renewed; and rugged wills and lives not only “bent,” but sweetly pliant to the rectitude of a holy life, all to the praise and glory of God.

Modern miracles truly, wrought on the bodies and souls of some, even of the lowliest of mankind.

The proud deluded worldlings, who give their gold for the opportunity of listening to the godless strains of the theater and opera,—sung often by libertines and women of clouded reputation,—would, perhaps, have no smile to bestow upon this simple music of the soul. But they are incapable of understanding or appreciating either its source or its object. Nevertheless, it is true that, to such strains as these, delighted angels would stoop to listen, while disgusted devils, unable to endure the theme that so enraptured them, would hasten to flee away! Their sanctifying

song is not the felicity of an hour, nor does it last, like the pleasures of sin, only "for a season." It "springs up into everlasting life;" they are singing now, and ere long will join the music of the skies, and be entitled to listen enraptured to

"The first archangel as he sings,"

and then claim their share in the mighty chorus of the saved and unfallen Church of the Crucified.

They were a happy circle, those "Jungle Methodists," and forcibly reminded us of the divine prediction, which was here literally fulfilled, that "they that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him."

The work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Lucknow, under the efficient superintendency of Miss Thoburn, was to us a wonder and a joy. What could more fully indicate the amazing changes that God has accomplished here than the presence and successful labors of this devoted band of Christian women? Further on, when I shall have seen more of this precious form of missionary service, I will speak in detail regarding it, and shall then also have more opportunity, as there will not be so much to be described as there is in Lucknow, in view of the extent and variety of our agency in this great city.

Miss Blackmar's peculiar work, in her "Home for Homeless Women," is one of heaven's richest charities. Divine providence has placed in her hands

premises near our church, and these grateful women, rescued and saved by Christian sympathy, are doing all they can by their labor, according to their ability, to support themselves, so that, with some help, given by Christian friends in Lucknow, the wants of the institution are all met.

It was our great privilege to be in time to attend the dedication of our Centennial High School, and witness the annual distribution of prizes.

For many years this school had been desired and prayed for by our mission. Its existence was a necessity resulting from our success. With thirteen thousand children in our day schools, receiving a Christian education, and with a native ministry to train, this school became of supreme importance to the standing and extension of our great work in India.

It was opened in February, 1877, with forty students, and, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the rented building in which it was held, until proper premises could be procured, the attendance has risen regularly year by year, until three hundred and fifty students are now enrolled upon its books.

God answered the prayer of our brethren, and at last a suitable site was obtained, and funds for the erection of a good building were contributed—a fine campus of six acres, on an elevation close to the *Residency*, was donated by the native municipality, and they added a grant of four thousand rupees for the erection of the tower and clock.

A suitable building, with chapel and twelve recitation-rooms, had been completed, and were to be dedicated on this occasion. It may interest my readers to look at the programme, so I insert it here.

CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

Lucknow, Dec. 1, 1883.

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN BY J. QUINN, ESQ., C. S.,
COMMISSIONER OF LUCKNOW.

ANTHEM *Arouse Thee!*
(CHRISTIANITY'S CALL TO INDIA.)

PRAYER BY REV. DR. JOHNSON.

URDU POEM. *Praise of the New School Building, and Welcome to Dr. Butler.*
SHUNKER DAYAL FARHAT.

ENGLISH ESSAY. *Education.*
ISAAC ANGELO.

SONG. *Keep to the Right, Boys!*

SANSKRIT POEM. *The Mystery of Life.*
PROBODH CHUNDER ROY.

ARABIC ESSAY. *Morality.*
SAIYAD MAHAMMED GHULÁM JABBÁR.

BENGALI POEM. *India's Welcome to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.*
DINONATH CHUCKERBUTTY.

NATIVE BHAJAN. *Mubárakbádi e Jalsa.*
B. MAYAL BAHÁR.

PERSIAN ESSAY. *The Centennial High School.*
AMIR ALI.

HINDI VERSES. *Kabír Dás, Philosophy.*
ABINATH CHUNDER ROY.

URDU PROSE COMPOSITION. *Episode in the Life of an Indian School-boy.*
THOMAS BARROW.

SONG, TRANCADILLO. *Invitation to a Sailing Excursion on the Goomtee Nadi.*

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRINCIPAL.

Distribution of Prizes.

ADDRESS BY THE CHAIRMAN, J. QUINN, ESQ.

HYMN..... "Bringing in the Sheaves."

ADDRESS..... *The Opening of the New School Building.*
REV. W. BUTLER, D.D.

Declaring the New Building Open for Educational Purposes.

By the COMMISSIONER.

"Malika Salamat Ho."

Even "Trancadillo" was a sign of the times. Here was "the tender passion" doing homage to woman. The song was addressed to the "fair maidens" present, by the gallant young gentlemen, asking the honor of their company in a sailing excursion on the River Goomtee, which flows through Lucknow, and avowing that,

"The lovely should still
Be the care of the brave,"

and also pledging themselves, if the "maidens fair" would only accompany them, that,

"We will shape our heart's course
By the light of your smiles."

It was but a little thing, yet it intimated the future that Christianity is bringing in for woman, when she should be no longer disposed of, in the highest interests of her life, as though she were a cow or a bale of merchandise, at the selfish whim of her natural protectors. But, when her intelligent soul will be ad-

dressed in tones respectful and affectionate, and invited to link her life with the person she, in the freedom of her choice, prefers—Christianity will vindicate the right of honest nature to speak, and to hear, and to respond; and the good God will delight to look down upon many a quiet scene (now unknown there outside of Christianity) where manly Christian youth will plead his own case in person, and win it, too, not by his list of “gift and dowry,” and the mediation of a go-between, but because “he spoke to the heart of the damsel.”

On this programme let me ask attention to a few facts. This event occurred in Lucknow, and close to that ever-famous Residency. The gentleman presiding is the English governor of that city, and by his side sat the Christian Rajah, Hernan Singh, already mentioned. The building was crowded with the scholars and their parents and friends, about one half of the number being heathen and Mohammedans. Many of the *élite* of the city were among them, and seemed to enjoy the occasion and the exercises as much as any one else. The graduates used seven languages in their papers—the Urdu (Hindustanee), the Hindee, and Bengalee, with their classics (the Persian, the Arabic, and Sanskrit), besides the English. It is a sign of the times that one half of the exercises on that occasion were in the English tongue. It was a decidedly Christian occasion. There was the opening prayer, in the name of Jesus, offered by the presiding

elder. The anthem was glorious. It was "Christianity's Call to India." I give the words here!

"Arouse thee! Arouse thee! Arouse thee!
 From slumber! Arouse thee!
 From the dead arise,
 Christ will give thee light;
 Trust in him forever,
 He thy rock, thy strength and might,
 Thy sword, thy banner and shield.
 Awake! Awake! Arise from the dead!
 Arouse thee! Arouse thee! Arouse thee!"

The closing hymn, "Bringing in the Sheaves," was appropriate to the occasion. What its significance was to us, in view of the past, my readers may imagine.

In my address, which followed this hymn, I recognized what God had wrought in Lucknow since I first entered it, to make such a scene as this possible; and then called the attention of our worthy chairman to the discouragement which I received from his predecessor in office twenty-seven years before.

He seemed surprised that any Englishman or Christian could doubt the ability of our holy religion to reach and save these people, or any people. But words would fail to express adequately what that occasion was to us in view of the fearful past, with which our memory kept all the time contrasting it!

We finished with a hearty singing by all present of the last item on the programme, "Malika salamat

ho" (God save the Queen), in the Hindustanee language. I give the words :

" Malika salamat ho
Ya Allah Malika ko
Rakh tu bakhair :
Kar tu use fathmand,
Khush-hal aur sarbuland,
Raj us ka iqbalmard :
Malika ki khair ! "

The *value* of this Christian college to our work in India must be clear to every thoughtful person ; but here I will quote a few sentences in illustration of this from the circular of Rev. B. H. Badley, A.M., the present principal of the college :

" During the first two years only Christian students were admitted ; but as others desired to attend, and were willing to study the Bible and conform to all the regulations of the school, they were enrolled as day-scholars, and Christians and non-Christians are now found in all the classes. The plan has worked well, and it is hoped that the daily contact with Christian teachers and students may be the means of bringing many of the others to Christ, and that the institution may thus become a powerful evangelizing agency. The Bible is a daily text-book, and in the lower classes the Church Catechisms are taught. While the school is chiefly intended for Christian boys, its projectors feel that they are justified in seeking to extend the sphere of its helpful influence,

and thus, following the example of the Christian colleges in Calcutta, Madras, and elsewhere, they do not close its doors to the Hindu and Mohammedan youth who seek admission.

“The need of such an institution is seen in the fact that already the school has drawn students from all parts of Central and North India, from Calcutta, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra, Gujerat, Jeypore, Moradabad, Bareilly, Shahjahanpore, Paori, and elsewhere; and now, with suitable buildings, and a strong staff of first-class teachers, there is no doubt that the attendance will speedily be doubled.

“The patronage of the school is not confined to our own Church. Students in attendance have represented the Church of England, the Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Baptist, and other Churches, and thus it will be in the future. Within a circle of four hundred and fifty miles there is no other boarding-school for Christian boys, and in the territory thus indicated there are several flourishing missions. The popularity of our Theological Seminary at Bareilly has drawn students of other Churches in distant fields, and our Christian College will be able to do the same.

“This school will be a great boon to our rapidly-increasing native Christian community. It will insure to the sons of our converts educational facilities which otherwise they could not enjoy, and will thus give a preparation which will enable them to com-

pete for situations in government service and other departments which have hitherto been virtually closed to them. As missionaries of a progressive Church, which has always believed in schools and colleges, encouraging in the most practical manner every effort for furthering the cause of education, we cannot but feel concerned for the converts God is giving us in India. We want not only a Church, but a strong, intelligent, clear-headed, warm-hearted Church in India, which shall be the means, in God's hands, of advancing the interests of his kingdom here. We would not be content to have our converts and their children remain in the same low level of intelligence where the Gospel found them. We wish for them growth, advancement, success; and one of the wisest methods for insuring these is to found good schools, whose uplifting influence shall be felt in years to come.

"This institution, supplementing the work of the lower schools in the mission, gives unity and completeness to our educational system, and thus adds to the efficiency and satisfactoriness of all our educational work; without it we should have the discouragement of seeing our most interesting pupils deprived of religious instruction at the most critical period of their education. In training young men to become teachers this school will do excellent service, as the demand in all parts of the field is rapidly increasing. We could employ two hundred Christian

teachers at once were they available. As they are not, we are obliged to intrust many of our primary schools to Hindu and Mohammedian teachers.

“ The Christian College, like similar institutions at home, will, also, be of assistance to our Theological Seminary. By giving our young men a thorough education before sending them to the Theological School we shall render both them and India Methodism valuable service. Our work demands educated native preachers, and this demand will be more keenly felt every year. In towns and villages much of the work can be done by those whose scholastic attainments are not high—earnest, humble workers, laboring among their own relatives ; but in our city work, and in various appointments, we must have well-educated helpers, able to answer the numerous and often difficult objections which our opponents bring forward. Out of the one hundred and fifty native preachers now employed in the North India Conference, only one has passed the Calcutta University Entrance Examination (matriculation), a fact which speaks for itself, and a very strong argument in favor of a well-organized Christian college. Several of the most promising students now attending the Centennial School are planning to enter the Theological Seminary at Bareilly, and this number no doubt will be larger year by year.

“ We find ourselves in the midst of a great educational movement. The intellect of India is awaking

from its sleep of more than twenty centuries, and every-where the youth may be seen thronging toward the school-room. We had boldly entered the country, and challenged Mohammedanism and Hinduism to combat, and now we had no alternative short of retreat left us, save that of manfully trying to meet the momentous responsibilities which the intellectual awakening had imposed upon us. It is idle to talk of confining our work to preaching alone. As well try to persuade the Church at home to abolish her colleges and seminaries. We had no choice. To have shrunk from our responsibility would have been to postpone our final triumph for generations to come, and consign the intellect of the country to a depraved infidelity, compounded of the superstition of the Hindu, the bigotry of the Mohammedan, and the Sadducean heartlessness of the European rationalist. We saw clearly that Christianity must at once assume her full responsibility in trying to guide this educational movement so as to make it a blessing, instead of a curse, to India, and hence were obliged to adapt our plans to the emergency, giving our schools a higher grade and a wider field in which to operate than is usual in missions in other countries. . . . A great many colleges have sprung up throughout the country in affiliation with the Calcutta University; an institution chartered by the government with full university powers; and our more advanced students began to leave us in order to secure the superior ad-

vantages which these institutions were able to offer. It was seen by all that a college was a necessity. A central institution, more or less directly connected with all our schools, seemed necessary to keep our students from leaving us, and save the prestige of our mission.

“ More than half of the endowment is yet to be secured. That the Church at home should allow an opportunity like this to pass unnoticed is not to be thought of for a moment. Surely there are those who will gladly aid in building up a Methodist college in heathen India. We do not hesitate to express our full confidence in the final success of the enterprise. We believe, that in a country where the utmost care is taken to divorce education and religion, God will not fail to honor and bless the college that writes CHRISTIAN over its portals.

“ Of the \$50,000 desired for endowment, it is hoped that some patron or patroness of the school may be found who will give half the amount.

“ The sum of \$5,000 would found a professorship.

“ Five hundred dollars a scholarship.

“ The interest of this comparatively small sum, by the strictest economy, would support a student, pay for his clothes, food, and books, and when the holder of the scholarship graduates another would take his place. Thus the work would continue year by year, a constant source of help and blessing. Forty scholarships are needed.

"This endowment should be all the sooner secured when it is remembered that the government of India stands ready to duplicate every dollar of the school's income. The government is now giving the school a monthly grant, which will be increased as rapidly as the endowment is increased. Every donation in America means a like donation in India. This fact alone should stimulate to promptest action those who believe in the salvation of India, and wish to help in bringing this about. Seldom has there been a grander opportunity than this for making an investment that shall yield large dividends in the establishing, upbuilding, and beautifying the native Church of India."

We have thirteen Sunday-schools in the city of Lucknow, containing fourteen hundred scholars. I visited as many of them as my time allowed, and on inquiring where they found teachers for so many classes, was delighted to be informed that one half of the requisite number were furnished from the elder students of this college. Two or three years of this experience serves as an excellent preparation for religious service when they graduate.

They also accompany the missionaries to street preaching and heathen fairs, and help in the work there, singing and speaking to the people. Some of them are good singers, and their help is very valuable.

The elements in motion for intellectual supremacy

in India are clearly intimating the position which Christianity is yet to hold over the minds of these millions. Even now, while this religion is persecuted, and its adherents are poor, its young men, triumphing over all its difficulties, are rising more rapidly already than are the youth of any other creed. As an illustration, take one fact, lately noticed by Dr. Thoburn, in the *India Witness*. He says :

“ We have repeatedly called attention to the rapid change which is taking place in the position of the native Christians of India. They are still but a handful, as compared with the great masses of the Hindus and Mohammedans, but their advance in education is, relatively, far beyond all other competitors. The last number of the *Harvest Field* contains a very striking statement of the relative numbers of Brahmins, non-Brahmin Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians, who passed the various examinations of the Madras University. At the entrance examination the four classes stood respectively as follows : 2,702, 1,303, 106, and 332. The percentage of passes among the Christians was 45.4, and among the Brahmins only 35.04, while the other two classes were still lower. In the first arts examination the Christian average was 59.6, the Brahmins 34.02, and other Hindus 32.1. In the B.A. examination the Christians held their advanced position, while the Brahmins gained largely. Taken as a whole, the

figures clearly show that the native Christians will, in the course of two or three generations, take the intellectual lead in India. Some of those who now despise them would do well to study the past history of Christian progress in all nations."

Our next visit was to the Mission Press. The necessity and importance of this agency of evangelization was manifest to me from the beginning of our mission.

I find in my report to the Missionary Board, dated March 10, 1857, that even thus early I introduced this subject to their attention, and added my earnest hope in regard to it in these words : "I trust to live to see some of our blessed literature sanctifying this language, and carrying to the judgment and consciences of thousands that we cannot reach directly the pure, experimental Gospel of Christ."

As soon as my brethren reached me, and had time to gain the language and study the requirements of the situation, they, too, saw its imperative necessity, not only for the millions around us, but also for our converts, our schools, and our rising ministry.

Accordingly, when, in 1861, I had obtained encouragement and help from the Tract Society of our Church, I made a proposition to the members of the mission for a contribution among ourselves, so that a commencement might be made. I had their earnest sympathy in the matter. In gifts or loans about \$800 was raised. I appointed Brother Waugh, being

a practical printer, to the charge, and our mission press begun its useful career. A career that is destined never to cease its beneficent action until Methodism has finished its work in India.

It is pleasant now to remember that the first production which issued from our press, in the language of these millions, was a tract on the *Witness of the Holy Spirit*, written by Brother Parsons, a copy of which I sent to Dr. Durbin July 9. This was soon followed by translations of Mr. Wesley's sermons on *The New Birth* and *Salvation by Faith*, Catechisms, Hymn Books, two Sunday-school books, and some tracts. At the close of 1864, when the missions were organized into an Annual Conference, the entire value of the establishment had grown to be a little over \$3,000.

From this humble beginning has developed this invaluable mission press in Lucknow, with its catalogue of works in three languages—Hindustanee, Hindu, and English, and from which our mission is supplied with its present requirements, from a tract to a biblical dictionary, or from a catechism to a concordance.

Here are found periodicals, atlases, hymnals, biographies, school books, course of study, histories, Discipline, commentaries, grammars, conversion and life of some of our native preachers, etc., so that their little catalogue looks quite imposing already.

But as these brethren have come to comprehend

the necessity and power of the press, not only for the wants of the thousands of their converts and scholars, but more especially for the future of their work among the millions around them, they realize how utterly inadequate are the present appliances of their press for the work it must do, if they are to win the success for which they pray.

Heathenism and Mohammedanism are at last thoroughly aroused, and are even *endowing* printing-presses to arrest the onward march of Christianity.

We have silenced many of their batteries by bazaar preaching, but they are now transferring the battle to the printed page, and are flooding the land with misrepresentations of the Christian religion and its divine Author. We must meet them here, also, in the defense of our work, and for the final overthrow of their false and wicked systems. That contest will be fierce, and will rage for long years to come ; but, as sure as God lives, it will end in victory for the truth, if these devoted and cultured brethren are only sustained with those “sinews of war” which the supreme occasion will demand. Happy and grateful forever will be the liberal souls that will come to their aid soon, to furnish the means by which this contest will be turned to victory for Jesus, over all the falsehood and sophistry of systems which have stood for ages to pollute and crush the souls which he died to enlighten and save.

Fifty thousand dollars would confer upon this mis-

sion press a power for God and his truth the effect of which no arithmetic could calculate, in this final contest, which is to lay low in the dust the enemies of the Son of God, and place rescued and redeemed India at his feet as her Master and Lord. Every dollar of that amount contributed to help them will, in its measure, accelerate that hour which the celestial choirs are waiting to celebrate over this prostrate and defeated heathenism, that “the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.”

How grateful I shall be if any thing I may say here, or elsewhere, shall be used by God to draw the attention of those who have the heart and the means to help this precious mission press in the immense and hopeful work for Christianity which now lies before it!

I saw in Lucknow a sight that is not often given to men to witness in this world, and which I have never forgotten since. Being here on the ground, its significance has come back to me with peculiar force, as I move amid so many of its results. It was when our siege was raised at Nynee Tal by the coming up of Havelock's invalids under convoy. This opened our roads, and I returned to Oude, and entered Lucknow for the second time. Sir Robert Montgomery was then the head of the government, in succession to Sir Henry Lawrence. He believed in

missions, and received me most cordially, promising to aid us in every way that he could. I was on this occasion also a guest at the government house, and the morning after my arrival went out to see the re-captured city—so much changed for the better—and the Residency, now so famous for the siege which it had endured during the fifteen months that had intervened.

On returning in the afternoon, Sir Robert took me into the inclosure behind his house to show me the result of the disarmament which he had completed. The forts of those talookdars of Oude had to be dismantled; the cannon were surrendered to him, and he proceeded to disarm the population of the turbulent city, all parties being given to understand that the day of brute force was over, and that of law and peace had begun.

What to do with the vast store of “weapons of war,” of all sorts and shapes, was the question now to be decided.

After consideration, he concluded to do a very wise and safe thing with them, namely, to transform them into agricultural implements.

So, when he brought me into the inclosure to see what he was doing, there were the weapons in great heaps all over the place, and among them were several moveable forges, with the blacksmiths hard at work, effecting this wonderful transformation. It would not be easy to match, anywhere, such a curious

variety of offensive weapons as were here displayed in profusion before us.

Their terrible work of cruelty was ended, however, and it looked like the morning of the millennium to see them rapidly changing their shape and purpose, as the smiths fulfilled the wondrous prophecy, and that, too, in such a place as Lucknow. Perhaps in the history of our race there has never been a more literal and extensive fulfillment of Jehovah's prediction : "He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off ; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks : nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree ; and none shall make them afraid : for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it." Micah iv, 3, 4.

The good chief commissioner said to me, "Would you not wish to secure some *souvenir* of the Sepoy rebellion before they are all used up ?" I replied that I would, indeed, be glad to do so. He told me to help myself ; which I did, taking out two Sepoy swords, a *Kookrie* (a Ghoorka weapon, used for ripping up or disemboweling) and a *Talwar* (for beheading)—the latter especially repulsive, being so hooked and loaded at the extremity, that, in the expert hands of those trained to its use, the person to suffer had only to be bent forward a little, and a blow over the pivotal joint of the neck, with the rapid pull that

followed, would sweep the head from the shoulders, and lay it at the feet of the wretched victim!

The blood-stains on all of them bore testimony to their having been used for their respective purposes. I have them still, and never look at them but I think of God's reference to such, when he says, "Instruments of cruelty are in their habitations ;" and also to thank him that his holy and powerful providence has wrenched them out of the murderous hands that wielded them, so often unjustly and in vengeance ; and has, instead, introduced the restraints of law, and the more humane penalties which proved crime receives at the hands of the Christian civilization that now holds sway in Oude and in all India.

We went out to the Alumbagh, five miles from the city, to visit the grave of General Havelock. This resting-place of "the gallant chief of gallant men" seemed holy ground to us as we again stood around it.

He knows now, no doubt, what an aggregate of good has resulted to India herself, and to Christianity, from the weary marches, the endurance, and victories of himself and the heroes whom he led to the relief of Lucknow.

I tried, in *The Land of the Veda*, to tell the wonderful story of that siege and relief, and so need make only this passing reference to it here. England has commemorated these events in a great historical picture. The picture and the ruin still remain, while

almost every one of the actors in that scene have passed away. Such are the changes of twenty-seven years!

History tells of heroes in many lands, but the union of the hero and the saint, in the same individual, is not often realized. Here, however, sleeps one such, whose memory all Christendom loves to honor; and who to-day comprehends, by glorious experience, the higher significance of being in the spiritual warfare, and forever "more than conqueror through Him that loved" him.

From this we went to the ruins of the Residency. I had seen them as they were a short time after their relief, in all their torn and terrible desolation, when we had to walk cautiously around them, where mines and counter-mines had been run, and the heavy footfall so often sounded hollow to the tread. But, now, all is delightfully changed. The whole place has been turned into a beautiful little park, where ample means and good taste have done their best to embellish this ever-memorable locality.

After due consideration, the government concluded that they would not demolish the battered walls; they would let them continue just as they were, that they might remain a memorial to the coming ages of the valor of the Christian few against the heathen many. So the fissures were closed up, and the walls covered on the top with cement, that will keep them permanently from disintegration by the weather. There

they stand, those ivy-clad ruins, preserved as a cenotaph, to commemorate a Christian endurance and valor which have, perhaps, no parallel in the annals of history. None enter these hallowed walls without solemnity; even royalty itself—as in the case of the visit of the Prince of Wales—stands, with uncovered head and tear-dimmed eyes, in the presence of that memorial of “The Besieged of Lucknow.”

How appropriately and grandly was this heartfelt homage illustrated in the visit here of the great viceroy, Lord Lawrence, whose brother Henry it was that conducted the memorable defense, until he was killed by the bursting shell which went through the window on the right hand side into the room where he stood.

After his heroic defense of the Punjab, and the taking of Delhi, Sir John Lawrence returned for rest to England. Her majesty soon raised him to the peerage, and then sent him back as her viceroy of all India, in order to give solidity to the new and better state of things which the valor of himself and his associates had won.

One of the measures which he adopted was the holding of several grand *durbars* (state receptions) with the princes and chiefs of India, in order to promote a good understanding with them in regard to those measures (education included) of peace and improvement by which the Indian empire might rise into a higher and better life than it

had hitherto known. The nobles responded to the government, and some of the most magnificent assemblies that the East has ever witnessed occurred at that time.

The durbar at Lucknow ranked among the highest. This city had never beheld such a splendid pageant as that which then took place. The wonderful scene is fully depicted in the second volume of the viceroy's life, by Dr. S. Smith, published three years since. Before leaving England, Lord Lawrence had to visit Oxford, to be invested with the dignity of an LL.D. by that venerable University.

It happened that the theme of the Prize Poem that year, by H. Aglen, was "LUCKNOW." Of course the special reference was to the heroic services and death of Henry, the elder brother of Lord Lawrence, whose humble grave lies within the Residency walls.

The viceroy had not been in Lucknow since his brother's death; he had not yet looked on those battered walls, nor the scene of that famous defense.

Lord Lawrence's reception at the University was of the most enthusiastic kind. As he entered, the vast audience rose to receive him, and the applause was again and again renewed. He took his seat on the dais, and before his investiture, the poet of the occasion stood forth to read his production.

When he came to the lines referring to Henry Lawrence's death, there were few dry eyes in the

assembly, and the viceroy's heart was deeply moved as the words rolled over the audience:

“Whose lion-courage and whose wisdom tried,
To failing hearts his own stout hope supplied.
O, greedy death! O, cruel bursting shell!
There fell their tower of strength when Lawrence fell!”

The viceroy was ere long to feel it all, in even a higher degree, when he should stand on the spot itself, and by Henry's grave, to realize what price, in blood and suffering, had to be paid in order that, in this sense also, “old things” should “pass away, and all things become new” for long-benighted Hindustan.

After his arrival in India the arrangements were made for assembling these durbars. The one for Lucknow was held in 1867.

As the governor-general's cavalcade approached the city, it was met by the assembled talookdars in all the splendor that their wealth could provide.

The chief external feature of the occasion was a magnificent procession of first-class elephants, seven hundred in number, splendidly caparisoned, on which the talookdars were mounted. They were in line on both sides of the road, and were waiting for the viceroy's approach.

But his heart had, as it were, gone ahead to the inclosure, where that noble band, under command of his gallant brother, had maintained, against such fearful odds, that ever memorable defense in 1857. He decided, therefore, not to pause, or perform any act

of state or courtesy until after he had first visited that sacred spot. The mahout was directed to guide his elephant straight on to the Residency, between that waiting line of nobles, without stopping. After he passed they wheeled in behind him, and the entire cavalcade followed where many of them would have least desired to go.

As soon as the inclosure was reached the procession halted, and Lord Lawrence descended from his elephant. His brilliant staff remained where they were, and he advanced alone, till he stood right in front of the Residency, and before that window through which that

“Cruel bursting shell”

had passed. Away on his left hand was the grave which contained the remains of Henry.

There he stood alone, in simple black dress, without an order or ornament on his person, his hands crossed in front of him, lost in thought and sympathy, while around him were those hundreds of talookdars in all “their bravery of purple and gold,” and mounted so splendidly, with tens of thousands of people looking on.

In front of all were the roofless walls of that terribly battered Residency, presenting the dents and chasms made by millions of rifle bullets and thousands of cannon-balls. He knew that among the nobles and crowd around were some of the parties who

had done these deeds and killed that brother. Still there he stood, separate and alone, gazing in sympathy upon the ruins before them, and realizing all that it meant, as he alone could.

Christianity has had glorious triumphs to reflect upon. Few of them have been equal, in calm majesty and significance, to the wonderful scene where that Christian viceroy stood, in quiet dignity and imperial power, with that immense semicircle of heathen and Moslem spectators gazing upon him with astonishment, and realizing, as they could not before, how impotent was "heathen rage," and how invincible was Christian civilization!

The Majesty on high, who looked down upon that scene, saw there an illustration of his "decree" in the second Psalm, as true and delightful as any he has yet witnessed in the eastern hemisphere. Lord Lawrence, a devout believer in the Son of God, a respecter of his holy Sabbath, and maintaining, as he did, a family altar to the Divine glory in his viceregal palace, was worthy of the honor which God declares he will put upon those who honor him. Could the scene have been photographed, one of the grandest pictures in history might have originated here.

The viceroy then remounted his elephant and took his position as arranged. The whole of that procession went in review before him, each noble rising in his howdah, as his elephant passed the viceroy, and humbly saluting him as her majesty's representative.

When the sights and salutes of that gorgeous pageant of submission and loyalty were over, the veteran viceroy again dismounted and walked to the sacred spot where was the grave of his lion-hearted brother, and there, alone again, he stood for some time wrapped in thoughts which were, no doubt, worthy of the occasion, and must have included the reflection, how his own final and bloodless triumph that day had consummated the victory which Henry had died to win.

Although it is no part of my narrative, I cannot refrain here from quoting the words of this great governor-general seven years after, on his return to England, in regard to the character and value of Christian missions in India. No man that England ever sent to rule the East had a better opportunity to form and express an opinion upon this subject, and his words may well put to shame the contemptible remarks sometimes made by prejudiced and superficial travelers and others, who, on their return home, presuming on the credulity of the public, have volunteered to enlighten them about Christian missions.

The argument with such people is short. The testimony of men like Lord Lawrence (for many others have spoken) flatly contradicts these irresponsible scribblers. If he, who knew so well what he said, has spoken the truth, and nothing but the truth (and he would have affirmed it under oath at the bar of

public opinion if necessary), then these people are justly chargeable with either prejudice or ignorance, if not with both.

On reaching England, in 1874, Lord Lawrence was waited upon by a deputation of the committee of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, requesting him to favor them with his views on missions in India, at the anniversary, in Exeter Hall, London. He willingly consented, and the following are the words he uttered on that occasion :

“ I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, that the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined. They have had arduous and up-hill work, often receiving no encouragement, and sometimes a great deal of discouragement from their own countrymen, and have had to bear the taunts and obloquy of those who despised and disliked their preaching ; but such has been the effect of their earnest zeal, untiring devotion, and of the excellent example which they have, I may say, universally, shown to the people, I have no doubt whatever that, in spite of the great majority of the people being intensely opposed to their doctrine, they are, as a body, remarkably popular in the country. It seems to me that, year by year, and cycle by cycle, the influence of the missionaries must increase, and that, in God’s good will, the time may be expected to come when large masses of the people, having lost all faith in their own relig-

ion, and feeling the want of one which is true and pure and holy, will be converted and profess the Christian faith, and having professed it, live in accordance with its precepts.

"I have a great reverence and regard for them (the missionaries), both personally and for the sake of the great cause in which they are engaged; and I feel it to be a pleasure and a privilege to do any thing I can, in the last years of my life, to further the great work for which they have done so much." *

Our mission in Lucknow, dating from September, 1858, on securing property in the Hossainabad district of the city, inclosed a little portion as a mission cemetery.

One of our first visits, on our return, was to this spot, so sacred to us, for the earliest grave dug there was for ourselves. A lovely babe had, for four months, diffused a beautiful light in our home, and was gaining a great hold upon our poor hearts. I left in the middle of March, 1859, to go round my district and be absent about two weeks. In those days no telegraph connected the various points of our great field, and post-office arrangements were slow and imperfect. So I would sometimes be many days without hearing from my family. It thus happened on this occasion. When my work was done I left the western end of the mission and started for home, three days' journey to the east, anticipating the joy of meeting

* Life, by Smith, vol. ii, p. 528.

my dear ones again, and especially the little darling, whose arms were always stretched out with such joy to greet papa.

It was evening when I arrived, and after saluting my wife, who seemed unusually reserved in her manner, I turned, as was my habit, to enter the bedroom and look into the cradle.

The fact could no longer be concealed. My wife, not able further to control herself, sprung to her feet and grasped my arm to stop me. The cradle was empty! The beautiful babe had been in the little cemetery for more than two days! The mother had to go through that bitter pang alone, and have the grave dug, and lay our darling down there in my absence! Death in India is often very prompt, and the grave has to be quickly prepared.

How often since have our hearts turned to that little cemetery. This was to be our last chance of entering it. We found all in order. Some kind hand had placed a flower there. In companionship with our babe sleeps one of the little orphans. The two side by side. The one born in a heathen home, the other a child dedicated from its birth to the Holy Trinity; but the precious blood of the divine Redeemer is as available for the one as for the other, and both will rise together in the resurrection at the last day. The next grave is that of Rev. Joseph R. Downey, who died September 16th, in the same year (thirty days after his arrival in India), the first death

among our missionaries. Then there are the graves of three more little ones, children of our missionaries, and of Sister Pierce, and Brother Fieldbrave (one of our native ministers), who was a great help to me when commencing the mission at Bareilly, and of whom I shall have more to say after we reach that station.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Around his sign,
His call'd, his chosen, faithful friends, combine ;
In might invincible they nobly wield
The sword of temper and the sevenfold shield ;
Fixed in the firm resolve to sleep no more
While hell's dread hosts their banded legions pour ;
While blood-stained idols haunt the withering earth,
While superstition rears her demon birth,
While Antichrist his hydra form extends,
Or man, debased, to groveling folly bends ;
While unsubdued Messiah's latest foe,
Or earth its curse by sin and suffering know.”

—Messiah's Kingdom.

INSTEAD of going on direct to Bareilly from this place, we will here make a detour, and visit the imperial city of Delhi. From that point we shall best come, in the order of time, in contact with events that have their outcome at Bareilly, and which, in their results, have affected the progress of our missions, and tended so largely to give them that development which calls to-day for so much gratitude to God.

When we entered India, this city of the Great Moguls (as the Delhi emperors were so long called) retained much of its splendor. Its Chandnee Chowk (Street of Silver) was one of the richest bazaars in the East, and here the Mohammedan princes and aris-

tocracy displayed their magnificence and spent their wealth.

Ten weeks after the city was captured by the English forces—in the Christmas week of 1857—I entered the gates, which were opened to us at midnight by an English sentinel. The entire native population (pending the trials then taking place) were required to leave the city every evening at sunset, to return at daylight for their business. So that, with the exception of the great fortified palace in the center, where the army and the prisoners were lodged, there was no one in the entire city at night.

On reaching the Travelers' Rest House, impelled by curiosity and the extraordinary position in which I found myself, I left my luggage, and, taking my lantern, walked out into the once magnificent chowk. How awful a captured city is in these circumstances! Ruin was on every hand; all doors and windows were open, and yet not a sign of life, save the wretched dogs and cats which prowled amid these ruins. Every thing was dark around me. No ray of light, save what I carried in my hand.

When I came to the *Kotwalee* (the police station) in the square, the scene of those terrible massacres of the English ladies, and their children and husbands, done on the 12th and 13th of the previous May—the fearful story of which resounded over the civilized world—I stopped, horrified to realize that I was standing on the scene of their suffering, on the very

ground that drank their blood! I was not aware—for the darkness hid it from my view—that, right over my head, was the immense gallows on which those crimes were being expiated, day after day, as the guilt was brought home to its perpetrators. I stood there and remembered, as we noticed at the time, that the Scripture Lesson in the Calendar for the day when the city was taken was Nahum iii, beginning, "Woe to the bloody city," and realized how truly the vengeance recounted in the nineteen verses following had been fulfilled on guilty Delhi. I felt my flesh creep as I recalled the almost matchless guilt here transacted, and the cruelty and suffering over the land that had followed this dreadful example. The man who was responsible for it all (just captured by Hodson and his cavalry) was at that hour, a prisoner within the dark walls before me, waiting, along with those who had joined him, the sure and certain doom of wretches who had descended so low as to become the murderers of defenseless women and children.

I retraced my steps, and lay down to seek sleep in the center of that city of silence, darkness, and guilt! What a close to eight hundred years of Moslem sovereignty was this! What would Shah Jehan, the magnificent builder of the *Taj Mahal* and the *Dewanee-Khass*, have thought if, even in his wildest dreams, he had imagined that, in such a catastrophe of guilt and blood, his imperial house would sink out

of sight forever amid the general execration of mankind? Yet so it was, and I was here to witness it. Early next morning I rose from my uneasy and unrefreshing sleep to seek a friend who would guide me around. Passing the Kotwalee again, the daylight made visible what the darkness had hidden from me. There was the great gallows, and from it now were dangling down, stiff and dead, several of those wretched men who had there suffered for their crimes at day-dawn that morning! I shuddered and hastened on.

Entering the palace, I found my friend, Lieut. Eckford (one half of whose family had been murdered by the Sepoys), and was taken by him on an elephant over the battle-ground and to the gate where the assault was given, on the 22d of September. He then led me to see the prisoners. It was dreadful to behold rajahs and nawabs and men of rank among them. But I need not add any thing further, as the whole subject is fully described in *The Land of the Veda*. I have gone thus far only to reach the point which is not there referred to, and which, when I wrote that book, I could not understand as I can see it now in all its wonderful results to our growing work in the valley of the Ganges. The circumstance referred to took place in the beautiful *Dewanee-Khass*, one day during the trials which I went then to witness. The special indictment on which the emperor himself was convicted was the murder, within his

own palace, of the English ambassador, the Hon. Simon Fraser, with the chaplain of the embassy, Mr. Jennings, and the two ladies.

Before referring further to the peculiar events that I have conducted my readers here to understand, I need to bespeak their attention to a fact or two which shows their significance and value to our mission. As I went through India in 1856, and visited one mission after another, I was painfully impressed by the general *absence* of the woman element in the congregations. It was different in those missions which had availed themselves of the opportunity to take up orphan girls, in connection with those fearful famines which used to occur so frequently, before the English government made the canals and irrigation works, which have spread fertility over the once dry and thirsty portions of the land, and then gave the guarantees under which railroads were built. These great works enable the surplus of one section to be quickly transported to others threatened with want, and so strikes down famine when it attempts to lift its head. When I entered India there was no such benevolent efficiency possible. The only way was the old heathen method of supply by bullock carts, over a country without made roads, conveying produce at the rate which bullocks could afford to keep up (about twelve miles per day), so that there might be a full provision in one place, and a famine only three hundred miles off, which it would require a month

to reach and relieve. All this, too, in a crowded population, the majority of whom depended on their daily toil for their daily bread.

Our Presbyterian brethren, who were in the field before us, and some other missions, had availed themselves of the opportunity of those famines, to receive under their care numbers of the orphans thus left destitute. For, in those terrible emergencies, even Hindu humanity led the dying parents to give most consideration to the little ones, so that, when the government would come to the rescue, and send round their police into the stricken villages, to save the living and bury the dead, those whom they found still living would generally be the children. The missions which came forward at such times to accept the care of some of these wretched little ones, for whom the government could make no permanent provision, and were only too glad to be relieved of further care on their account, have been well repaid for their philanthropy. Hundreds of healthy, educated, and devoted men and women to-day in India are the result. Our own Joel is one of them. I visited such missions in 1856, at Benares and Allahabad, and saw what I could not see in other missions, which had not the will or ability to do as these had done. The female side of the congregations was tolerably well filled up. But in the others there would be, say, from twenty to fifty men on the men's side, and perhaps only from two to five women on the female side of the

house. It was necessarily so in our own mission for the first couple of years. As I went round my great district, and looked at this state of things, I used to lie awake at night and wonder how it was to be met. Here were a number of young men who attended Christian services; some of them had broken caste and united themselves with us, the others were undecided, in view not only of the persecution to which they were sure to be exposed, but also the isolated life which lay before them—a life of celibacy as well as of persecution. At that time we had but one Christian family in the valley, and no girls or girls' schools—no source from which these men could be supplied with wives if they became Christian. The heathen were well pleased with the difficulty, resolved they never should have wives from them. They were exultant, as they supposed that they had the future of Christianity in their power, to use their own figure, like a piece of crumpled paper, on which they could close their hand tightly, and so prevent their young men from breaking caste and going into Christianity. It was a monkish aspect truly, and no social future or home seemed possible to them. It distressed me exceedingly as I reflected, what *could* our mission accomplish under such circumstances? What was to become of these young men, and of hundreds more who would enter the schools we were to open, and whom we desired to win for Christ? Access to heathen homes was impracticable; there

was not one zenana then open to us in the whole valley. Girls' schools seemed impossible, even if we had the female teachers to take charge of them. Our first efforts in this line at Bareilly were an utter failure, and were met with contempt and ridicule by the people as a sort of outrage against their religion and their law and ancient civilization. Dr. Duff—a prince among missionaries—had gone through the same experience in Calcutta, and had resigned the effort in despair, and wrote these words (which sound so singularly in this better day) in the first edition of his book on India, published in 1830. He there says, “You might as well try to scale a wall five hundred yards high as to attempt female education in India.”

No wonder the heathen exulted in the admission ; and, this being so, had made themselves quite easy as to the spread of Christianity in their country. Of course, Dr. Duff lived to see the mighty change, wrought by God himself, against all this heathen prejudice and resolution. But I am writing of what we had to face in the early days of our mission.

I have shown, in the ninth chapter of the work already referred to, the terrible legal obstacles to the elevation or education of women in India which *Menu* interposed in his “Institutes of Hindu Law,” a system of legislation next to the Mosaic in venerable antiquity. This law was so sustained by custom and literature, that for long ages it had been held to

be woman's religious duty to be content with the lot which the classics of her country pronounced when they said, that "Ignorance is woman's truest ornament," and that any desire for a change was a thought which was forbidden to her as a virtuous woman. All this fearful wrong was intensified by the Mohammedan invasion, eight hundred years ago, when that creed of cruelty and lust came bursting into India as a conquering power. Their theory and vile practices (as the Hindus themselves affirm) tended to make the women of the nation more secluded and degraded than they were before, so their yoke became thereby heavier and their chains stronger. Here we were, anxious to deliver them, but they were unapproachable in either school or zenana, and our inability was the more keenly felt in the fact that we had no female agency of any kind by which the attempt could be made. To save India, while its one hundred and thirty millions of women were so jealously shut up from our teaching, seemed to postpone the salvation of the land indefinitely. Even the agency to make the attempt could not be originated by any effort of ours; if we ever obtained it, it must come as a gift from Him "who can raise the dead, and call the things that are not as though they were."

Underlying all this was a fearful consideration that at first I could not understand. One day, in Bareilly, we were arguing with an elderly native on the im-

portance of his consenting to grant his daughters the advantages of education. After we had exhausted the usual arguments, and answered the objections made by them to such a proposal, he began to fail in the usual courtesy, and, in a temper, put this question, with much energy, "Now, sahib, let me ask, what interest have you in wishing to make my daughters nautch girls?" and forthwith concluded the interview. Even then I did not quite understand him. These "nautch girls" I had seen, a few weeks before, at the court of the Nawab of Rampore, on the occasion of his investiture with a dignity ordered by the queen of England for his kindness toward us, who were called "The Nynee Tal Refugees," and to whom he had extended such sympathy and assistance as he dare show while we were shut up and besieged by the Sepoy forces of Khan Bahadur, the rebel governor of Rohilkund, under this emperor of Delhi. This help, which had to be quietly conveyed to us, was in money, food, and valuable information as to the time and mode of the attacks to be made by Khan Bahadur's troops upon our position on the south-east. He, also, under the pretense of neutrality, refused to allow our south-western road, which ran through his territory, to be approached by either friend or foe. It was for him a great risk thus to aid us. He had to avoid exposing himself to be denounced, and attacked by the forces of the emperor; but, faithfully sustained by his chief officers, he managed to avoid

compromising himself too far, and yet quietly afforded us this valuable service. We often trembled for his safety, surrounded as he was by thousands of fanatical Mohammedans in his own capital, who had their suspicions that he was in sympathy with the Christians in the mountains above, instead of attacking and cutting us off, as the emperor expected him to do. We heard that they even talked of his assassination, "making him a head shorter," as the phrase was, at some of their festivals. It is pleasant to think that he was animated in this course, not by mere policy—in view of the probability that the English would come out victorious and restore their authority—but by a grateful sense of obligation for the justice he and his house had ever received at the hands of the English government, and a desire to remain their friend forever. I heard him very earnestly avow these convictions publicly on the day of the investiture.

When the conflict was over, he was suitably honored and rewarded for the service. Twenty-three of us "refugees" (all then within reach) were invited to spend the day and dine with him, at his palace at Rampore on the occasion, in January, 1860. We went, and it was to us a real pleasure to see this humane and good man thus honored. Here, for the first time, I saw these "nautch girls," their tableaux and performances being a part of the entertainment which his highness had provided, with which to pass

the hours of the day that we were to spend with him. Even then their full character had not been apprehended by me beyond the fact that they were public women, who sang and danced and caricatured for a living.

A few weeks later I was in Lucknow, looking into the condition of our boys' school there, when an attempt was made by two of these nautch girls to secure admission to that school, in order to learn the English language. Our head teacher at once informed me who they were, and what their object, and the terrible meaning of the phrase "nautch girl" was disclosed. They were immediately refused admission.

Alas! they were members of a profession "whose doors are the gates of hell," and their object, in adding English to their other accomplishments, was to facilitate their seductions to those of our own race in Lucknow who spoke that language! They were accomplished for their calling, and thus monopolized education, so that the pure ladies of the land loathed both, supposing them to be inseparable. The indignant question of the old native was explained. Prostitution and education were, in his view, combined; and, no doubt, the same opinion was held by many of the mothers, who shrank, for this reason, from our offer of instruction for their daughters. Surely here was one of the devil's own masterpieces, when he had so confused and manipulated matters in the minds of

the natives around us, as to bring them to the conviction that the self-protection which intelligence would confer on their women would positively work the other way, and thus led the ladies to instinctively shrink from education as a degradation which would sink them to a level with fallen women, so that purity and virtue forbade them to be intelligent.

Here was one side of that “wall five hundred yards high,” of which Dr. Duff had written. It was disheartening to look up at it, and think of the more than one hundred millions of the modest women of India on the other side, inclosed within such a false and wicked prejudice, living and dying there in ignorance and darkness. To reach them was simply impossible to any or to all the male missionaries of Christendom. In no way under the heavens could they be reached and enlightened except by breaking down the priestly tyranny and public opinion which sustained such vile and wicked sentiments, and by presenting to these timid and credulous creatures the bright examples of women who had become educated without the slightest compromise of their purity and character; and this, not merely by the example of the women of other lands, scattered here and there in their country, but by their own women, the daughters of India, not only enlightened without the loss of modesty, but even exalted in all that was lovely, and virtuous, and of good report, by sanctified intelligence. But where were these examples to

come from for our work in the Gangetic valley ?
God alone knew. And he did know, and was even
then

Treasuring “ up his bright designs ”
To work “ his sovereign will ”

on behalf of these long imprisoned souls, for whose deliverance we were so solicitous and prayerful. I could not even imagine how it was to be done, but having put the whole matter into his hands, was humbly and patiently consenting to be “ led by a way ” that I knew not. How plain it all seems now as we walk in the light into which he led us, out of the darkness of twenty-five years ago. A golden chain of many links had to be formed by the hand of God to lift up these poor ignorant creatures out of their misapprehension and prejudice. Not one zenana was then open to us, even if we had the suitable agents to enter them, which we had not ; now there are a thousand zenanas open, thank God ! and we have, in increasing numbers, the suitable and successful agents to enter them.

1. One of the greatest changes the Orient ever saw was here originated. How was it done ? Let us enter Delhi and see the first link in process of development, so that it should be fully formed in time to have the other requisite links united to it after God had prepared the way during the ensuing twelve years. When we reach Bareilly we shall find and take up those other links of this blessed chain, all

united with this one here, and complete for their object, and then see the wonderful purpose of the Almighty fully manifest on behalf of our mission, and the special work for which he had led us to India.

In the book so often referred to I give the full account of my visit to the fallen emperor just before his trial. These trials were held in the magnificent *Dewanee-Khass*, the throne-room of the Moguls, the very center of the conspiracy which had instigated and extended such bloodshed and woe over India eight months before. Here, in this most gorgeous audience hall in the East, it was arranged that those state trials should be held before a commission of English officers of high rank. They sat on one side of the emperor's musnud, or throne, made of a block of crystal, and which had done duty in place of that wonderful *Takt Taous*, or "Peacock Throne," on which the Emperor Shah Jehan had expended, according to history, the enormous sum of thirty millions sterling (\$150,000,000). The fame of this matchless seat had attracted thither, in March, 1739, that ferocious conqueror, Nadir Shah, the Persian king, who overthrew the army of the Mogul emperor, plundered his treasury, and appropriated that *Takt Taous*; and, after slaying, in mere wantoness of massacre, nearly one hundred thousand of the helpless inhabitants of Delhi, men, women, and children, marched off with the plundered trophies to Persia.

It was in this same gorgeous apartment where this Persian monster sat, and chaffingly taunted his imperial captive, who trembled in his presence, and was glad to be rid of him even at this fearful price of blood and treasure, that the last of this grand and guilty line of Mogul emperors and his associates were, in this December of 1857, placed on trial for their lives, and it was my lot, unexpected, but providential, to be here to witness this final catastrophe. My opportunity was all the more remarkable from the fact that it could not be shared by others, the only road then open to Delhi being the Punjab road, down which I came from Dehra Doon. Forced by stern necessity, having no money to buy food or clothing for my family, I had ventured around the spurs of the Himalayas from Nynee Tal, on hearing that Delhi was captured and a bank once more opened at Mussoorie, where I could sell a bill on London which I had, and thus supply our wants. As I then passed round through Gurhwal, the great valley full in view five or six thousand feet below was still overrun by the Sepoys, and the country between Delhi and Allahabad was nearly all in the hands of the forty thousand of them who had fled from Delhi when the little English force had captured it in September. We reached Mussoorie in safety, and descended into the valley of the Doon, anxious to reach the road to Delhi. Here I received one morning a note from General Eckford, of the English army, who had heard of our

coming, wishing me to stop and give them one or two sermons. We followed his messenger, and when near his residence he came out to receive us. He looked exceedingly happy, and stepped forward, and before a personal salutation of any kind could be uttered, the glad thought which was filling his soul so full that morning found expression. Taking my hand in his and looking me in the face, the old Christian soldier exclaimed, "Thirty-four years ago this day, sir, God, for Christ's sake, converted my soul and pardoned all my sins! How do you do?" The reader will easily understand how quickly we were at home with this devoted Episcopalian. We remained three days, and held several services with his circle of good people. On our departure the general furnished me with letters of introduction to his son and son-in-law, then in Delhi, which opened our way and proved of very great value to us, as the sequel will show.

Through this narrow path, from Mussoorie by the Doon to Delhi, we had found our way into this center, to the surprise of our military friends, who were holding the city and conducting these trials, and waiting for the troops from England, by whose assistance they were to go forth to clear the country of the mutineers a few months later. The only way then for letters, or for communication with the supreme government at Calcutta, was to send up by the Punjab, thence down by the Indus to Bombay, and

on round all India, requiring many weeks to send or receive letters. It thus came to pass that I was in the imperial city at such a time to see the Moguls bidding

"A long farewell to all" their "greatness."

My military friends had secured me a permit to go anywhere, and to see any thing that was to be seen, in the captured city.

What most of all interested me in Delhi were the trials then proceeding in the *Dewanee-Khass*. Men that sat on thrones twelve months before, and their imperial master, were here awaiting their trial and doom for the rapine and murder committed by them, or in their name, upon Christian men, women, and children. It was one of the most vivid pictures of the judgment-day of the great God that has ever been seen, to behold these criminals of the highest class and order of society brought to account as though they were common men. Of course, the emperor's case transcended every thing else. But of this I have given elsewhere, as intimated, a full account. Let us come now to the great fact that has led us here. On the day in question I was in the *Dewanee-Khass* witnessing this "great assize," and became very tired standing so long on the polished marble floor. There was not an unoccupied seat in the apartment. Indeed, no seat belonged to the room, save the throne, as no one ever sat down

there except the emperor himself. The seats and table for the use of the commission conducting the trials had been provided, but were all occupied. No provision was made for spectators, nor were there any there to be accommodated. I was the only outsider in the apartment. Wearied out at length with this long standing, I had to settle the question whether I would give up the great opportunity of seeing such a sight, or retire to where I could sit down and rest. Anxious to remain, I tried to endure the difficulty a little longer. But the endurance soon came to an end, for the “necessity that knows no law” had come upon me; something must be done, or I should sink down from sheer exhaustion. I gave a questioning glance at the splendid seat, no more to be occupied by its imperial master, and wondered if I might dare step forward and occupy it! But the presumption of thinking whether I might sit on the throne of the great Mogul, and in such a presence, too! Well, on reflection, it did not seem such a dreadful impropriety after all. I knew that the throne and its former occupant were, just then, at a great discount there; that he was a criminal, and would have no right to protest at the sacrilege of an American Republican (or any one else), who chose to take the venture, occupying his seat for the time being, nor did I suppose, all things considered, that the gentlemen of the court would order me to vacate it; so, gathering all my resolution to take the responsibility anyhow, up

I walked and sat down upon it! The thing was done. There were a few glances and a quiet smile here and there among the gentlemen of the commission, and a sad and wondering glance from the Nawab of Bullubghur, the prince then on trial, right in front, but nothing more. So I rested down into the quiet conviction that my temerity had cost me nothing, and that the seat was a very good one, and a great relief from the keen distress of standing there so long. It may be that I am the only Methodist preacher who has sat upon a real throne. We sing at home, and I indorse the sentiment as heartily as ever, after having tried the great experiment for some hours, that

“I'd rather be the least of those
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon a throne.”

The “diadem” I did not wear, though I saw those of the Delhi princes in the durbar at Benares, twelve months before ; but the throne I did sit upon.

2. Yet, as I sat there, I was soon as far as a man need be from any personal vanity or self-assertion. A wonderful condition of thought and feeling came stealing over me, solemn and religious. Losing sight, for the time, of the trial and the prisoners, something within (perhaps it was my own mind lifted up and enlightened beyond any former experience) began to question and suggest, until I was most wondrously impressed

with the lesson and significance of the situation, and became most anxious to understand its bearing and purpose. I asked myself, “Is not this the hand of God in human history? What means this overthrow of one of earth’s greatest dynasties? And what shall be the end of these things? What purpose is the Almighty working out by this amazing ‘overturn,’ and the facts associated therewith?”

To me individually these questions had a peculiar and personal significance. I had been doomed to be hung, with my wife and children, eight months before, because we were Christian missionaries, by a lieutenant of this very emperor, Khan Bahadur, the rebel nawab of Rohilkund. He did hang—on a gallows at the Kotwalee at Bareilly—and then gave their bodies up to insult and degradation, fifteen of my Christian neighbors, civil and military officers of the English government, including Judge Robertson, who had entertained us until we obtained and furnished a house, which house Khan Bahadur’s Sepoys burned, with all that it contained, including my library, on the same day. They also beheaded Maria, the first female member that joined our Church in India. How, almost by a miracle, we escaped the hands of this “bloody man,” is narrated in full in *The Land of the Veda*. And now, here I was, alive and well, in the very palace of the fanatical emperor who had ordered our death, as well as that of all our class; yes, here I was, quietly sitting on his throne, while

he was a prisoner and a criminal, to be tried for his life, and I permitted to be present! Had I been in that court eight months ago, or any day for nearly six months after, how different would our relative circumstances have been! I should not have been sitting; he would have sat, and I would have had to stand and take my doom as it fell from his lips. What our sentence would have been was too terribly illustrated in many sad cases to allow me to doubt as to its terrible character. In this presence how fully I realized it all!

But then, merely personal relations to the circumstances soon passed away from my consideration, and something far more important took their place. As I sat there my mind seemed lifted up to a view of our mission, its requirements, and its future, beyond any thing of which I had been previously conscious. Successive aspects of it seemed to pass before my view with wonderful clearness and connection, and a strong conviction of the power and adequacy of God to meet all its rising wants shed its confidence over my soul. It seemed one of the most exalted occasions of my life, and I yielded myself entirely to its influence. In attempting to describe its most important manifestation, I cannot communicate to my readers, by any power of the pen, an adequate idea of the clearness of view and assurance of divine assistance which was given me in that hour. But I will indicate as I can its leading aspects. The one hun-

dred thousand Sepoys who had risen at this man's instigation, to work his will, in the interest of the cruel creed of "the False Prophet," against Christ and his people, and to extinguish, if they could, our holy religion forever from the soil of India, had been met by feeble Christian forces at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi, and been dashed back defeated. Yet they were still defiant and determined, and were then raging over the country—our own mission field being yet entirely in their hands. But I knew that preparations were being made, and additional forces were hurrying out from England, and that soon movable columns would be on their track, hunting them down, in the interest of the public peace and safety. The results could not be doubtful. They would be overthrown, until two of them would not be left together to do further harm. Those who survived would not dare venture to return to their homes—and those homes were largely in our own mission-field—because the regimental rolls would suffice for their identification and punishment. What was to become of their children, thus left orphans and desolate?

Again, this sorrow would be intensified by the famine that was sure to follow the rebellion. The land would be thrown out of cultivation by the war and the plunder of the Sepoys in order to live—for men would not sow where they saw no prospect of reaping during the coming year—and thus, upon tens of thousands of the poor, who had taken no part

in this great military mutiny, the coming famine would fall with fearful weight. Our mission-field, then without roads or railways to arrest or mitigate the calamity, would feel the infliction most. So, it was likely that, within twelve or fifteen months, thousands of destitute orphans—many of them the sons and daughters of the Sepoy race—would be left in misery and starvation within reach of our own hands. The question then rose, whether we should get ready and be prepared to avail ourselves of *the opportunity* to take up a number of these children, and not only save their lives, but also train them in the knowledge of Him who died for them, with the expectation that they would become, especially in this feeble commencement of our mission, the very helpers—male and female—that we so much required in our work for the evangelization of the valley of the Ganges?

Then there came up before my mind, to complete the picture, the vision or foresight of the churches and congregations and schools of the early future—the college, the theological seminary, and the cultured native agents, men and women, that would, in the better days to come, carry this blessed cause through that valley and over the land in Gospel power. But its brightest feature was the opportunity which was involved for *woman*, and which would hereby be developed to give Christianity a social life—the family power—to become the cultured helpmeets of our future teachers and preachers,

and resulting in the introduction of the female element into our congregations, and the rolling back of those threats and exultation of the heathen over us. What a glorious vision it was, and in such a place!

As it bodied itself forth before my mind, and became to me as real as something that could almost be touched now, and would all become glorious fact ere long, my thoughts turned to the question, “*How can this be done?* If God is going to give us the opportunity, how are we to stand prepared to avail ourselves of it and turn it to account?” Without hesitation, I assumed it could be done; that the Church at home would stand by me if I called on them for assistance, and enabled them to see the necessity and opportunity that were coming within our reach for meeting the great emergency of our new work. I felt sure that the women of Methodism would respond for the portion of the scheme which especially contemplated the rescue and redemption of their own sex, in the hope that, by their aid and sympathy, would be furnished the very agency by which missionary ladies could yet make their influence felt in the homes of India for the salvation of their benighted sisters. Nor was I insensible to the difficulties in the way of these glowing possibilities. I saw clearly what would have to be overcome in order to realize this aggregate of good, and yet was aware that I knew not how the obstacles could be removed; only I felt persuaded that, while God’s plans were not yet

fully intimated, I had only to trust and wait, satisfied that he was here suggesting, and would surely guide the whole matter to his own blessed conclusion.

I sat there and saw the seal of infamy and doom being judicially stamped on the forehead of this Oriental representative of “the Arabian Antichrist,” whose blasphemous system had dared, wherever their sword had power, during the past twelve hundred years, deliberately and remorselessly, and in the name of Almighty God, to degrade woman, and nowhere with more terrible success than in India. Their Koran, to consummate this degradation, denies the wife (no matter how faithful or subordinate) a partnership in immortality, and even provides a substitute for her in the “Houris” of the carnal heaven, which Mohammed taught his followers to expect. Such are woman’s wrongs, in time and in eternity, from this system of sensuality. And now, with the cup of their iniquity full, and the patience of heaven exhausted, and outraged humanity demanding their overthrow, here was the imperial head of this system, with his house and confederates, sinking out of sight never to rise again. But I felt that the justice of God would not be complete unless the tyranny of the system should follow its representative. Both must sink—and all kindred systems with them—ere woman was avenged and her emancipation complete.

In whose name and by what agency should this blessed change and redemption be commenced and

finally wrought out for her was then presented to my mind, and the answer was at hand. In that name which this man execrated and denied, as “the Son of the living God,” blaspheming his divinity and butchering his ministers, and Christian ladies, even under his own palace roof:—in that name—that “Prince of the kings of the earth”—even He “that liveth, and was dead,” and is “alive for evermore; and” who hath “the keys of hell and of death:”—yes, how manifest it was that that “King of kings” had come in judgment upon this antichristian king, and had doomed him and his dynasty to be “ground to powder.” The military commission was merely the instrument of God Almighty’s will, and some of them, at least, were conscious of it. This sin and this suffering were to be ended because woman’s great Friend and Saviour had appeared for her rescue.

British arms might abolish thrones, annihilate sovereignties, overthrow great armies and combinations, and give rest and peace to a bleeding land; but, all that done, there remained to be accomplished a mightier conquest which their swords could not achieve; a victory to be won which required a far different agency for its consummation. That agency was *woman*—the very creature whom the falling system had degraded so deeply, and whom her Lord and Saviour was about to call to the work—a work which she only could do. Her gentle hand, her beautiful example, her Christian teaching, were to be the powerful ministry to

prostrate the results of this vindictive system in the dust, and lead out her wronged and benighted sisterhood from their bondage and their sins to become the free, the enlightened, and exalted “daughters of the Lord Almighty.”

What has already been accomplished in this direction, after twenty-five years, and the far-reaching results which spread out before us so hopefully, we shall soon see at Bareilly. I believe I was led here for a purpose, and divinely aided on behalf of our mission. To me this was the place and the hour that my divine Lord had chosen in which the idea, not only of an orphanage for our mission, but also of a Woman’s Missionary Society for our work generally, should come with a practical power to my mind so decided, that never from this hour of its inception have I hesitated to go right on with confidence, assured that every obstacle to its development would be removed as we came to it, and that God would consummate our hopes under the persuasion that “the set time to favor her had come.” Here, then, the precious thought and purpose were born, and here the first effort for both was made. They had no merely human authorship. They were originated by the divine suggestion. In this Dewanee-Khass the first exposition of them was written, and from this went forth the earliest of those appeals which were afterward so deeply to touch the hearts of cultured women in America’s Christian homes, leading

them to send us the means, or come themselves, to help us to educate those orphan girls, and to carry the holy Gospel into those zenana homes, at that time so jealously closed against us. The remaining links necessary for the divine purpose would soon be united with those already prepared, and when all were complete those doors would be providentially opened, and from that hour onward Christianity was to witness what was long ago foretold concerning the divine mission to be conferred upon “the daughters of Zion.”

The glorified Messiah was to need heralds suited in sex to the seclusion which only they could penetrate, in order to convey to those desolate ones whom Satan had so long held in darkness, the joyful message of salvation. The Holy Spirit was to inspire these daughters of the Church with courage, as they went forth to proclaim to those who “had no hope,” and were “without God in the world,” that their Redeemer had come to save them. Victory was to be assured to them. Before these gentle but efficient heralds, reigning and powerful systems of resistance would be terrified and flee away; while the mothers in Israel, who sent them forth and sustained them, were to participate in the glad results. Nor was the prediction to be interpreted of past events —for all its verbs are in the present tense. It belongs to the Church of the ascended Messiah (verse 18), and expresses the Christian victories to be won by the

female agency of that Church as they announce the glad tidings of his coming kingdom, and also the joy of those "at home," who were to share in the triumphs of this "great host" of female evangelists.

The warrant and the result are given by Jehovah of Hosts, in the sacred Hebrew, on this wise :

"The Lord giveth the word ;
The women that publish the tidings are a great host.
Kings of armies flee, they flee :
And she that tarrieth at home divideth the spoil."

Psa. lxviii, 11, 12. (*Revised Version.*)

As I dwelt upon the prospect and its possibilities my mind became exclusively occupied with the subject ; the trial, the prisoners, and the surrounding circumstances seemed to become of little importance compared with the new and precious ideas that had now taken possession of my heart. The impulse grew strong to communicate to those who could aid me what I saw and felt so clearly ; so I drew my note book from my pocket, and there and then sketched out the coming opportunity and my appeal. That original letter now lies before me. It was sent to Dr. Durbin, to be published in our Church papers. I will be excused in quoting the introductory sentences and the substance of that letter :

"THE KING'S PALACE, DELHI, Dec. 20, 1857.

"REV. J. P. DURBIN, D.D.:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR : How wonderful it seems to pass from the conditions of weary fugitives, subject

to constant alarm and in danger of our lives, living in a cabin on the mountains, with some anxiety as to how we were to "keep body and soul together" till liberty and relief should reach us—what a transition to pass from all this to a position where we rest in a king's palace, ride on a royal elephant, see the multitude *salaam* before us, and native sentries 'present arms' as we pass; to have plenty to eat and drink, and feel that we are once more in a place of safety, with thousands of British bayonets ready to preserve us from insult and harm. Such is the transition that has befallen us. Truly, a wonderful one! The change is the more remarkable from the locality where it is realized. In Delhi—only a few weeks ago the very focus of treason and cruelty—we move about in perfect confidence, our white faces a sufficient guarantee for the most profound respect everywhere!

"I am writing this communication in no less a place than the *Dewanee-Khass*, the Reception Hall of the 'Great Moguls.' Around me are the splendid emblems of their magnificence: the carved and gilded ceilings; the white marble arches and pillars, beautifully inlaid in floral designs, the stems and leaves and flowers of which are formed of carnelians, jasper, chalcedony, and other precious stones. On the ground where my feet are resting thousands and millions have prostrated themselves in homage before the successive incumbents of one of the mightiest

monarchies that the world ever saw. On my right hand sits the ‘Military Commission’ for the trial of the State prisoners, and there, standing before them, is the *Bullubgurh Rajah* on trial for his life.”

[I then asked attention to the fact that I had lately received by the mail, at length opened through the Punjab and the Indus, a copy of *Zion’s Herald* giving the full account of the “Farewell Missionary Services” in Bromfield Street, Boston, on the 31st of the previous May, where the first two missionaries for India, with their wives, were solemnly set apart, and so many kind references were made to the solitary superintendent, who was supposed to be then quietly, but safely, awaiting their coming at Bareilly. I asked them to note that that was the very day of the *massacre of Bareilly*, following the more dreadful one here; days of darkness and sorrow such as Christianity had never seen before in the Orient; adding :]

“ How different the scenes and experience of that Lord’s day to you and to us! But let us accept the omen; it is one of good. It bespeaks the innate character of both religions, and presages their future. The deeds of Bareilly exhibit a faith which is doomed to perish, and all the sooner from the reaction caused by its own criminality; while that holy and beautiful scene in Bromfield Street Church, on the same day, illustrates, in its own prac-

tical loveliness and mercy, the religion of our adorable Lord."

[I then proceeded to draw the attention of the brethren and sisters of the Church at home, for whom the letter was intended, to the coming retribution and the famine that would surely follow, and to the orphan children who would be left within our own mission field, and gave examples of the great advantages which had been realized by missions that, in other days, had accepted and used such opportunities—advantages that would be equally ours, giving our mission an advanced position that, without this aid, fifty years of toil would not bring to us. Here we would find, and find soon, the scholars, church members, teachers, and preachers that our work required to give it a propitious commencement. The possession of those children would yield us at once, and under the best circumstances, the means of developing the day-school, Sabbath-school, class-meetings, and the privileges of Sabbath services.

[The expense indicated \$25 each per annum for ten years; which, with such help as we could obtain here, would be sufficient to feed, clothe, and educate them. I asked each patron to select either a male or female child, to whom they could, if they desired, give their name, sending the money to Dr. Durbin, and concluded the appeal with these words :]

"Here, then, I close. I make my proposition and

appeal to American Methodists on behalf of the little outcast ones of those misguided and cruel men, whose doom may be sealed, probably, ere this letter can reach your shores. I make my appeal from Delhi—from this late head-quarters of hatred and cruelty against Christ and his people—probably from the very apartment where those proclamations were concocted and issued, which spread for a time such horror and woe over these fair provinces.

“Brethren and sisters, help us to save those poor little ones. If you *take* them, you will *think* about them; if you pay for them, you will certainly *pray* for them. God will own and honor your deed of Christian mercy, and, at a future day, in many a delightful instance, when they are converted and happy, will ‘the blessing of those now ready to perish come upon you.’ In hope of a generous and prompt response, I remain, dear brethren and sisters,

“Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BUTLER.”

Next day I wrote another letter to Dr. Durbin, earnestly pleading for his sympathy and that of the Missionary Board. I informed him, as another evidence of “the good hand of God over us for good,” that I had just found H. S. Reid, Esq., Director of Public Instruction (Minister of Education for the North-west Provinces), to whom I had a note of introduction from his father-in-law (the general at

whose place I had preached on our way down). It was very providential that he should then be in Delhi, for, next to our Church and the Board, he could help me most in the enterprise which was now so near my heart. To my great encouragement he received me most cordially, and listened to my entire plan. He was kind enough to give it his full sympathy, and promised me the good-will and assistance of the government, under the new rules which had just been inaugurated in the form of Grants in Aid for Education.

3. I inquired what these rules were, and then learned about that second link which a merciful Providence was preparing for our help in the work contemplated. The English government had formulated a code of education for India, under the designation, "Sir Charles Wood's Dispatch on Education," which now became law; and under it all who would educate should have "grants in aid," about fifty per cent. of the whole expense. It was to be alike available for both sexes, and would not interfere with the right of religious instruction in any school thus aided. What help was here for us! Our good friend promised his utmost assistance. I laid the facts before the Board, and closed with these words: "The cost for each orphan, including every thing, will be only \$25 a year. \$1,000 annually will, therefore, sustain forty of them. *I ask that much from the Board*, and let individual liberality add *as many more* as possible.

Shall I have this thousand dollars annually? Believe me, we may expect that God will *amply repay* to our society, in converted, intelligent teachers and preachers, the sum which I now *earnestly entreat* you to grant, that we may save these perishing children. Do let me have your reply as speedily as possible. No part of our work will be more interesting and hopeful than this. I long for the time when we shall have these little ones under our care and instruction, and trust that I shall live to see many of them converted and rejoicing in God."

I anxiously awaited the answer, and it came almost by return of mail, granting all I asked, if the brethren who were to join me within a few weeks, meeting together as a mission, should concur in the proposal, which, of course, they did. We thus stood prepared for the future, and were ready to act when the hour came. A few days afterward another providence cheered me. I met our dear friend, Major (now General) Gowan, he who had so earnestly warned us to fly from Bareilly. On informing him of my plans, he surprised me by saying he had the first orphan boy ready for me, a fine lad (son of a Sepoy officer) whom, a few days before, he had found on the field of battle, in great distress for his father, who had been killed that day. The benevolent major tried to comfort the poor boy, and promised to be a father to him. He brought him to his tent, and from that on to Meerut, where I met them. He handed him over

to me, promising to be at the entire cost of his training and education. I was to give him the major's own name. He sent me another boy soon after (now an ordained elder in our Conference), and provided for both. He has given so liberally of his means to build up our mission since, that, probably, no one, on either side of the Atlantic, has been so generous to our work as this devoted Christian gentleman has been. So wonderfully did God and his people aid us in this enterprise. What it has already accomplished for our work in India we shall learn when we reach Bareilly and Shahjehanpore, where the orphanages are located ; and especially the Girls' Orphanage at Bareilly, which has done so much to build up the work of the Parent Board, and gives to our mission in North India a standing and power that is not equaled to-day by any mission of its age in the East.

As I stood last year in old Delhi, and lived these scenes over again, after an interval of twenty-seven years since the day when I wrote that letter in the Dewanee-Khass, how vividly it all came back to me ! How clearly the hand of God was seen in the results since accomplished ! Poor old Delhi itself is terribly changed for the worse since then. The Chandnee Chowk, once so rich and splendid, is shorn of its glory, and now presents a beggarly aspect. The Jumna Musjid, the great Mohammedan "Cathedral" of the East, shares the general decay—the worshipers were few, and the entrance was occupied by some of

the most loathsome lepers I ever beheld. One of them was so unutterably repulsive, I wondered the police did not shut him up from human view. The poor lad might be about sixteen years of age. His body was covered with this awful disease; his face having a pink tinge, and his eyebrows and the hair of his head were as “white as snow.” It was a sickening sight; but there he was permitted to remain, as an object of charity, on the steps by which the worshipers went up to their devotions in that decaying structure!

The Dewanee-Khass, the superb throne-room of the Great Moguls, stands in withering splendor—a gorgeous monument which the lightnings of heaven have blasted. Instead of the surroundings in which it formerly stood, remaining a suitable setting for its magnificence, the Khass is now dwarfed by the great military buildings which have been erected close to it. Sad, indeed, was the ruin, and also the solitude, as the occasional passer-by went on, without even turning to look at it. The famous couplet above, on the architrave, quoted by Moore in *Lalla Rookh*,

“And, O ! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this !”

is still there, a mockery amid the desolation which has engulfed them all, showing how truly “their glory, their multitude, and their pomp,” and he that rejoiced, have descended into it; while the holy Christianity,

on the destruction of which they madly staked every thing, holds to-day in India a higher position than ever, and all the higher for their overthrow !

We went over to Agra to see once more, and for the last time, the matchless *Taj Mahal*. No deterioration there ! It looked as lovely and pure as ever. We visited it in the morning and in the evening light, and again at midnight, to gaze upon it under the full moon—a different aspect being presented each time. No doubt it will be as stainless a hundred years hence as it is to-day. It is, perhaps, the only monument originated by the Moguls that abides in unimpaired beauty and perfection. All the rest—even “the Pearl Mosque,” not far from it—are quietly tending to decay. 'Tis well that the lovely *Taj* was not in any way identified either with their cruel and licentious creed or their vicious practice. Contrary to the license of his house, and the liberty of his Koran, Shah Jehan, its builder, chose not to be a polygamist.

“He loved one only, and was true to her,”

and thus the gifted and beautiful Empress *Moomtaj*, who lies in such splendor under that glorious dome, had no competitor in the affections of her husband. This matchless gem, the architectural wonder of the world, is considered to be a national monument, and will be preserved unimpaired, with all its appropriate surroundings, as long as England rules India. Coming

out toward midnight, and taking our last longing look at all this loveliness, I ventured to inquire of a lady, whose cultured taste I knew I might rely upon, whether, in my full description of the *Taj*, given in *The Land of the Veda*, I had said one word too much in its favor. With great emphasis she answered, "O, no, no; it is worthy of it all." The New Jerusalem will certainly be more lovely, but it may safely be predicted that, up to the hour when that vision of divine beauty "whose builder and maker is God" is seen coming down out of heaven, human eyes will never look upon any object more lovely than the *Taj Mahal of Agra*.

What a change it was, to return again from this scene to Delhi! There is something very distressing and solemn in the effect which the view of this Mogul desolation exercises upon the mind of the thoughtful beholder. It seems as if the finger of God pointed out from the mystery around, and said, "This is my retribution to my enemies!" One feels conscious that no human hand could have accomplished it. For long centuries this great system was supreme,—the most powerful, wealthy, and combined of Oriental sovereignties,—and was seated in the center of all natural resources. Yet this amazing power perished from the earth—perished, not of want, for it was wealthy to the last; not of decay of population, or of drying up of resources—they were more abundant than ever; did not die of war—for India was never more

peaceful than when this dynasty drew the sword, and wantonly broke that tranquillity. Why, then, did it die? As the worldling calculates, it had all the elements of mortal life—ought to be living now—and living on for a thousand years to come. Yet, it is absolutely dead! One is tempted to ask, with indignation, some of those sneering infidels who can talk or write human history without recognizing God, “Gentlemen, here is a wonderful case for investigation; it lies there before you, dead from some cause; please account for that dissolution, and tell the world in your wisdom how this ghastly death came; examine thoroughly, and make out an honest verdict that mankind can believe. We give you ample time and unrestricted opportunity, and await your reply.”

We may wait, but it will be in vain. These uncandid and prejudiced men will not be honest where God is concerned. Sooner than admit *His* intervention and government they will slink away uncommitted, or else, by some subterfuge or contemptible witticism, try to cover their escape from the obligation of an honest reply which would satisfy the judgment of candid men. Even the heathen magicians of Pharaoh’s court had far more candor, and yielded to the logic of the facts; giving their decision in the case submitted to them: “This is the finger of God.” But over the prostrate form of this Oriental dynasty enlightened Christian philosophy can hold its inquest, and with full reasons, founded in

the divine wisdom in history, render its verdict that, “It died by *the visitation of God.*” There are some things that enter into the life of a dynasty, or a people, to raise it to permanence. The most important is the “righteousness which exalteth a nation.” The *absence* of this fully accounts for the death we are considering—and there never was more terrible evidence furnished to the world than their history contains, that “the iniquity of these” Amorites—from the king on his throne to the Sodomite in his den—became so “full,” that “they perished in their own corruption” under the awful judgment of a just and holy God!

The ruin thus called down upon themselves is even more terrible in its manifestation than what I have yet mentioned. One item more of it may be allowed. Perhaps nowhere else on this globe can such a sight be seen as that which the traveler beholds strewn all around him, going from Delhi to the Kootub. In the days gone by those fourteen miles were dotted over with the splendid palaces, mosques, mausoleums, and memorials of the imperial house and its wealthy aristocracy. Here were the “Versailles” and “Al-hambras” of Oriental Mohammedanism. The Kootub—the grandest column in the world—rose peerless in the center of all this magnificence. The Kootub still stands there. Go to its summit, and survey the scene around. You never saw such silent and naked desolation as that circle of twenty miles presents to your

view. All is solitude and ruins, amid which the howls of the hungry jackals and the prowling wolves are heard incessantly from early night-fall to the break of day. Yet here, within this one view, hundreds of millions of the wealth of poor India's toiling people have been wasted on extravagances that yield not one cent of beneficial result to-day. All sunk in profitless enterprises of pride and vainglory, on which has come down a retribution that must be divine, smiting the whole with blasting and desolation beyond all hope of restoration. Not one of the multitude of these once magnificent buildings remains perfect in form. There they are, struck and mutilated, as if in literal fulfillment of the threatening of the Son of God : "He shall rule them with a rod of iron ; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers : even as I received of my Father." Rev. ii. 27. Here we can find an adequate cause for this dreadful desolation. This Oriental sovereignty identified itself, body and soul, with the creed, the spirit and purpose, of "The False Prophet," till at length He, whose warning vengeance had already expressed itself, heard the rampant blasphemy uttered here against the Redeemer and Governor of the world, and saw the unexampled butchery of more than eighteen hundred of his people, within that circumference of which Delhi was the center. "Then God arose," and that "rod of iron" descended with discriminating vengeance, and struck the dynasty, and all confederate with

it, out of existence forever. And *this* is the result!

You turn from the fearful scene, but carry away in your soul the reflection that what you have witnessed is no freak of nature, no accidental desolation, no slow growth of national decline. It is the result of some adequate cause. The wideness of the ruin intimates a penalty. The extent and completeness of the calamity, admitting of no redemption, evidences that this is not man's work, but Heaven's vengeance; and the fearful record of guilt which preceded it, shuts you up to the conviction that what you have seen are "the wages of sin," which a holy God begins to pay out, even in this world, upon the body, the soul, the surroundings and circumstances of those who dare defy his laws. Little does it avail, in any age or in any land, that licentious sinners close their ears and decline to hear, or even that they choose to scoff at human and divine warnings. As sure as the sunrise their sins will find them out; and some day, when mercy is clear gone, they will have to wake up, as these have done, to the terrible consciousness that "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This fearful retribution, falling as heavily on the locality as it did on the individuals there, reminds one of the doom of the sensualists of Sodom and Gomorrah, who "are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire."

That magnificent *Taj*, a few miles off to the south,

standing so chaste and lovely in its earthly paradise, makes this blight, by contrast, all the more fearful. There is woman honored, the seventh commandment obeyed, and the Taj is the monument of the virtue which God has crowned. Here is the reverse. Woman wronged, the seventh commandment outraged in its entire spirit and purpose, while old Delhi lies scorched under divine vengeance. “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

Wicked men in high and low life may sneer at these lessons, and at the doctrine of the Second Psalm, as having little to do with national life and accountability; yet this humble page may live long enough to illustrate the Christian conviction that there is no fact of the coming future more certain than that every remaining organized portion of this “mystery of iniquity,” wherever found (in Utah, in Turkey, or elsewhere), which dishonors woman and insults the Lord Christ and his holy law, shall as surely meet their day of accountability as these crowned and powerful enemies of both did in India in 1857-8, when that burning indignation left them “neither root nor branch.”

4. Before we depart from this city of Delhi, I wish to ask attention to a group of facts such as my readers may find it difficult to parallel in the range of human history for hostility to Christianity, and for the condign punishment with which the Almighty visited the guilt and overthrew the purposes of their originators. This court had relation to every one of them;

they have all occurred in our own day ; and the very existence of our mission was involved in the results. What makes it more marked is, that the punishment bore just proportion to the transgression. Where that guilt included the shedding of Christian blood, the vengeance was heaviest and most marked, amounting, in such cases, to the annihilation of each party, and the complete extinguishment of their power and influence in India ; and also in so counter-working their purposes that their very wrath was made to praise God and advance his cause.

Five names were, a short time ago, among the most prominent in India for wealth, power, and opposition to the religion of the Son of God. One was a Nawab, another a King, another a Peishwa, another an Emperor, and the fifth a Maharajah. Only one of these is living, and this he owes entirely to the fact that the English removed him in time out of the way of the danger which swept all the rest and their power away forever.

The Nawab, Khan Bahadur, stood nearest to us, being a resident at Bareilly, where he was deputy judge. His hypocrisy was equal to his cruelty. While he was trying to throw the English officers off their guard, with the assurance that the Sepoys there would not rise—and that, even if they did, no harm should come to us, as he would protect us—he had in his pocket, from the Emperor of Delhi, the *sunnud* (or patent) constituting him Nawab of

Rohilcund. Yet, on the 31st of May, when the mutiny broke out, he arrested and hanged fifteen of the English gentlemen on a gallows at the Katwalee of Bareilly, including his own superior officer, Judge Robertson. By this cruel man, myself, wife, and children were condemned to suffer the same fate. How we escaped out of his hands is narrated elsewhere. But how wonderful it was that I should be brought round to Bareilly from Delhi, some time after, to see him a prisoner, and witness his trial and condemnation. That, in company with Brother Humphrey, I should visit him in prison, and urge upon him the acceptance of the mercy which even a penitent murderer might obtain from the merciful Saviour. But all in vain. He hated the very name of Jesus. I saw him taken to his death (on the spot where he executed the Christians two years before) exulting that he had "had the satisfaction of killing the Christian dogs, and would kill as many more again if he only had the power!" Such was the Nawab of Rohilcund, and these were his last words on earth. But of what avail was all his blasphemy and rage and cruelty against Christ and Christians! Divine justice swept him from the earth, and made his doom such a warning to his co-religionists that those fanatics have trembled under the lesson, and a divine protection has been thrown over the lives of the followers of Christ—native and foreign, male and female—such as India never saw before.

The next conspicuous name is that of the Mohammedan King of Oude. His antecedents, and especially his hatred of Christianity, show that, had he remained in power, he would probably have united his energies with his neighbor, Khan Bahadur, and the two could, no doubt, have swept out of the Gangetic valley every vestige of Christian life or influence. In this case Lucknow might never have been "relieved," the Residency have shared the fate of Cawnpore, and their common master, the Emperor of Delhi, have been sustained. One trembles at the idea of what this would have involved to Christianity and English rule; what thousands would have been added to the eighteen hundred victims of Mohammedan cruelty, or the long years of conflict and suffering requisite to recover the ground which civilization and Christianity had lost. It would have given Mohammedanism a distinct and terrible victory over Christianity, with a greater power than ever in India, and placed the two hundred millions of Hindus more completely at their mercy, without any control to appeal to for protection against them. There has lately appeared a volume, by an English civil officer (*The Garden of India*, by H. C. Irwin), which justifies, to my mind, the fear that no other result could be expected, had this corrupt government of the king continued only one year longer. But the "annexation" of Oude to British territory, and the removal of the king to Calcutta, on the pension of

his rank, in the spring of 1856, was just in time to save him from committing himself to the cause of the Delhi emperor. His hands were thus kept from being stained with Christian blood; and so, instead of filling a criminal's grave to-day, after inflicting fearful injury, he lives, and has his title and his pay, but still following that foolish and sinful life so graphically described by his American secretary, formerly referred to.

The third personage is the Peishwa, Nana Sahib. This matchless monster (whose fearful career I have presented in *The Land of the Veda*) aimed to combine all the influence of his peculiar position, with the objects of the emperor, in the overthrow of Christianity. His proclamations and massacres, in carrying out his purposes, show what he was capable of doing had they only succeeded. But that "good soldier of Jesus Christ," Henry Havelock, met and overthrew this cruel pagan, drove him into Rohilcund, where he made his last stand at Bareilly, aiding Khan Bahadur, and where Havelock's men, following him up, had another dash at him. His forces fled, and he went rushing through Philibeet into the depths of the Oude forest, never to be seen again by mortal eye. There that murderer of Christian women and children met his fate in one of the ravines under Nepaul. Probably the "Royal Bengal Tigers," which abound in that vicinity, closed the career of this wretched man. Only this form of

death was likely there, and no doom could be more dreadful. We can imagine him, as he there reached his last hour ; all hope and help gone, alone in the dreadful Terai, crouching by his last fire, which he is no longer able to replenish, while the watching and impatient brute that has tracked him draws nearer, till, in full sight now, with their terrific roar and sure spring, he seizes the pampered maharajah of Bithoor as his prey ! The Nana earned and received the title of "The Tiger of Bithoor," and if the above intimations were realized (as seems probable), he might well say in the awful hour to which he was brought, as was said by Adoni-bezek, "As I have done, so God has requited me ! "

The judgment of the Emperor was next in order. He was tried, and, after a patient investigation, found guilty of all the charges, and was sentenced (not to death, on account of his rank) but, to transportation for life. It was a fearful penalty to pass from a throne to the deck of a convict ship, to close his life in a foreign land. Burmah was chosen as the place. There he died in 1861. Five years after witnessing his trial I visited his lonely grave behind the Quarter Guard of the British regiment at Rangoon—within "The Golden Chersonese" of Ptolemy, quoted from Milton on my title-page—and saw how the tropical rains were leveling down to obliteration the little mound, unmarked by a single stone, which covered the dis-honored dust of this imperial blasphemer of the Son

of God and persecutor of his people! The only one of his race without a gorgeous monument over him. But no Taj or Mausoleum will ever rise above the spot where rests, solitary and alone, on a foreign shore and in a felon's grave, the last descendant of the Great Moguls! In such a scene, and with all its terrible recollections around me, how appropriate seemed the words, "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might!"

The fifth, in this group of enemies of the divine Redeemer, was the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, sovereign of the Punjab. This turbulent adventurer, who had carved out with his sword the empire of the five rivers (as the word Punjab means) by making war on his weaker neighbors, and then annexing their dominions, was as unscrupulous and despotic a character as can be found even in India history. At the age of seventeen he had his own mother assassinated, as she stood in the way of his ambition. "Lahore of Great Mogul" he seized and made his capital, and then annexed Cashmere and several surrounding States. He thus artfully, yet with great tact, built himself up at the expense of both emperor and the chiefs around him, and became so powerful that all feared him.

Circumstances soon afterward brought the Delhi emperor, Shah Shooja, across the boundary into Runjeet Singh's dominions; and, suspecting no treachery,

he had brought his family and part of his treasure with him. They were affably received, a palace placed at their service, and royal hospitality tendered. In a day or two Runjeet learned that the imperial family had the famous *Koh-i-noor* diamond with them. At once his cupidity was aroused and his measures taken ; the palace was surrounded by his guards, and the unfortunate emperor was coolly told that as soon as the diamond was surrendered to Runjeet their meals would be served, but not one morsel till that was done ! They held out till the morning of the third day, when some of the ladies were at the point of death, ere the gem was given up. It thus became the possession of "the Lion of the Punjab," as Runjeet was then called. He had lost one eye in battle, and his fancy was, on state occasions, to balance the good eye by the brilliant diamond on the other side of his brow, and thus presented a whimsical and ogreish aspect, that amazed those who looked at him. He was utterly ignorant—could neither read nor write—and was as intolerant and bigoted as he was illiterate. He was sustained in his despotism by a European adviser, who has a heavy account to render before God. Their resolution was formed that, whoever entered the Punjab, Jesus Christ should not ! An oath is said to have been sworn that "no missionary should ever cross the Sutlej"—the eastern boundary line between Runjeet's dominions and the English territory. So determined was the old sinner

that the recent measures passed by the British governor-general, Lord William Bentinck, for the suppression of *suttee*, should be treated with contempt so far as he was concerned, that he made express provision in his will that the ancient custom should be fully and ostentatiously observed and carried out in connection with his own funeral ceremonies. I have the description of the fearful scene from the pen of a German gentleman who was physician to Runjeet Singh, and witnessed the entire ceremony. The doctor says that the *suttee* was conducted on such a scale of magnificence as to cost several hundred thousand dollars. The maharajah had named eleven of his wives (four queens and seven concubines) who were to burn with his body, the youngest being only fifteen years of age!

I need not give the dreadful details of this programme, which was strictly carried out. If Runjeet Singh died with the hope that his "high example" would tend to the restoration of this infernal practice of burning living women with their husband's dead bodies, he never made a greater mistake. God had something to say and do in this matter, and his "set time had come" to do it. He withdrew his restraining providence from the successors of this wicked man, and in nine years they had rushed on to their own destruction. India looked across the Sutlej, and saw a scene of carnage and destruction in the Punjab the equal of which has seldom been witnessed among

men. The four successors of Runjeet—Kurruck Singh, Noa Nihal Singh, Sheir Singh, and Protal—were each murdered within a few months of ascending the throne. The queen regent, Chund Kunwar, was also assassinated. The four prime ministers—Dhyan Singh, Gulal Singh, Jawahir Singh, and Hira Singh—were all murdered in succession, and while in office! In the greatness of their folly the Sikhs twice crossed the Sutlej to invade British India. The first time they were whipped back again; but, on the second occasion, the decisive victory of Gujarat, on the 21st of February, 1849, overthrew the Sikhs, abolished their mad government, and the Punjab was permanently annexed to British India. Then came a peace which has never since been disturbed.

The little boy sovereign, Dhuleep Singh, the last child of Runjeet Singh (then nine years old), was taken under British protection, and intrusted for education to the care of Sir John Logan, of Futtyghur (a devout Presbyterian physician). So ended an empire that was founded in blood and rapine. What became of that “oath” which was to exclude Christianity from Western India, and that “royal example” which was to restore the horrors of the suttee?

Let us recognize the hand of God in this history, also, and see how he can make “the wrath of man” to praise him, and restrain the remainder. England is in India for higher purposes than those contemplated by such of her representatives as do not “fear

God and work righteousness." But her "devout men" there, in the civil and military services, recognize the higher mission that she has to fulfill, and freely give their influence and their money to push forward the work of the enlightenment and evangelization of the millions whom they govern. While such work is being fostered under their administration God will take care of British rule in India, for, whatever its faults and failings, it is fulfilling his own blessed purposes. Now for the lessons in this case.

Had Runjeet Singh been permitted to live to carry out his intentions, or the Sikh nation retained autonomy eight years longer than 1849, where would British India be to-day? There can hardly be a doubt but that, in 1857, the Sikhs would have joined the Delhi emperor, and their aid would have been ample, united with the Sepoy army and directed by the Mohammedan power, to sweep Christianity from India before a soldier from England could reach the country. This is what might have been, and probably would have been, except for the Divine foresight and intervention. Instead of this result Providence arranged for the annexation of the Punjab, and the neutralization of all their power for evil. And more, God had his chosen instruments ready for the emergency. John Lawrence was installed in power as the ruler of the Sikh nation, and such was the benign effect of his Christian administration over even

that turbulent race, that, at the end of seven years, when the Sepoys rose in 1857, instead of joining them, the Sikhs responded to Lawrence's call, and went by the thousand to Delhi, ranging themselves by the side of the little English force of five thousand men, and helping them to take that strong city in September, even before one British regiment had time to reach Delhi from England.

Nor is this all. How different now would be the tenure of British authority in India had not the Punjab been annexed, and its brave people won to Christian rule! If the narrow Sutlej were to-day the British frontier against Russian aggression instead of Afghanistan and the Khyber Pass, what solicitude and even fear would trouble the souls of the rulers of India! But the annexation of 1849 carried back that frontier three hundred miles west. Had not this been done, with Cabul conquered, the Punjab captured, and the armies of the Russian autocrat advanced three hundred miles into the Indus valley ere touching British territory, how different would be the situation from what it is to-day, when the tallest mountains on the earth, and the narrow and easily defended Khyber Pass, shut out so effectually the only foe which England needs to fear in the East!

Again, instead of suttee being restored by the example of the maharajah, the attempt became a horror, and the native principalities ranged themselves ever since more loyally by the side of the par-

amount power to forbid and extinguish this crime forever in British India.

Of course the Punjab, under Sir John Lawrence, was thrown open to Christianity. What high ground he took upon this matter his words attest, and what honors of success and peace did the Almighty put upon the head of this grand, God-fearing ruler! Were ever words uttered more worthy of a Christian hero than those which Sir John Lawrence wrote at Lahore, in a state paper issued when Delhi fell? Those words are :

“ All measures which are really and truly Christian can be carried out in India, not only without danger to British rule, but, on the contrary, with every advantage to its stability. Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen. About such things there are qualities which do not provoke nor excite distrust, nor harden to resistance. It is when unchristian things are done in the name of Christianity, or when Christian things are done in an unchristian way, that mischief and danger are occasioned. Measures of Christian duty will arouse no danger — will conciliate instead of provoke — and will subserve the ultimate diffusion of the truth among the people.”

The Sutlej was “ crossed ” by Christian missionaries. Lahore and the leading cities of the Punjab were occupied, chiefly by our American Presbyterian brethren, and success soon crowned their labors. So

far had they progressed by Christmas, 1862, that they invited the missionaries of North India to hold their General Conference with them in the capital of the Punjab. We went, "crossed the Sutlej," and entered Lahore, and, to our surprise, found the arrangements for holding the Conference were made in a building right opposite the magnificent mausoleum where repose the cremated remains of Runjeet Singh and his eleven wives. During the week we went over, and, standing round the urn under the dome, we sung our Christian doxology over his dust. In the photograph group of that Conference the central figure is the Rajah of Kuppurthulla, the Punjab having the honor of furnishing the first Christian prince in India. By his side stand several of those English soldiers and civilians whose prudence and valor saved the Punjab.

Yet all this, so wonderful, was but a part of our divine Saviour's answer to Runjeet Singh. His son, Dhuleep Singh, whom he never saw (for the child was born a few weeks after his father's cremation), the last and only heir to his throne, was saved from the carnage which swept away all the rest of his family. This boy grew up, in circumstances of peace and safety, under his tutor, Sir John Logan, and was led by the reading of the Holy Scriptures to the reception of Christianity. His tutor urged him not to press for baptism (as he earnestly desired when but seventeen years old) until he should become of age, and could

freely judge and act for himself. This was done, and the maharajah came out in due time before India, and was baptized into the Christian faith. The Koh-i-noor—his by inheritance from his father—was sent as a present to Queen Victoria, and he himself concluded to live in England on the pension of his rank (made sure to him and his heirs forever), fixing his home in a beautiful residence at Twickenham, near London. And, further, when I was passing through England on my way home from India, in March last, I went out to attend one of the supplementary meetings of the Moody and Sankey services, held near the residence of the maharajah. To my great delight, I was informed that some of the family had been attending these services, and the eldest son had experienced the saving grace of God. Unwilling to trust mere rumor in such a case, I wrote to Dr. Pentecost, who was assisting Moody and Sankey, and received from him the assurance that my information was correct; the young prince had been converted, and had become a zealous worker in the meetings. He knew him well, and assured me that I might rejoice in the fact. I do and will rejoice, and bow down before the sovereign majesty of our divine Redeemer in the presence of this, his own adorable work. Not only the son, but also the grandson of “the maharajah,” Runjeet Singh, have become servants of our Lord Jesus Christ!

To me all this reads like a passage from some un-

earthly volume—like a page from that book which contains the hidden mysteries of Almighty God, which only “the Lion of the tribe of Judah” is worthy to open and unseal. He opens and unseals them for the liberation and redemption of our race from the tyranny of evil and the power of sin. India, long suffering India, is to realize her full and perfect portion of this redemption, and is to have her glad share in that grand celestial anthem to her new Lord and Master: “They sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.” Rev. v, 9. Amen, mighty and victorious Christ! Thou art worthy, and these are thy opening triumphs in India; and they guarantee to thy believing and exultant saints thine ultimate victories over all that is diabolical and sinful there.

“Hope of a world condemned, Messiah, hail!
Nor hell, nor death, shall o'er thy Church prevail;
Thy conquering arm the serpent foe shall bind,
Thy blood redeem, thy scepter rule, mankind.”

CHAPTER VII.

"O day of days! far off its coming shone,
The hope of ages past; O joy of joys,
To see it come at length! O double joy
If we have watched, and wept, and toiled, and prayed,
'Mid the deep darkness of the night of tears,
To speed the advent of that morn of joy
Whose sun, once risen, shall never more go down,
While the Lord God Omnipotent doth reign,
And the great ages roll, in golden calm,
Through the high Sabbath of eternity."—DR. MITCHELL.

WE are back again in Lucknow, and about to start for Bareilly. The train leaves at nine o'clock P. M. Formerly from this to Bareilly took three nights' traveling by palanquin. Now we are to roll over the entire space in six hours. Leaving at nine P. M. we are due there at three o'clock in the morning.

The moon is at her best, the air is warm, and the atmosphere clear—one of those lovely nights in October not often seen outside of India. No wonder Mr. Irwin, in describing this valley, entitles his book *The Garden of India*. Bishop Foster and others designate it in the same way. The fertility is wonderful. Two harvests each year reward the toil of the cultivators ; so that, although the farms are very small, we have to remember the compensation which this double product yields to the cultivator.

Wide plains, mostly without a rock or stone, and the soil as friable as though pulverized. It has been producing rich crops for over three thousand years, without receiving the help that, in our colder climes, are considered necessary to keep land in condition. What we put into the ground to fertilize it is there reserved for fuel. Cow-dung mixed with straw, and dried in the sun, forms a peat that is sold in the bazaars as fuel for native cooking. Wood is too scarce and dear for burning, nor could the people afford either this or charcoal. But, for less than one cent, they can obtain enough of the above peat for a day's cooking. So it is the universal fuel, and the land has to do without its help. In fact, water and sun in India seem to be about all that are really necessary. The fructifying effect of the sun, with the moisture, secures the harvest. The natural rain-fall produces the first and heavier harvest of sugar-cane, corn, tobacco, arrowroot, etc; while artificial irrigation (water being plenty and easily obtained) yields the second harvest, which includes cotton, wheat, dal, barley, rice, and the smaller grains generally. The results are accomplished by the simplest of all modes of agriculture. These conservative people hold on tenaciously to the old methods of the far past. Their tools and plows are just the same, and no better than those used by their ancestors in the days of Abraham. They resent change and improvement, as involving a "reflection upon the wisdom of their ancestors." I

introduced the chain-pump and wheelbarrow, but they would not use them. They met my “new-fangled notion” with the expostulation (better to them than a score of arguments or any amount of experience), by saying, “Now, sahib, from time immemorial our forefathers carried clay on their heads in baskets, and what are we that we should set up to be wiser than they?” So I had to cease the effort. Only a change of religion will lift them out of these ruts, and that does so. Our people, as soon as they receive the grace of God, are emancipated from such folly, and ready for any temporal improvements that can better their condition. When this land becomes Christian, and science has a chance to touch its agriculture, how the face of the earth will bloom! Their little miserable plow (made of two sticks) never yet turned up the soil to the depth of more than about five inches. Recuperative resources lie beneath which a Christian plow would bring to the surface. Heathenism is an unmitigated curse, not only to the body and soul, the heart, character, and life, but also to the very soil they till, the homes they live in, and the country over which they travel.

But the blessed change and era of all possible improvements is coming; when this “garden of India” will be made to bloom like to “the garden of the Lord;” and, in this sense also, “There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:

and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.”

“Hasten, Lord, the glorious day!”

It is characteristic of all false religions (as it is also of Romanism), that their “golden age” is in the *past*. Heathenism avows this, and mourns over it. On the contrary, evangelical religion looks exultingly onward to the future for its golden age of light and blessing, when “He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth;” and when “Men shall be blessed in him every-where, and all nations shall call him blessed.”

But we are rolling along toward the west—sleep is out of the question, for we are to be in BAREILLY in a few hours! O, what memories are awake now! We are living the past over again. Our first reception there is before our busy recollections. It occurred just twenty-seven years ago, when this great valley was in “the shadow of death,” and we came, so unconsciously, into the very center of solicitude and danger and unutterable sorrow. We had traveled round from Lucknow, *via* Futtyghur, on the south, in a little carriage which held my family, and was drawn by eight men (being more economical than to travel by palanquin). That journey was a sample of the past. There were then no made roads in the valley, only tracks where bullock carts might move. So we were forty-eight hours going the seventy-six miles from Futtyghur to Bareilly. The ruts

were so deep that the axle of our carriage would catch frequently on the ridge in the center, when all hands would have to take hold and pull it back; with a spade, which we carried for the purpose, we would break down the obstruction and throw the earth into the ruts; then move on again for a while, until a similar difficulty would have to be surmounted. Thus, for two days and nights we "worked our passage," till I was as much worn out and sleepy as a man need be.

The good friend, Judge Robertson, to whom we had a note of introduction, and by whom we were expected, had instructed his servant to watch for our coming. Worn out with toil, we had all finally dropped asleep after passing the last station, where our men were changed, and knew no more till I heard a native trying to awake us by saying, in poor English, "Sahib, will you have a cup of tea?" Looking up, there stood the servant. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning. We were in Bareilly, and at the door of the kind gentleman who had promised to entertain us. He was a devout Presbyterian, and received us most kindly. Little did I imagine that, within a few weeks, he would have to suffer death for being a Christian. He had been over thirty years in India, and did not anticipate any serious trouble, notwithstanding the rumors that were even then abroad. We remained under his roof until I found and furnished a house, setting up my

books and making all things ready for the commencement of our work. My full report on the field chosen, with maps and statistics, were prepared and mailed to the Board, and an urgent appeal for some of the missionaries to be sent on to me. In the mean time I had opened services, both in English and Hindustanee, the latter being conducted by Joel, my native helper, who was so generously given to me by our Presbyterian brethren at Allahabad as I came up the country. The gloom which was daily deepening led many of the English officers to appreciate the services opened for them ; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that, during the ten weeks which intervened, some of them began to live prayerful lives, and sought the renewing grace of God.

The service for the natives was, of course, very small in number. Joel and his wife, and three or four people who worked for us, and ourselves, with a young girl by the name of Maria, constituted the congregation. Maria was the daughter of an Eurasian store-keeper. She had gone some time before to visit friends at Calcutta, and while there had been led to attend the Baptist service, during a time of revival interest, and had experienced religion and been baptized. She returned to Bareilly, and was delighted to hear that a missionary was coming to her native city. As soon as we arrived she visited us and gave in her name, and thus became the first female member of our Church in India. My wife especially

rejoiced at the accession of this dear girl, so full of zeal and Christian simplicity, anticipating great help from her as our work opened. She spoke both English and Hindustanee well, and was very lady-like in manner and character.

I was not aware, till afterward, what an intense excitement our arrival occasioned among the people around us. We became the talk of almost every one in the city. As an illustration of this, I may mention a visit paid to me by a prominent native gentleman. Joel did the translating. This person put on an aspect of much friendliness, and requested me to be candid in answering his inquiries, which I promised to do. After some unimportant talk he came to what he wanted to know, and said : "Now, sahib, we people of Bareilly understand that you have come here as an agent of the English government, to be ready, when our caste is broken, by either force or fraud, to baptize us by the thousand, and thus complete our Christianization. Is not this so, sahib ?"

I looked at him with astonishment, and replied : "Why, sir, how could it be so ? I am not even an Englishman, and have nothing to do with the government."

To understand what followed the reader will remember that the natives of India have full confidence in the word of a white man. They think we are truthful to the last degree, and don't discount what we say. They declare of us that the white race are

brusque and not courteous (as the English are careless about returning the salaams and salutations which the humblest native will always offer when they meet them), but they allow that this uncourteous race are honorable to the heart's core. So my native visitor was amazed at my declaring that I "was not an Englishman," and solemnly, as if sorry to find me telling an untruth, said :

"Why, sahib, your face is white, you are a Christian, and you speak the English language ; what else could you be but an Englishman ? "

I answered, "Why, I am an American."

"A what ?" said he.

"An American," I replied.

Looking confused, and with much emphasis, he exclaimed, "And *what is that ?*"

I smiled, realizing that it was not flattering to our national pride to think that here was a tolerably intelligent representative of one sixth of the human family who had never heard of us, and knew not that, away in the Atlantic, and beyond England, there was a nation of people as numerous as the English, who spoke the same language, had white faces, and were Christians.

I could not make it clear to my visitor. He had never heard of us. We are not in his geography. The interview terminated and he left my house, I fear, under the conviction that I had told a falsehood to cover my purpose. I have reason to believe that

the impression produced by the conversation put my life in more jeopardy than if the interview had not taken place. Five or six years afterward, when the Hindu farmer began to receive nearly two rupees for the same quantity of cotton which he had sold for one rupee the year before, he began to inquire what was the reason. Our civil war and blockaded southern ports explained it, and men in India began to study modern geography ; the result was a stimulus to education in Hindustan. If my visitor survived till then, it is likely my character for veracity was entirely redeemed, though it was a long time to wait for vindication.

The profession of neutrality in religion, which the government at that time had begun to avow rather frequently, and sometimes even to the disparagement of Christianity itself, did not help the situation. It produced much the same result as my statement did on this man's prejudiced mind. People there could not believe it possible that a government could have a religion and not be zealous for it. To have it, and hold it lightly, was, in their view, insincere and deceptive, and contrary to their own practice. It would have been far better and safer to have avowed their Christianity, while they disclaimed any intention to force it, directly or indirectly, upon the acceptance of any one else. Meanwhile the heathen and Mohammedan priests were busy turning all this, and every thing else possible, to their purpose, and

weaving their fearful web around Christian life, and longing for the time when their willing agents, the Sepoys, were to rise on the same day and hour all over India, and extinguish every thing Christian and English in the land; and then restore the old regimen in all its former vigor and profit to themselves. Every law that was passed to abolish customs contrary to humanity, every missionary that came into the country, and every school that was opened increased their fears, and intensified their resolution to extinguish in blood this entire Christian civilization which had arisen in their country.

These priests saw, with alarm and indignation, the abolition of ancient rites and ceremonies that were so highly profitable to themselves. With the humanity that terminated these miseries and murders, in the interest especially of poor suffering womanhood, they had no sympathy. They thought only of the rupees that were lost to themselves by the termination of these abominable practices, and they cursed in their hearts the benevolent English officials who had decreed their final ending. The abolition of female infanticide, widow burning, the exposure of the sick to die, the charakpooja (hook-swinging) of Bengal, the immolation of devotees under the wheels of the Juggernaut, and other horrors, they resented with indignation. All these ceremonies were profitable to them, and hence the priestly caste opposed their abolition with all their power. What immense gains, for

instance, these Brahmans made out of the burning of those eleven wives of Runjeet Singh ! It was proportionately so where only one woman was burned. She was entitled, as her last act before ascending the pyre, to distribute the contents of her jewel-box among her weeping friends around her, but the lion's share usually fell to the officiating priests. These humane laws of the British government cut down the perquisites of these greedy and heartless wretches. They were at once the high aristocracy and pampered priesthood of the nation, holding in utter contempt the lower castes. Every school opened became a terror to them, and especially when they saw these lower-caste youth freely received into them, lads "whose fathers they would not have set with the dogs of their flocks." They feared the light which education was so sure to bring, the elevation which it would and did confer upon the classes whom they despised, and whom they did their best to keep down and degrade. So they plotted for the utter overthrow of the government and the missionary, and anticipated a return of the dreadful past, with a restoration of its fearful customs.

But God is great for emergencies. He had "risen to shake terribly the earth." These men were allowed to run their course, and madly to hasten on the destruction of their purposes. They were doomed to see the consolidation of the Christian civilization which they so confidently expected to have over-

thrown, and which, in its preservation at that time, was to involve so much for woman, and for India through woman.

The terrible 31st of May, 1857, came, and the conspirators exulted in its ruin and bloodshed. Few scenes in all the land were more fearful than those presented that day in Bareilly, including the martyrdom of Maria and the murder of every Christian whom they were able to find. This was followed by our long months of anxious waiting upon the summit of Nynee Tal, daily and nightly watching the foe that was besieging us, and thirsting for our blood also. Six months later came my journey round the Himalayas to Mussoorie and Delhi, for the providential purpose indicated in the last chapter, and our return to Nynee Tal, accompanied by the two missionaries who had been able, as soon as the road from Cawnpore up had been cleared of the Sepoys, to join me at Meerut. Then followed the building of our little church, and the formal opening of our missionary work at Nynee Tal, while waiting the restoration of British authority below, in Oude and Rohilcund, and the coming of more missionaries with which to occupy the leading towns and cities. But we had to wait six months more ere the road to Bareilly was cleared, and we could return and commence our work there and at Lucknow. Meanwhile the anticipated famine began to manifest itself, though its horrors were not fully developed for half a year later ; but God was aiding

us in getting ready for the part which we were to act in that great emergency.

Five missionary families were soon to sail from New York to strengthen our hands, which would raise our number to ten. Help was pouring in to provide homes for them, and my hands were full of hard toil to get ready for all that were coming. Accommodations were procured in Lucknow by purchase, but in Bareilly I had to build. Every European residence had been burned, except the Freemason's Hall, which the Sepoys had spared, as they understood that something mysterious occasionally occurred there, and it might not be lucky to touch it; so it stood uninjured. Perhaps houses were never erected amid greater difficulties than those in Bareilly. By being prompt I managed to secure good sites, and to obtain safe titles to them, and then purchased and laid in what material I could obtain for erecting two good mission houses without delay. The hot season was coming on, the tropical rains would begin toward the close of June. The mission houses must be covered in before the first of July. I had nearly sixty masons and carpenters employed, and gave my full time to push things ahead with them. Providence sent me just the man I needed to help me—a native by the name of Joseph Fieldbrave, a Christian, who had been one of the Lucknow garrison, and fought well for Christianity there. He was more a man of business than Joel, so I appointed

the latter to go to preaching with the missionary I had stationed at Lucknow, and retained Joseph with myself at Bareilly. We got on well with our work till a competition commenced with the engineer officer having charge of erecting the barracks, hospital, and other buildings for the English troops, who were waiting under canvas. He was in as much of a hurry to have his soldiers sheltered in time as I was to provide for the coming missionaries.

To facilitate matters the government passed a special law, giving him the right to seize every kiln of bricks and every lot of timber he could find for sale, paying the value, of course. So I had to run a race with this engineer, a Major H. He could not come in on my ground and take any thing I had there, but he might go round me and find out, if he could, where I obtained materials to keep my men going. But Joseph and myself worked hard, and the walls went up fast. The major rode past daily, and wondered at what he saw. He had power and plenty of money, yet his stock of materials were scant, and his walls did not go up as fast as he desired. He formed the resolution that he would find out where I got my materials, and then steal a march on me, and help himself at our expense. Joseph and I were determined that he should not if we could prevent it. Yet we made no plan, nor did I instruct Joseph what to do or say. I knew this good native had perfect sympathy with me in the work being done; that he

was a man of prayer, and was looking to the Lord, as I was, for help to carry on this work from day to day ; and that, in addition, he had a good stock of natural shrewdness, which could be depended on. I loved Joseph and trusted him fully, and he cordially reciprocated my esteem and affection. We used to be up early while some other people were sleeping, and this was in some measure the secret of our success. So the walls continued to go up, and we were getting the roofs ready and doors and windows made, to the surprise of our friend, the major.

One day, seeing Joseph alone, he took his opportunity, rode up and saluted him, was very friendly, and put Joseph in good humor. He then said, “ Now Joseph, I want to talk to you a little, and ask you a question or two.”

“ All right, sahib, I will be glad to hear you and answer you.”

The major felt that his way was open to advance further, and he began to praise me to Joseph as a man of energy and ability, to all of which my good helper fully assented. The major then ventured a little nearer to his object, became more confidential, and said:

“ Well, Joseph, it is wonderful how your sahib does push his work along upon these houses. Why, I pass by daily and the walls grow higher, and yet his heaps of bricks and timber don’t seem to grow much less. It is wonderful. Now, Joseph, how does he do it ? Where does he get his supplies ?”

Without any hesitation Joseph answered, with one of his own pleasant smiles, "Sahib, I'll tell you," and the major's ear was set to catch every word; "Well, don't you know, sahib, that my sahib is Jesus Christ's man?"

"O yes, I know that, but then about the supplies?"

"Well, sahib, he is doing this work for Jesus Christ." That was assented to, and he continued: "You see, sahib, he gets anxious sometimes about having materials enough to finish them in time, and when this occurs, he just goes and tells God in prayer and asks him to help him, and God then gives him just what he wants, and that, sahib, is where my sahib gets his supplies."

It was a novel idea of commissariat to the major, so, gathering up his reins, he bid Joseph good-morning and rode off. My worthy helper came round to where I was and told me, with a merry twinkle in his eye, the whole conversation.

Nor did Joseph say one word which he did not fully believe. He knew it was my habit to do exactly as he said, asking help of God, and then using all the common sense and opportunity with which providence favored us from day to day, and that thus we were kept going. If the major had had "spiritual discernment" and "marked a providence," he would have "comprehended" the exact correctness of Joseph's reply. But I suppose his inability led him to take the more limited and worldly view, and he set

down the answer to Joseph's adroitness to head him off in his artful effort. Perhaps it was a pretty good illustration of the text which says, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." But the major was more than ever puzzled to find out from what brick kiln and timber yard our resources were derived. He little knew that (apart from what we first obtained before the law gave him his peculiar power) we had given up competing with him on that line, and were drawing what we further needed from a source of which he did not even dream.

Here Joseph's sagacity was of great assistance to me. Some time before, when the piles began to diminish rather fast, and we were becoming anxious, he called my attention to the fact that, in the recapture of Bareilly, the year previously, General Jones, approaching it from the Delhi side, had to do some damage with his artillery to drive out the Sepoys and compel surrender. So there were some ruins here and there, of no particular use to their owners, which Joseph found they would be glad to sell, as we desired the materials only and not the land. They were willing to wait till next year to build, when the emergency would be over, and prices would have fallen perhaps one half. Thus it was a mutual advantage to them and us. Joseph would make the bargains and bring me to examine and sanction in each instance. Then he would put coolies on the walls, and the bricks, timber, and tiles would be got out, bul-

lock carts called, and the loads marched up to our premises. So our heaps were sustained, while our walls went up, and the major was puzzled to account for it. But we succeeded, and all was ready by the time that the missionaries arrived. It was a hard struggle, nevertheless, and especially for my family, as we had to go through that hot season under canvas, when the thermometer often stood from 130 to 140 degrees in the sun, and boils and ophthalmia were the penalty that had to be endured for such exposure.

My good helper had also charge of our little congregation. We fixed up a room as a place of worship, and Joseph arranged for a dedication of it. One of the great deficiencies was something to sing that was suitable. Hymns and tunes were very scarce things then. But good Joseph assured me that he would look after that, too. How he could do it was more than I could imagine. But the Sabbath came round, the room was ready, had a little pulpit, and really looked very presentable. Joseph was at his best as he conducted the service. He had the hymns written out on paper for any who could read to join. To my surprise, the singing was most hearty, with tunes that I had never heard before. When the service closed Joseph came to me, and was evidently anxious to know what I thought of the dedication, and especially of the singing. I told him how much I was pleased, and said, "But, Joseph, where did you get those hymns?" With real modesty he answered, "Well,

sahib, I made them myself!" And when I asked for an explanation, how it came that the congregation had joined so heartily in the singing, I found that Joseph had selected native tunes, and having made verses that would go to them, he had drilled the people two or three evenings in advance of the "dedication" Sabbath, and hence the results that so surprised me.

I did not then know what value there was in the effort, or what significance it bore to the future; but I have lived long enough to see that it meant more than I then supposed. In subsequent years, when the *bhajan* style of hymns came into such favor in our mission, and native music was adapted, and their singing became so much more enthusiastic than our foreign hymns and tunes could be to them, my mind went gratefully back to this, the first manifestation of both, and I had good reason to appreciate the effort made by Joseph. There must have been both merit and originality in that instance beyond what I could understand: for last year, when I reached Bareilly, one of the first persons to accost me was a man of noble presence, who said, "O, sahib, how grateful I am that when I was a little fellow, running wild about these streets, you noticed me, and insisted that my father must send me to school that I might obtain an education!" I looked up inquiringly, and they said, "Why, this is Brother Isaac Fieldbrave, the son of Joseph, your old helper." So here I found the

poetic talent of the father resting, with large increase, upon the worthy son, who is to-day "the sweet singer" of our India Israel, and author already of nearly fifty of the hymns in our India Hymnal. He is an ordained elder in our Conference, and one of the most devoted and successful revivalists that we have in that land.

In due time the missionaries arrived, and were comfortably settled in their new homes, and the entire machinery of our mission was soon in good running order. But our little congregations were sadly lacking in the woman element, and we had no female agency to work in either school or zenana. The prospect was not encouraging. Still the hope born in my heart in the Dewanee-Khass remained, and its fruition was awaited with earnest expectation. Thinking I might push matters somewhat, I wrote and pleaded with Dr. Durbin to send me two lady missionaries, that we might try, without further delay, what could be done. He kindly granted the request, and they came. But we found that little could be effected then in that line of work. I was premature in the effort. Circumstances were not ready. No zenana home was open to them, and the people ridiculed our first efforts to establish girls' schools in Bareilly. So we had to "trust in the Lord and wait patiently for him," assured that though his "hour had not yet come," it would come, and we should see and rejoice in it.

Let us trace the further links in that divine chain of events which our God was meanwhile preparing, and which were, ere long, to be united together so timely and effectually that the divine plan would be fully developed. I have, in the last chapter, referred to the two links already prepared : the suggestion and the letter in the "Dewanee-Khass," and the education dispatch of Sir Charles Wood. Here were the preliminary and foundation facts on which all subsequent and cognate links were suspended. One was the State, converted, at last, from its subservience to caste, and from its indifference to the danger arising from the deep ignorance of the masses under its rule. The other was, the Church of Christ, especially its feminine portion, called by the special grace of God to come to his aid for the enlightenment and redemption of their sisterhood in India, whom they alone could reach. The State stood ready, as soon as they came and had prepared a suitable native agency, to meet with liberal hand one half of the entire expense of their educational efforts in schools and orphanages : it was "the earth helping the woman," under the providence of the Almighty. In the meantime God was guiding us, so that, when the events transpired where the opportunity which we were to utilize should come within our reach, we might be wise to "discern the signs of the times," and fulfill the duty expected of us. The good-will of the government in India, the

sanction of the home authorities, and our Missionary Society, the sympathy of the ladies of our Church, and the money to make our first efforts, were already secured and in our hand. We were ready and waiting for the coming events, now so near.

5. The inevitable *famine* appeared, and great numbers sunk under its pressure ere the government was able to institute measures of relief. No railroads, no roads of any kind then, in or through the districts on which the infliction fell, by which help and succor could be hurried up for relief. But the government did what it could to mitigate the blow that had fallen upon the poor people. The native police were sent out through the villages to succor the living and to bury the dead. Even Hindu humanity led the poor parents to favor the children with the last morsel available. So that, in many cases, the children alone were found alive. The accounts of the misery that reached us were dreadful. As soon as possible the wretched little ones were brought into Moradabad, one of our mission stations, where the authorities took temporary care of them until some arrangements would be developed to take them off their hands. I went to see them, and never before witnessed such wretchedness as they exhibited. But I felt assured that Christian kindness and education, and above all the Gospel of Christ, could work miracles among even these wretched starving children.

6. I made my offer to the government to take up and adopt about one hundred and fifty of each sex. Of course they were much pleased to be relieved of the care of so many of them, and promised to render us every aid in their power in the burden which we were assuming. I secured the hearty sympathy of nearly all the members of the mission in this effort. There were one or two timid ones who doubted the prudence of our course in taking such a heavy charge upon our hands. One of them remarked one day, "Brother Butler, what will you do with all those children? You will bankrupt the mission, most surely." I could only reply, "The Lord will provide; wait and see." If that person had included the future more fully in his view, or had prayed as long and earnestly over this question of the number to be taken as I had done, he would have felt as the rest of us did, and have even regretted that we could not take a larger number. Yet, even that doubting one learned afterward to rejoice with us in the glad results.

Taking my faithful helper, Joseph, with me, I went over to Moradabad to select the children, but after a day or two I learned, to my astonishment, that I had some further difficulties to overcome ere I obtained them. I found the English magistrate (who shall be nameless here) had no sympathy whatever with our object. Whether this man's opposition arose from dislike to Christianity itself, or to our

Methodist form of it, I cannot say; but I soon learned that he had made up his mind to obstruct us as far as he dared without involving himself with the government, whose sanction I had secured. He gave as a reason for his resistance to their adoption by a Christian mission, that he objected to their being brought up in a faith opposed to that of their dead parents. But I drew his attention to the fact that the co-religionists of their parents had shown no interest in taking them up and providing for them, but left them and the rest in their misery. We had come forward, and were ready to do what they would not do; but that we took them on our own conditions, which were, to educate them, not to be heathen, but to be Christians. His Hindu and Mohammedan friends could have as many as they chose (for there were hundreds left, and waiting for some one to have compassion upon them), and they could then bring them up as they should prefer. Yet they did not move a finger for the relief of, nor ask for, any of them; they had other motives in view, and were at work upon them. I could not suspect how busy the devil was meanwhile trying to head me off, and that he was making use of this man for his purposes; but, no doubt, he well knew what our effort meant to him, and his dark dominion over the valley of the Ganges, and was resolved that we should be defeated, though the means involved the ruin, body and soul, of these poor girls whom we were so anxious to save!

It was evident that I was going to have a struggle with this unworthy "Christian" for my share of these poor children. I knew I could have his resistance overruled by making an appeal to the government, but that was not desirable if it could be avoided. So I returned to Bareilly to see what could be done before bringing matters to an issue, though apprehending disadvantage from the delay. Taking the case to the Lord in prayer, I implored his help in this emergency, that he might "undertake for us." I felt sure that, whatever the resistance was, or might mean, that he would not allow our hopes to be dashed to the ground, but would place this precious charge in our hands, and ultimately make them the help and blessing to our work in the future for which I had so earnestly hoped and prayed. But I soon learned that waiting would not bring them—a struggle for them was inevitable, and that for more reasons than we then knew or even feared, anxious though our own forebodings were. I began to realize that I should once more have to face the devil in his den in my efforts to preserve these children from his grasp. Alas, I dreamed not that they were already in his clutches, and that he, "like a lion greedy of his prey," was exulting over his success! Still they were not absolutely his. Even from the jaws of Satan poor fainting souls may be rescued! Glorious indeed is the divine attribute of power. I remembered that He was "the strong God," "the

Mighty One of Jacob," and to him I went with an agonized heart (for I was growing very apprehensive), pleading for those little ones, whom I felt were in great danger, and that he alone could rescue them. How the word of God was adapted to our relief, as though given by his own inspiration for the very case in hand : " Thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered : for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children !"

Within a few days came the glad news that the opposing magistrate was unexpectedly removed to another station, and his successor was hourly looked for. I waited till the arrival of the new magistrate was reported, and then went over again to Morabad to see him. With an anxious heart I approached his office. He received me kindly. His gentle and manly looks encouraged me to believe that I should find sympathy for my object. He listened to my story, and, as I gave the facts, his fine countenance changed into indignant amazement, and he said, " O, how could any man with a Christian name and a white face put a barrier in the way of such an object as yours ! You shall have the children. Where are they ? " I could not tell. He turned to his native subordinates, and, in a tone that alarmed them, repeated his question : " Where are those children which this gentleman has selected ? " They shrugged their shoulders, and said, " Sahib, we don't know."

But they were trembling. They saw that they had to do with a man with whom they dare not trifle. Their unity in this wrong melted away in a moment, and each began to clear himself of complicity in the terrible facts, till the accountability was brought home to the responsible party ; and a demand that they should be promptly restored and surrendered had to be at once given. Then was revealed the horrible crime which one or two of the Mohammedan officials of that court had arranged to perpetrate. Taking advantage of the former magistrate's refusal, and assuming that I would not earnestly push my claim, they had stolen the girls, not to bring them up in their ancestral faith (for that was Hinduism), nor even to snatch them out of the hands of Christianity ; but for the devilish purpose of having them brought up to a life of infamy ! It is hard to believe that there could exist creatures in human form capable of taking these orphans in their utter wretchedness to sink them down to a doom like this ! We are told, that in the presence of the immaculate Christ men and demons had to stand confessed in their true character. We read of some who are described thus, "A man who had a spirit of an unclean devil" in him ! Now, how much above this lowest of all degradation —this compound of beast and devil—were the men who could for such a purpose deliberately sink these poor girls into the "deep damnation" of a life of shame ! It is supposable that there may be demons

who are not degraded enough to perpetrate such deeds as these. What is said by the poet of the fearful guilt of suicides—who rush uncalled into the divine presence—may be true in hell of human monsters of this class, that—

“The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.”

Often since have I hoped that it might be possible to believe the case was not so dreadful. I have but seldom referred to it, and never before wrote out the facts. Those responsible are probably no longer among the living. They have passed into eternity; but, these things being so, what a “judgment to come” awaits them there! My motive in giving the facts now will be manifest farther on in the narrative, although my readers will, no doubt, anticipate me in this, as exhibiting the “depth of mercy” which was illustrated in the rescue and saving of these poor but precious girls—saved, too, for such a different destiny—and also to show how much stronger is God than Satan and all his emissaries, no matter how sure and fortified they may be in their policy and efforts!

I hope that magistrate has no responsibility to meet in “the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed,” for the fearful deeds of his subordinates. But he certainly will have to answer for the gratification he gave those Mohammedans, in refusing to give up the children to me, as well as for the

opportunity which he placed in their power when he left those girls at their mercy on his departure. He imitated another magistrate, with whom he will have to stand at that awful bar of judgment, of whom it is written, that “Felix, willing to show the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound,” to meet a fate he did not deserve. Those girls were promptly recovered, to the last one, and sent, at the expense of somebody (not at our expense, certainly), right off to Bareilly; so that, within the week, Joseph and myself had the joy of receiving them all. How mad the devil must have been that day! And how truly were the Scriptures illustrated here, “Of some have compassion, making a difference: and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garments spotted by the flesh!”

But how can I adequately describe these poor girls as they were set down at our door that day? They were sent in large carts, each containing twenty girls. The oldest was probably twelve or thirteen years, the youngest a mere baby; but three fourths of them were under eleven years of age. Each driver had his list for his load. He lifted out the largest one first, and laid her down; then the rest, placing them around her, as if building them into a bee-hive shape. Then the heaps were counted and the signature affixed to each list, and the carts moved off. It made the tears come to look at these desolate little piles of humanity, cuddling up to each

other, as though trying to hide themselves from the view of those white ladies and gentlemen that looked at them so seriously. They were all untidy, and their countenances bore the trace of the hunger through which they had passed. Indeed, one of them died on the way over from Moradabad, and we had to lift the little dead body out of the cart and bury it at once. Three or four others also were so far gone that we could not restore them. They, too, lie in our little cemetery. The rest we were able to save. The aspect was sad. No joy of childhood on any face, only a look of doubt and fear instead; as if they were wondering what was going to happen to them, or whether we, who surveyed these groups, were to be kind to them or not. If I only had a *photograph* of them, as they looked *that day*, to place side by side with the photographs we have of them as they now appear, it ought to be enough to induce even an infidel (having any genuine philanthropy left in him) to ask the privilege of becoming a regular subscriber to the missionary society which could, and did, do work like this, in saving and transforming *such* specimens of wretched humanity into the happy, cleanly, cultivated women, whose tears of grateful joy welcomed us back again, twenty-four years after, into Lucknow and Bareilly!

But, they were girls, and the glad thought was that they were now at last our own, to save and train and elevate, so that they might rise to be happy

in themselves, and a blessing to their country forever. We accepted them as a trust from God, as a response to our long and prayerful desire in the work that we had to do for him in India. How these hopes were justified, and even exceeded, will hereafter appear. All hands were soon at work in loving labor, to change the sad aspect of things. Our good ladies and their native helpers, before the sun went down, had accomplished a most delightful transformation. Bodies "washed in pure water," clean clothing, and a hearty meal of wholesome food, banished the gloomy looks, and brought out the first smiles we saw on those little faces. They began to realize what kind hearts and hands were now around them. And, then, their minds were, of course, in as necessitous a condition as their poor bodies. Not one of all this group could read, or write her own name. A great work had to be done for the mind as well as for the body. These children being utterly without culture, and morally "not knowing their right hand from their left," had to be carefully taught the difference between good and evil, and, then, for a lengthened season, they had to be as patiently borne with to help them to do, and continue to follow, after the things which made for their peace and purity. It was a great experiment that we had undertaken, to lift this mass of female humanity, every item of it, dark and degraded in body, soul, and spirit, up to health, to purity, to intelligence, and to God. How fully the

laborious years of toil and self-sacrifice bestowed on them have been rewarded by the results, will be shown by the statistics I am soon to quote.

Notwithstanding the prudence with which I tried to manage this painful business the facts got out, and it would have made that magistrate's ears tingle could he have heard some things said of him by the other English gentlemen, and especially by their ladies. Even upright heathen condemned his unworthy action. So it was no surprise to me, on returning to India, just after he left it forever, to find that his official career had closed under a cloud. It is not men like him that God honors with the love and respect of the good and benevolent, devoted to the welfare of those around them. A very different class of thought was raised in my mind as I looked so gladly upon those happy groups of women whom he had tried to hinder me from saving. Thank God ! in despite of him they were saved, and they are there to-day, a precious band of Christian women, while he that would have hindered me is far away !

About the time that these difficulties had to be faced another magistrate at the next station (Bijnour) chose to make himself unpleasant to us ; standing in the way of our obtaining the land we needed for our mission-house and place of worship in that city. But this was only sectarian littleness. We were not Episcopalians, and, therefore, could have no claim on his sympathy ; not only so, he was weak-

minded enough to try to hinder us because we belonged to those “insignificant Methodists.” He could not even be civil. But, as he was “king in Bijnour,” he assumed that we should have to submit to his will, and remain without a head-quarters for our mission there. This man knew so little of existing Christianity,—he did not understand that we were a Church, and not only a Church, but also the largest voluntary Church in Christendom. Yet he affected to look down upon us. Poor man! When I encountered a person of this class (though, I am thankful to say, there were very few such to encounter) I never turned aside, nor altered my plans on his account. I went on, and made all my arrangements, and quietly waited (not on them, but) on God to remove the obstruction, whatever it might be; and it was always done. I never failed to find our missions in the localities where I had been led to decide to place them. We occupy to-day every strategic point which I selected twenty-five years ago.

But no credit to me for this. I had merely sense and grace enough to see that those who closely followed the Divine guidance should not be disappointed. No matter about the difficulties in the way; God would look after them. I had only to “wait patiently for him,” and he would not only guide, but also give me the desire of my heart. How many difficulties, large and small, this simple trust carried me through!

But others noted the results, and after awhile I had no trouble. I received all I wanted or asked for, and that, too, generally with much good-will and kindness. Time brings explanations of many things.

Last year, in India, one of my old associates asked me:

"Brother Butler, do you know what the English officials used to say about you when you were here?"

"No; what did they say?"

"Why, it became a sort of accepted conclusion among them to remark, when your name came up, 'Well now, I tell you, if Dr. Butler, the missionary, comes round to ask you to do something to help that mission of his, I advise you to let him have it; don't refuse, for, if you do, you will either be removed elsewhere, or else you will get sick and have to apply for furlough. At least, let him and his work alone.' Then A., B., and C., would be quoted as illustrations of the fact!"

Certainly the case of Mr. P. at Bijnour was very much in point. He resisted our entrance there, and our obtaining land for the mission, even though the man who owned it was willing and anxious to sell to us. Yet Mr. P. set himself deliberately to hinder our work. But I put the matter into the Lord's hands and waited. Illness did soon lay hold on Mr. P., medical examination ordered him away to sea, and he was hurried off, to catch the next mail

steamer from Calcutta. His successor in office proved to be a very different sort of person, giving us both sympathy and help. The land was soon bought, the mission-house and place of worship erected; and there they both were when Mr. P. returned from England, the following year, standing on the other side of the road right opposite his own residence! It is due to him to say that, after he got over his amazement, he brought his mind to the circumstances, and henceforth showed us considerable deference. But these were the exceptions: the usual rule with these generous English people, was hearty appreciation and liberal help toward our new mission—and truly the pious among them (and there were many such) rose above all denominational narrowness and showed, in their catholicity of feeling, that they could fully appreciate Christian brethren who were not of their Church, and that they cordially sympathized in the sentiment,

“Sectarian littleness disdain,
Not in the order of each vein
Do purest gems agree.”

We lost nothing by any contrary manifestation on the part of those who were weak enough to indulge it.

It was agreed by the government, as our good friend Mr. Reid had arranged, that we should have the “Grant in Aid” for our Orphanages and Schools. The grant for the Orphanages was to be continued ten years, and then to cease, as by that time it was ex-

pected that the institution would expend itself; and the one hundred and fifty children of each sex would have been educated, and have gone forth to whatever duties of life might open to them. But, evidently, this was not the divine purpose concerning these institutions. The Lord knew that for a great duty like ours—with twenty millions of souls around us, having only us to look to for the light and teaching of salvation—that one hundred and fifty boys and as many girls could not supply one tenth the native agents that such a great work would require. Twenty millions of souls is an immense parish. A thousand boys and as many girls, even if fifty per cent. of their number became efficient preachers and teachers, would only yield one agent for every twenty thousand souls in that valley.

The *continuation* of these Orphanages became necessary for the work which God had called us to do for him, and he provided for that continuance by furnishing the children and leading the government there and the Church at home to perpetuate their assistance until a more adequate agency was provided. This was accomplished in India by the Divine blessing which rested upon those who had charge of the institutions, so that they gained such a character for efficiency and benevolence among both English and natives, that destitute children were sent to them from all the region round. On inquiring of the government what we were to do as to the support of

these additional children which were sent to us by the magistrates and others, we were kindly told that we might add their names also to the list for which we drew the monthly "grants in aid." Thus, on the expiration of the ten years, the valuable help continued right on as usual, and still continues, though more than twice ten years have passed over. So also the help and sympathy of the Church at home have been uninterrupted; and accordingly both of the Orphanages have gone on with their beneficent work, and for twenty years we have been graduating classes of those precious youth of both sexes, and meeting the wants of our mission in the suitable agents which the spreading work requires. And, now, the college comes in to meet the great necessity of that higher culture which is imperatively demanded, and which is not only to give us a trained native ministry, but also enable us to dispense entirely with any heathen assistance in our schools; so that all our helpers of any class will soon be Christians only. The numerical statistics of these institutions will enable my readers to fully appreciate the great value to our cause of these providential facts, which the good hand of God concentrated here for our help in the work that we had to accomplish for him.

What all this amounts to now, and what it implies for the future of that work, will be seen a few pages farther on. The wisdom of God was manifested in thus early placing these children in our hands, and in

providing the means necessary for their support and training, while he was preparing meanwhile the other links of that chain of mercy with which they were to be united so soon as they had been prepared for the work that they were to perform. The first hundred and fifty girls all passed through the Orphanage; but quietly God supplied their places, and even doubled the number, so that we have to-day over two hundred and eighty girls under training for the coming future. Perhaps none of our missionaries will have higher honor and greater joy in the presence of our Lord than will those who have so faithfully and patiently labored for the welfare and salvation of these children. Brother and Sister Thomas, Sister Fanny Sparkes, Brother and Sister Johnson, and Brother and Sister Bare, will, no doubt, be glad forever for what God enabled them to do in the preparation of this native agency for the redemption of the Gangetic valley. Leaving them thus employed, let us try to trace the other aspects of the Divine plan which were to concur with this when all had been made ready for the requisite union and action.

7. In addition to the important movements already traced, it was also indispensable, in order to render them effective, that the old and wicked prejudice against female education should pass away, after its lengthened tyranny of thousands of years, and that a new public sentiment in favor of the instruction of women should be created in India. Even men like

Dr. Duff could not forecast how this wonderful revolution in public opinion could be brought about, or how the Brahminical resistance to any change could be overborne. But God knew, and was working on toward that result in compassion for the benighted women in those dreary homes of ignorance and gloom. Sir Charles Wood's educational enactment, and its generous provisions of assistance for teaching, irrespective of sex or creed, was stirring the hearts of men, leading them to think and feel, till they were beginning to realize the shame that ignorance had fastened on themselves, their families, and their native land. This thought, under the divine providence, was working so powerfully in the minds of those who lead native opinion, that they were becoming ready for a change, and many of them were glad to accept any strong and reasonable excuse to cast off the fetters that had so long bound them all.

Yet they were individually timid about taking the initiative. If they could move together they would go into the innovation. But to do this required a leadership, that was far beyond their courage. What was just then needed was an imperial power—a voice that could speak and be heard all over India, commanding the great change and urging it upon them as a duty. God had that voice ready. The honored man, to whom was given to speak the first and effective utterance for woman's enlightenment was Lord Lawrence. And beyond what even he was conscious

of, was to be the power and influence of those few words, which no other governor-general had ventured to utter—for they had all ignored woman, as a creature not to be named or known, and who had no claim whatever upon the consideration of the governing power. But this great viceroy, who had already commended the subject to the consideration of prominent individuals among them, resolved to give it public indorsement, and took his opportunity at the grand durbar, in Lahore, on the 18th of October, 1864. Before that brilliant assembly of chiefs and princes he laid down the obligations which their position involved for their country's welfare, by education and good administration, and then closed with these emphatic words, “To this end I urge you to instruct your sons, *and even your daughters.*” Those words rang over India, and were repeated by him in other durbars. Their influence was immense. The viceroy had indorsed *female* education, and the English government had provided *funds* for its general establishment.

The position had become irresistible, a new public sentiment was originated which was going to carry all before it. It is to-day omnipotent in India. Not a “dog moves his tongue” against it, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. Even the sullen Brahmins are silent, and dare not resist it. At first there may have been a measure of that sycophancy which is characteristic of Oriental submission to the expressed “Hook-

um of the Sirkar," as the government behest is called. But long since their enlightened judgments have approved the daring innovation, and the zeal of many of them (even to the extent of devoting large portions of their own revenues to help on the cause of female education) will be shown hereafter. Honored be the memory of the great Christian viceroy, who, when "darkness was upon the face of the deep" of India's homes and India's women, had the godlike courage to stand forth and say, "Let there be light!" His name will yet be gratefully entwined by the daughters of Hindustan with those of the worthies who abolished female infanticide and terminated the suttee. To such a man, and the results of his administration, "the last words of David" (recorded in 2 Sam. xxiii, 3, 4) might well be applied, as descriptive of such a governor as India had in Lord Lawrence—and they ought to be descriptive of every man elevated to rule—especially in a land like America, where we have free choice and elect our own governors: "The God of Israel said . . . He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Such a ruler of men was this governor-general, and the memory of his kind is blessed in India, as in every land favored with such godlike administrations. The world is weary, the

Church disgraced, and God dishonored by the elevation of the wicked to rule over men anywhere. But it is simply shameful, and a denial of God's authority, to elect sinners to rule over a Christian people.

Well was it for woman and the cause of her education that it could truly be said of Lawrence, "Thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." There was one who closely followed him in that seat of power who, had the great work not been done before he came, would, I fear, have utterly ignored it, and the opportunity might have been lost for a generation to come. But when God's hour of mercy arrived, and the other favoring circumstances were in concurrence, the man was there too, as God's honored agent, to give effect to the benevolent purpose of the Almighty.

8. There was a suddenness in this amazing change that surprised us all ; and as the new situation commended itself so extensively to the judgment of every one who desired to see the women of India elevated, a great difficulty began to develop itself—one that was so serious that some feared and became anxious lest the benevolent intentions of the government should be shipwrecked upon it. There arose an apprehension that they had created a demand beyond their ability to supply it, and that the whole of the precious prospect was in danger of being lost ! The government was asked by the nobles, who had accepted the proposition of educating the ladies of

their families, *who* was to give the education which they had consented to accept? They reminded the government it could not be received from any agency but a female one. No man could enter those zenana homes, even to save life, and if education was to enter there a woman must bring it. *Where* were the educated women to be found to do this work? The question puzzled the government. In fact, they had not realized this difficulty or how it was to be met, and they were at a loss for a proper answer. They could only reply that they would give the question their earnest consideration, and see what could be done to meet the demand which they had created. The proposition was discussed to advertise for teachers in England, who would go out to India, learn the language, and give themselves to this work for a series of years. I suppose the effort was made, but I have yet to learn that it was responded to, or that any such teachers went out to impart secular instruction. Worldly women could not be induced to go to India, endure the climate, learn the language, and devote their lives to work of this kind, merely under the lure of a good salary, and a pension after so many years of toil—for such the Indian government gives to all its servants. Had the government been shut up to secular women, moved by secular motives, then Lord Lawrence's generous hopes must have largely failed, and Sir Charles Wood's education measure been of little worth in India. There was a pause

here, and men waited to see what could be done to meet the emergency.

9. And now, when so much needed, came forth the last of these golden links to draw together and vitalize all the others, combining them in a vast aggregate of good, the effects of which will live forever. We read that, "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons;" so, as 1869 approached, and the success of the great hope that had been awakened in the heart of India for the enlightenment of one sixth of all the women on earth (hidden away in the secluded homes of that land), as well as for women in all unevangelized climes, God revealed the agency that he had in reserve to meet the emergency and to complete his plan. The *Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies* were organized ; organized "in the fullness of time," when the zenana doors were at last opening, when the government was ready to welcome them gladly, when the appropriate native female agency required had been made ready to help them, when the requisite funds were available for their schools and orphanages, and when the field was all their own and every obstacle had been removed out of the way of their work and usefulness ; then they came, with loving hearts and gentle hands, to render this new and peculiar service which they alone could accomplish.

How timely it was all arranged! Had they come earlier the value of their work could not have been so evident as it was when it became so manifest that they would do this service for their sisterhood in India—not for secular gain, but for love—"the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." Their disinterested devotion carried with it a power for good which told at once and wonderfully with the hearts which they were to benefit. And again, had they come earlier, the requisite agency of educated girls to aid them, and whose labors they were to direct (thus multiplying their own power and usefulness), would not have been ready for them. How wonderfully each portion of the divine plan fitted to the others, and what an important part that female Orphanage was to bear in the great work, may be illustrated in a single fact. Miss Clara Swain was the first female physician sent by any ladies' society to the East. There was great interest excited in Bareilly by the announcement of her coming. Many ladies in its zenana homes, languishing for the help which her healing art would afford them, impatiently awaited her arrival. It was wonderful to those heathen women that she should leave her home and native land and cross the world to bring health and healing to them; and all this, not for gain or worldly motive, but for love and good-will. They had never heard or imagined any thing so gracious and disinterested as this was. At length she arrived, but felt sad over

the thought that she should have so long to wait ere she could begin her benevolent work in their homes of suffering, for want of the language. It seemed as though two years must elapse ere she could acquire that and be able to commence her practice. But how delighted she was to be told by Mrs. Thomas that she need not delay one day in responding to the eager calls for her help. Several of the graduating class in the Girls' Orphanage had been trained in a knowledge of the English language, and she had only to select the girl she preferred from among them who would thus become her companion and interpreter, and at once commence her blessed work. This she did, and so, only a few hours after her arrival in Bareilly she was fulfilling her mission as a medical lady in those zenana homes.

The fact was so suggestive that she not only went on with her practice, but also took five members of that class and commenced a course of medical instruction with them that in three years enabled her to offer the class for the consideration of the government authorities, who had them examined, and they were voted license to practice as medical women. Another class was trained by Dr. Humphrey, and yet another by Dr. Dease. So that about eighteen of our girls have already been qualified as medical practitioners. The value of this single fact, as a result of that Orphanage, in such a land (where a lady would rather die than permit a male physician to enter her pres-

ence), will be appreciated by my readers, and calls for most devout gratitude to Him, whose blessed suggestion originated that institution, and who had in view all the good, temporal and spiritual, that it was capable of accomplishing for the millions around them.

High and low, rich and poor alike, have been led to appreciate the disinterested devotion illustrated here. What thousands of suffering women have been helped by the dispensary and the hospital there established we shall know when the report is presented. The highest testimony to its value and effectiveness was given when the Nawab of Rampore, voluntarily and unasked, presented his Bareilly palace and grounds a gift to our mission, in order to furnish to Miss Swain a woman's hospital, adequate in convenience and extent for the work she was doing for his countrywomen.

But here we must pause, for we are approaching Bareilly in that railway train from Lucknow. All these reflections, and many more which centered there, had been occupying our thoughts during the five hours that we rushed on toward it. Of course the Theological Seminary, and Training School as well, came in for their share of remembrance, as our adoring gratitude ascended to God for what we were about to see in such effectiveness; while, in tender reminiscence, there rose up that pathetic fact of Maria's martyrdom and what had come of it. The very ground where she resided I had secured by purchase

when Havelock's victories enabled me to return to Bareilly. The Female Orphanage of our Church stands on the site of her home and the little garden around it. So that on the very ground where she used to tread, and where she so often knelt to pray for the coming of the Gospel to her country, hundreds of Christian girls have been raised up to aid the work she loved so well.

And this is but the beginning. That the blood of His martyrs has been the seed of his Church is true in this case, also, and with a wonderful emphasis. This humble and gentle girl, of whom Bareilly was not worthy, did not die in vain. She was inheritor of the promise, that "the little one shall become a thousand." God is guaranteeing the literal fulfillment of the prediction ; for already more than one fourth of that number of her race and sex have there become the followers of her Saviour—a goodly company of whom, as we shall learn a few pages farther on, are now fully employed in the promotion of the blessed cause to which she was willing to give her service, but had, instead, to give her life ! But, if this is the result reached at the end of the first quarter of a century, can there be reasonable doubt that, ere the second quarter closes, the predicted "thousand" will not only be reached, but will "overflow with righteousness," in a consummation of glorious power through all that valley ?

Such were the thoughts which filled our souls and banished sleep during those midnight hours as we swept

through the towns and villages of that Gangetic Valley, on our way from Lucknow to Bareilly. The clear silver light of the moon enabled us to realize where we were at every stopping-place, and it was delightful to realize how many of them had already the Methodist pastor, and a place of worship and school established, with a little body of Christian believers, letting their light shine amid the deep darkness of a venerable and popular idolatry. When I left India, eighteen years ago, only nine of the larger cities had been occupied, and about as many more of the intervening places. But now, such has been the divine blessing on the toil of our missionaries, I find nearly all the important towns are linked in with the large cities, and our Methodism has a standing in not less than one hundred and fifty towns and cities within the bounds of the North India Conference; a steady gain of more than seven points every year since the organization of the mission. It would not be easy to find a parallel to such extension in any single mission, even in this age of progress. To God be all the glory!

For nearly five glorious hours that night sleep was out of the question. We were approaching Bareilly, and our poor hearts were thrilling with the thought how much the light of the next day would disclose to our delighted vision! We had crossed the world to reach this blessed center, and now it was close at hand—only an hour more—for some gong had just

struck "two o'clock." But just here poor tired nature began to give out, and imperatively demanded a short nap. As the irresistible drowsiness crept over me, the last thought was, "How shall I manage about our luggage? I understand it is a full mile from the station to the mission. We can easily walk that distance in the lovely moonlight if there is only some way by which the luggage can come along." We had not dreamed of any reception, especially in the middle of the night; so, with this little anxiety I sank off into a weary doze, which seemed not to have lasted more than ten minutes, when it was suddenly broken by the whistle of the engine; and rising to my feet, I knew we were approaching Bareilly. Immediately the train ran rapidly into the siding, and the end of the platform was reached—when, lo! something that seemed like a white wall, about five feet high, stood on the outer edge, and before I could recover my sleepy surprise that they should put a wall there to keep people from landing, "the wall" began to show streaks up and down, and as the rapid movement became more controlled, the "streaks" defined themselves into a row of girls, in their usual white raiment, extending from one end of the platform to the other. It was our dear orphan girls—all of the two hundred and eighty that were old enough and could walk so far and keep awake so long—who had requested Miss Fanny Sparkes to allow them to come up to meet and welcome once more to Bareilly "The Father and

Mother of the Mission!" Behind the girls stood the theological students, the missionary families, and a number of the members of the Church. In front of all stood Miss Sparkes, and the moment they saw our faces, and realized that we were in the train, there rose, to the tune of "Old Hundred," the doxology, in their own language:

"Tín ek Khudá jo lá-mafrúq
Hamd us kí-karo sab makhlúq
Asmánío, zamínío!
Báp, Bete, Rúh kí hamd karo!"

Not till we are hailed by the waiting ones on "the golden strand," shall we again behold any thing as blessed as was that group of welcome, so radiant in the lovely moonlight, with their doxology of joy rising upon the night air to heaven!

How small, how formal and fleeting, seemed any of the honors that this world confers compared with this simple, hearty, and holy welcome at Bareilly! Our fellow-passengers woke up, and asked, in amazement, "What does all this mean? A congregation at a station in the middle of the night singing the Christian doxology!" And they gazed out upon the hallowed scene with increasing surprise. But we had no time to answer their inquiries. We were too deeply engaged trying to have the door opened and get out among that company, whose loving hands and hearts were so eager to hail and welcome us! No wonder Mrs. Butler, after enthusiastically embracing

that long line of precious girls, stood still and cried for excess of joy and gratitude. It was all such a contrast to the days gone by, when she and others, in distress of soul, made those earnest efforts to reach and teach even half a dozen girls in this city, and could not do it—had to give it up in despair and sit down and weep over the failure!

And now, here was this happy crowd of Christian girls welcoming her into the same Barielly with a doxology of joy! “What hath God wrought!” After a multitude of congratulations we were released, and our kind entertainers, Brother and Sister Thomas, carried us off to their comfortable home, where welcome rest awaited us. But how grateful was the prayer that we offered to God that night for all the mercies of this journey, and for the blessing and the joy with which it had just been crowned!

Next day they had a formal reception for us in the Girls’ Orphanage, having done all they could to make it interesting and delightful. It was the brightest sight we had ever seen in India—that precious group of Christian girls, two hundred and eighty-four in number—all so neat and happy, who, together with their instructors, the mission families and visitors, filled the entire hall. The dark eyes of the orphan girls were lustrous with interest, and gleamed out the grateful feelings that evidently filled their hearts. The occasion was evidently an event in their lives—as it certainly was in our own—and one never to be for-

gotten by either party. After devotional services they sang sweetly several of their hymns, such as

“I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord,” etc.;

and,

“His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice,” etc.

It was delightful to reflect that so many of them were singing these estatic words from a heartfelt realization of their meaning. Miss Sparkes was presiding, and Mrs. Butler and myself had been seated in the posts of honor. A hush, and the manifestations of an intense interest began to steal over the assembly. It was evident that something more than ordinary was about to occur. Amid this solemn attention, one of the teachers stepped out into the center aisle. She was one of the original hundred and fifty orphans, and is retained as a leading teacher. How sweet and precious she looked! Controlling her own emotions, she proceeded to give, in her own language, the address of welcome on behalf of the original number, as well as of all who were then present, expressing their gratitude to God and to us for all that had been done to make them what they were that day, and expressing gratefully their appreciation of the tender affection which led us, so voluntarily and without any official obligation, and even in our old age, to cross the world to see *them* once more. It was accepted by them as one of the highest instances that they had ever known of Christian love; they be-

lieved it could have been prompted only by the great love of the precious Saviour, who died for them.

When she had concluded, there stepped out three little ones—the leader of them, perhaps nine years old or less, advanced toward us, the other two behind her, bearing something covered up on a tray; all evidently feeling the importance of what they had to do on behalf of the rest. The little tot advanced till she stood right before us, and then, with wonderful self-command, she said :

“ Sahib and memsahib, salam (peace be unto you.) I have been selected by the school to offer you our nuzzar (a gift of honor and affection) because, sahib, I am the orphan child of the first orphan girl you took up. The name you gave my mother was Almira Blake. She lived to grow up and be educated—and became a Christian, and was married to a preacher. My mother died three years ago, and my father last year, and I was left alone, and they took me in here for my mother’s sake. So, sahib, this is the reason why they selected me to present the offering of their love and gratitude to you and to the memsahib.”

Before I state what she did, let me refer to her first words. How well I remember when, in November, 1858, divine Providence placed in my hands the *first* female orphan we ever received. She was a poor, weak, little creature, blind of one eye, and plain featured—certainly no beauty—but she was a *girl*, and she was all our own to rear for Jesus and his

Church. We rejoiced over her, and felt she was a precious charge for India's sake. Dear sainted Mrs. Pierce cherished her with a mother's love. This was our first female orphan, and she lived to grow up, to experience religion and become a teacher, and a useful woman, and was sought in marriage by one of our native preachers. She did well in this relation, and when her early death occurred, she died comforted by the presence of her Redeemer. And now here was her little orphan daughter standing before us, speaking for her mother and all the rest, so simply and gratefully!

Turning round, the little one then beckoned with her finger, and the other two advanced to her side, and the tray was uncovered, and there were the loving gifts of the dear girls, wrought with their skillful fingers—a pair of elegant satin sofa pillows, all worked over with flowers, amid which were entwined the beautiful forget-me-nots, and marguerites. Lifting one of them on her left hand she pointed with the other at me, and said, "Now, sahib, when you return home and feel weary, you are to lay your head on this and think of us girls," and in her simplicity she bent down her little head to the pillow, as if to show how it was to be done. Then she lifted the other and pointed to Mrs. B., and repeated her directions. Worked slippers were then presented and particularized. Last of all were lifted a pair of elegant satin caps, worked in the same style as the

pillows, and after speaking of mine, she took up the other, and said, "And now, sahib, when we had finished that for you, we remembered your love for good Brother *Joel*, your first helper, who has been so faithful, and we thought it would gratify you if we made another for him, and have you put it on his head. He is blind now, sahib, and wont be able to see you, but it will be so nice for you to put it upon his head when you meet him soon at Chandausi!"

All this was done with a natural grace and simplicity so charming that it won every heart as well as ours, and the little one was congratulated on all sides, as she resumed her seat, for the skill with which she had conducted the presentations on their behalf. How amply repaid was the toilsome journey by the events and emotions of this glad reception !

Being anxious to present to the Church, and especially to those who have been patrons of these dear girls during the past twenty-four years the *results* of that Orphanage to the cause of Christ in India (so far as these results can be traced in figures), I had brought with me my own lists and correspondence, that I might have the help which Mrs. Thomas and Miss Sparkes and others there could give, in ascertaining how fully the anticipations concerning the Orphanage have been realized, and the prayers offered on its behalf have been answered. I made the same effort on behalf of the Boys' Orphanage; and since my

return have had to conduct an extensive correspondence, in order to obtain the further accuracy that was so necessary to reach the facts as fully as it was possible to do so.

I have been able to trace nearly one hundred and thirty of the original orphan girls through their school days, and after they left the Orphanage, to their present position. If my readers will refer to the description of these girls as they were laid down at our door twenty-four years ago (commencing on page 309), they can then fully appreciate the wonderful significance of the results which I now present, as to how they turned out and what they became—what Christian education and divine grace have made out of that helpless group of misery and degradation.

Of that original band of orphan girls the records before me show that they became :

Medical Practitioners.....	8
Dispensary and Hospital Assistants	5
School Teachers and Zenana Visitors.....	28
Others, married, Colporteurs	3
" School Teachers.....	14
" Exhorters.....	5
" Local Preachers employed in the work	14
" Members of Conference.....	10

A total of Christian Workers numbering eighty-seven, and connected officially with the agency of our mission for the evangelization of the country.

In addition to these, the number who married into secular life, but to Christian men, members of our churches and congregations, who are tradesmen, farmers, servants, etc., amount to 37

Making an ascertained total of..... 124

The difference between this and the original number is accounted for by death, removals, etc. Some of these deaths have begun to be recorded among the "Memoirs" in the Minutes of the North India Conference. Two such appeared last year. Those of Helen, wife of Rev. Ambica Charn Paul; and Mary Wheeler, wife of Rev. T. W. Greenwold. The latter was among those trained by Miss Swain as lady doctors. The record of both, as wives of native pastors, is honorable, and their deaths were triumphant.

Having traced the history of the original band of orphans as far as it was possible to do so, I then requested Miss Sparkes to furnish me with an abstract of the names and history of the girls which have come into her care during the twelve years that the Orphanage has been under her control, so as to complete our view of the value and results of the institution to our mission during the twenty-four years of its existence. This she did, and closed her communication with the cheering statement: "Of the 125 girls who have gone forth from this Orphanage since I assumed charge of it, I find that 101 are to-day engaged in Christian work in the mission." This is a wonderful record. So, combining the earlier and later bands of orphan girls, the following is the result to Christianity.

The Bareilly Orphanage has given to our mission within the period named the following band of cultured helpers:

Medical Women.....	16
Assistants in Dispensaries and Hospitals.....	7
School and Zenana Teachers.....	56
Wives of Colporteurs.....	5
Wives of Exhorters.....	8
Wives of School Teachers.....	32
Wives of Local Preachers employed in the work.....	39
Wives of Members of Conference.....	18
<hr/>	
A total of Christian Workers.....	181

Besides this, it has furnished wives to Christian farmers, tradesmen, etc., 78; a grand total of 259 Christian women, leaving about 50 of the 309 received to be accounted for by deaths, removals, etc. May it not be humbly, but gratefully, asked whether, in the history of Christian orphanages, there ever has been a result which calls for deeper gratitude to God than this exhibit presents to the women of our Church? How their prayers have been answered and their liberality rewarded is manifest in this wonderful outcome, which will, I am sure, lead thousands of loving and grateful hearts to be "abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God."

Who can calculate the results to Christianity and the future which these 259 girls have secured to our mission? If any one asks why I, the founder of the missions of the parent Board, have given so much of this narrative to trace the origin and history of this institution, I need only answer him by requesting that he will pause and think what would have been to-day the condition of our mission in India *without*

that Orphanage. Let him turn back to page 225, and read that and the three pages following. He can then imagine the aspect which the work of the parent Board would present to-day in the Gangetic Valley to any one who visited it. Take a single item, our native ministry; what would they have ever been to our work with no wives, or only heathen ones? But this institution has furnished cultivated and converted wives to sixty of their number; the educated daughters of the first married have furnished a few more lately, while others are under training, and are graduating year after year "help meets," indeed, for our rising ministry. Some of these precious ones have already passed away. Let me here present a sample of this class of helpers which the Orphanage has turned out, taking one of the first, who died last year, and giving the substance of the "memoir" which the Conference committee presented, and which was published in their Annual Minutes:

"MRS. HELEN M. PAUL."

"Helen M'Gregor, the beloved wife of our brother Rev. A. C. Paul, was born about 1846. Left an orphan at a very early age, she was taken by the government authorities, and, at the close of the Mutiny, in 1858, was made over to our mission in Lucknow for care and education. She remained in the Girls' Orphanage, after its removal to Bareilly, acting as pupil-teacher, until, in 1863, she was united in mar-

riage with Brother Ambica Charn Paul, being the first of a long line of girls to go out from our Orphanage to form new homes throughout all North India. Her marriage was a happy one, and she was the worthy, loving mother of five daughters and two sons.

“Sister Paul died at Barabanki, October 8, 1883, after many months of suffering and prostration. She triumphed in her dying hour, and so well prepared was she, and so willing to depart, even though her family was so dear to her, and she loved her mission work, that death to her was more a translation than the gloomy thing so often feared and pictured. For her, death had lost its sting and the grave its victory. She was an earnest Christian, a kind and loving wife and mother, a faithful and successful worker among the women of her husband’s parish, a hospitable friend and neighbor, careful to entertain strangers, and, having finished the work given her to do, has gone to receive an unfading crown beyond these scenes of toil and suffering.”

Without these precious girls we could have had no work among the women, no female hospitals, no zenana visitation or girls’ schools, no Christian homes, no equalized congregations, and no perfect social Christianity. They have crowned the work of the parent Board, and have been the leading influence of its wide extension. May God’s rich blessing ever rest upon all who responded to my appeal from that Dewanee-Khass, and aided in the origin of this

invaluable institution, as well as upon those who have since given their sympathy and help for its present development. Precious girls ! when I looked upon them last year, in all their intelligence, Christian culture, and usefulness, and remembered *what* they were saved from (though probably not one of them is aware of the fearful vortex on the margin of which she was floating away so helplessly twenty-four years ago), how grateful I became ! I could not but realize that, if my humble life has never been of any other use to the world than this one result, I could go down to the grave forever grateful, that to me was given the opportunity of saving these poor Hindu girls for the blessed and happy position which they occupy to-day.

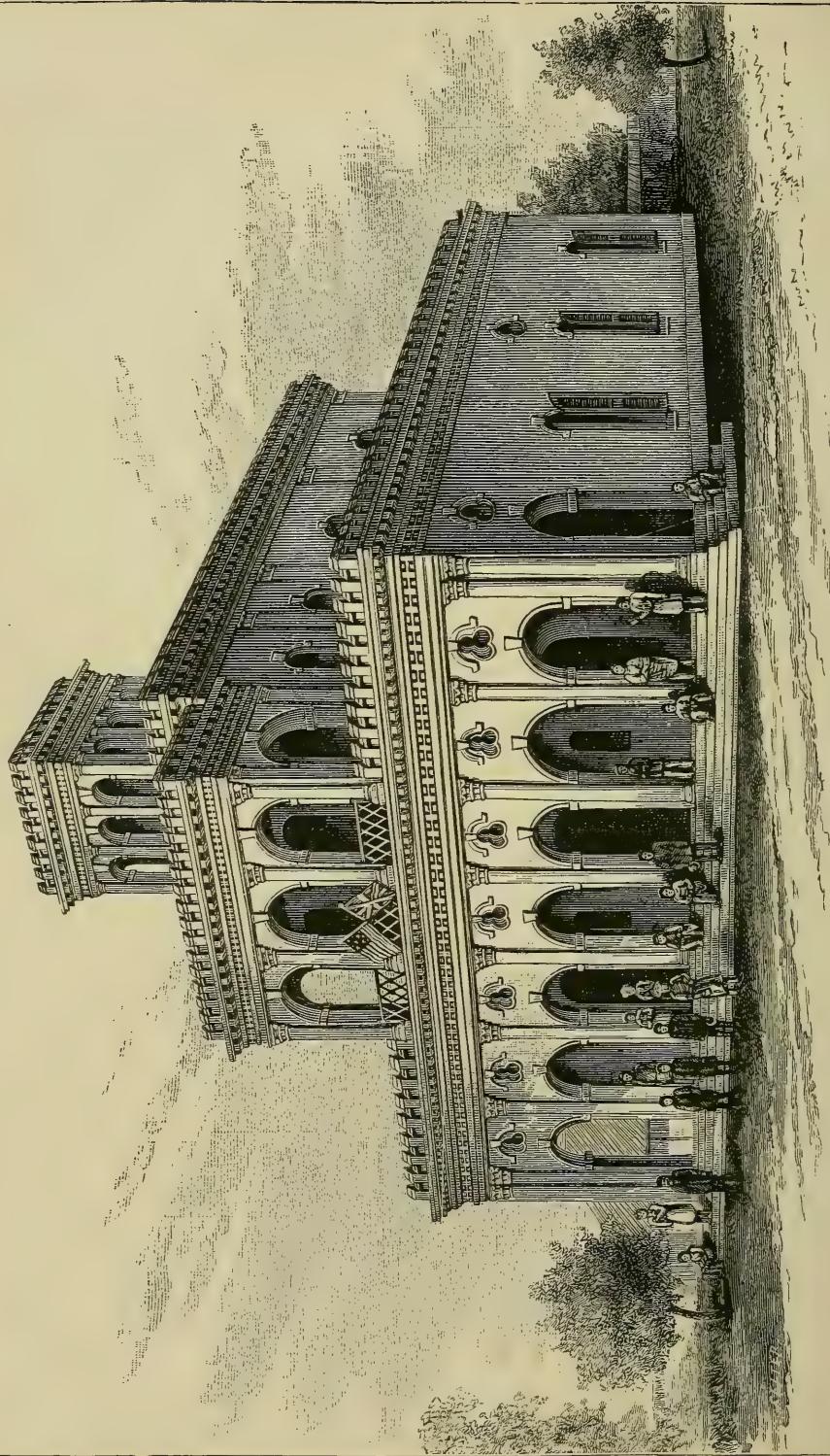
CHAPTER VIII.

" That day shall dawn ! Its calm and hallowed rest
Shall emblem here the Sabbath of the blest.
Though lingering clouds obstruct the glorious light,
Though wrathful foes withstand Messiah's might,
The trembling captives cast their bonds away,
And spring to light, and bless the opening day.
His mild evangelists His way prepare ;
His living word Messiah's heralds bear ;
Through heathen lands the Gospel trumpet sounds,
'Gainst Antichrist's unhallowed throne rebounds,
Dissolves dark Superstition's direful spell,
Assails the atheist sophistry of hell,
Lays Babel's towering turrets in the dust,
And bids the poor in boundless mercy trust."—MRS. BULMER.

It was a great privilege to be in time to attend the closing exercises of our Theological Seminary. I had watched its founding and development with the deepest interest, and now to be present and witness the graduation of its students, as they went forth equipped for their great work, became one of the highest privileges of this extraordinary journey. No land needs a trained ministry more than India does, and it is certainly to the credit of our Church that she possesses this efficient Methodist theological school in this geographical center of her North India territory.

A few facts in regard to its history (furnished by Rev. Dr. Scott, the theological tutor) will be of in-

terest. For fourteen years they had no regular method of training native preachers. This was left mainly to the individual effort of the missionaries. They had something of an Annual and District Conference course of study marked out, but at best such courses could not be made effective. The need of a theological school pressed upon them. In 1872 the India Conference availed itself of a generous offer from Rev. D. W. Thomas, a member of the Conference, and a theological seminary was inaugurated. Providentially Brother Thomas had money and was able to give \$20,000 toward the seminary. This was for the endowment of scholarships; as the first consideration was something with which to sustain the students who were ready to be trained. Their pupils being without home or friends, or support as Christians, it was necessary to aid them while getting an education. Hence the need of scholarship endowments *at once*. They turned a native preacher's house into a seminary building, improvised dormitories from a row of huts that had been occupied by native Christian families, and with Brother Thomas as the principal, and Dr. Scott to assist in the teaching, they made a commencement. They began with about a dozen students, who worked through a three-years' course of study, and grand preachers most of them became. The standard of entrance to the school was not placed very high, for they needed men and it was the day of small things. They have since made the



Remington Hall, Bareilly, India.

standard of entrance more difficult. After a few years, partly to supply Christian teachers for their schools, and partly to furnish a preparatory department for the theological seminary, a normal and high school was opened in connection with the seminary. Meantime Mr. Thomas had visited the United States, and secured from camp-meetings and individuals endowments for some thirty-six additional scholarships. Each year brought a new class, who either in becoming Christians lost all, or in abandoning other pursuits for study needed these scholarships. The generosity of E. Remington, Esq., of Ilion, N. Y., enabled them to erect, in 1875, a beautiful building with chapel room, library hall, and recitation rooms complete. We present here a picture of this building : Dormitories were expanded for the increasing number of students. More recently the institution has been registered or incorporated by the government of North India to give their board of trustees legal authority in holding and controlling its property and funds. Thus they have moved forward, doing a most important work for the native ministry and the evangelization of the country. Eighty-nine regular graduates have passed out, with thirty who have taken a partial course, making one hundred and eleven native missionaries who have been trained in this school of the prophets. Four of these have gone to work in other missions—one for the Baptist brethren at Delhi, and three for the Presbyterians at Rajpootana.

It may be interesting to the reader to know something more particularly about the organization and internal economy. The curriculum of study is substantially the same as pursued by students of theological institutions in America. Of course they have adaptations of some things to India. Drill is close and hard, and examinations are sharp and thorough. The classic languages of India are studied, viz.: Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic. Students are generally married men. Married life begins early in India. Each married student is allowed two small rooms, unfurnished. In the rooms he will place a couple of small cots, a box, perhaps a little table, an earthenware lamp, very cheap, a few brass cooking utensils, and he is ready for life and study in a theological school. The scholarship allowances will seem wonderfully small in the United States. The married students receive, at the present value of the rupee, about \$4 a month, and unmarried students about \$2 40 a month. In the normal school department married students get \$2 40 a month, and single students \$1 40 a month. With these sums they furnish their rooms, feed and clothe themselves, and furnish their own books. The seminary has been at work for twelve years, and now has a fair supply of buildings, the result of donations and partial help from our Missionary Society. Fifty-seven scholarships have been founded, meeting their present want. But a PRESSING NECESSITY is endowment in support of *teachers*.

The Mission Board supplies only the salary of the principal. In the seminary proper, and in the normal school department, four or five other teachers are employed for whom no endowment has yet been secured. So far these teachers have been paid from the income of the scholarship endowment. This much-regretted necessity has greatly crippled the efficiency of the institution. The present aim is to raise \$12,000 for the endowment of a native professor's chair. This sum will yield a sufficient salary in India. Their board of trustees have decided that any one donating a sum sufficient to found a chair shall have the privilege of naming the chair. Will not some generous-hearted brother or sister come forward and, by assuming the whole or the largest part of this sum, claim this privilege?

This is the first Methodist Theological Seminary in Asia. It has already done a noble work in supplying one hundred and eleven native missionaries to the field, besides preparing a number of Christian teachers. The opening is a grand one in the pressing demand for trained men in this rapidly expanding mission work. India pleads for something worthy of the great opening presented there. This institution is educating a ministry for a population as large as half the population of the United States, and in a language spoken by one hundred millions of people. They are looking to this present year to fit them for enlarged usefulness. Nowhere can money be be-

stowed for more effective work in the salvation of souls. *This seminary should be raised at once to the highest condition of effectiveness.* Now is the time to put a shoulder to this wheel. We are on the eve of mighty moral and social revolutions in the vast pagan world. The great deep, especially in India and Japan, is breaking up. The Church should move forward with all its wisdom and power at this supreme moment. Anti-Christianity is already trying to preempt the field. Agents of skepticism from Christian lands are now on the ground. Islam is endowing great colleges. Buddhism is reconstructing its base. Here is where the Church's great battle against Paganism will be fought out. The day that sees idolatry surrender in India will see its doom every-where. Under God, our hope of this grand victory rests largely in such a cultured and sanctified ministry as has begun to go forth from this school of the prophets. With increased means they could confer upon them that more adequate culture which the impending conflict will so much require, and also provide room for the larger number which the growing wants of their work demand ; so that they may be enabled to follow up and utilize the success which God is giving them.

My readers may be interested in looking over the programme of exercises on the day in question, when these seven students were graduated. The number is usually larger, sometimes as high as thirteen :

BAREILLY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

CLOSING EXERCISES FOR GRADUATING CLASS, 1883,

Saturday, December 15, 11 A. M.

PROGRAMME.

SINGING AND PRAYER.

ADDRESSES BY GRADUATES.

"His Ministers a Flame of Fire," } PIYÁRÍ LAL.
Khádimon ko ág ká shuala banáyá, }

The Word in Time,
Jo bát waqt par kahí játi kyá khúb hai, } CHEDÁ LAL.

How the Gospel entered India and gratitude for it,
Injil kyúnkar Hindústán men pahuuchí, aur us ke áne } JOHN W. TODD.
ki shukr-guzárí,

NATIVE MUSIC.

Self-sacrifice,
Apná inkár karná, } WARREN M. SCOTT.

Christ the Life,
"Zindagí Main hún," } SAMÍ'L HARRY.

NATIVE MUSIC.

"Labor omnia vincit," } NABÍ BAKHSH.
Mihnat se sab kuchh ho saktá hai,

Success in the Ministry,
Waiz kis taur se kámyáb ho, } BEIKÁ SING.

NATIVE MUSIC.

Brief Report of the School, Remarks by Visitors,
 Reading of Standings, Delivering of Diplomas,

Doxology and Benediction.

Graduating Class Sermon, Sunday, 9th.....BY THE PRINCIPAL.

Annual Sermon, Sunday, 16th, at 10 A. M.....BY REV. R. HOSKINS.

Alumni Sermon at 3 P. M.....BY KALLU SING.

Four of the young men bear English names, intimating that they came through our Boys' Orphanage and have the names of their American patrons. The English rendering is given of the theme, which was read in the Hindustanee.

I was requested to preside and say a few words to each student before handing him his diploma. The first whom Dr. Scott brought forward and introduced, as standing at the head of his class, was a brother without any caste distinction at all, and whom any Brahmin in the land would affect to look down upon with contempt. Yet here he was, by general consent, the first in his class for all excellence. Such is the fruit of Christianity. How grandly the divine purpose in this respect was illustrated at the Mela at Ajudhiya, a few weeks since, will be referred to farther on.

In introducing the last student to me, Dr. Scott said, "And this, sir, is a Presbyterian." How odd it sounded—a Presbyterian student graduating in a Methodist theological seminary! The doctor saw my surprise and amusement, and in explanation said: "When you came up country alone in 1856, our good Presbyterian brethren at Allahabad made you a present of one of their students, that you might have some one to begin with, and you will remember how faithfully that gift, Brother Joel, stood by you, and still stands an example to our rising ministry. So, when our Presbyterian brethren in Rajpootana, who have

no theological seminary of their own, asked us to train a student for them at their expense, we gladly and gratefully consented, and this is the third whom we have graduated for them. I was delighted, and could not but remark that with all our respect for evangelical alliance, I regarded this fact as one of the most beautiful and expressive illustrations of real Christian union that I had ever known. I gave the young man as hearty a hand-shake as he ever received, and said : “When you return to our Presbyterian brethren in Rajpootana, give them my love, and tell them that while you are the third installment we have paid for Brother Joel, we are willing to pay the same amount over again, if they so desire, ere we feel our obligation is fairly met.”

A large flag floated from the staff on the top of the seminary all the time we were there, having the words, “Welcome to the founders of the mission, 1856–1883,” in three languages upon it—the Hindustanee, the Hindree, and the English. So, of course, almost every one in Bareilly knew we were there, and the interest resulting was considerable. Several of the old native gentlemen who knew me in the Sepoy rebellion days came to see me. Some of them were present at the reception tendered us on the evening of the closing exercises, and the kind neighborly spirit which they evinced was very pleasant. Here were the men, some of whom knew that myself and family were doomed to die the death as soon as

Khan Bahadur seized power in May, 1857. How certain our fate must have seemed to them! Yet, when the day (31st of May) came, and they beheld the Nawab's vengeance wreaked on the fifteen English gentlemen whom he seized and executed, the missionary and his wife and two children were not among the victims. I have no means of knowing what they thought then, but certainly, at this reception, twenty-six years after, it was evident enough that they were truly glad that we had not been hanged, but were here now in life and health once more among them. The conciliation of views and feelings toward Christianity which they admitted, and the kind words of appreciation of our native ministry and our church members which they spoke, were very gratifying to me. Christianity is evidently telling, and that in its highest and best sense, upon the thoughtful minds of thousands who have not yet embraced it, but are beginning to recognize its value and its truth.

The commanding position of our mission premises in Bareilly, occupying both sides of the main street, has been often referred to by those who have visited our mission. Bishop Foster's eulogium is especially kind and appreciative. But I could not fail to recall to mind the limited views of some of my associates when I resolved, in addition to what we had then, to secure the site on which the theological seminary and the church stand to-day. One of these good

brethren was now magnanimous enough to remind me of their want of sympathy with me in that transaction. He said: "Brother Butler, when you took the responsibility of securing the lot on that side of the road for our work, you remember we thought you were going too fast, and making unnecessary provision for the future. But how evident it is now that we were mistaken and that you were right. Often have we expressed our gratitude that you acted on your own broader views in the matter, and secured it for us when it could be done. How complete and powerful its possession has made our mission. You secured it for us, too, at a small outlay, but no money that we could command would buy it for us to-day." Very generous it was of this good brother to make this admission, and what a justification to my own mind that I had sought and followed the guidance of God in thus providing for the rising wants of his work and the blessed future toward which I then apprehended we were working, and which I expected would justify my action.

The Sabbath was probably the grandest day in all our Christian life; and this is saying so much it makes me pause; yet still I can dare reaffirm it as my conviction. Its crowded and holy services contrasted so gloriously with that weary Sabbath in 1857, when we were here for the first time alone; no congregation, no fellow-worshipers, no sign of a Sabbath—all secular and idolatrous—our harps hung on the wil-

lows, and “we wept as we remembered Zion.” How sad that day was! It required all the faith we could muster to bear up and hope for the better day that was to come, when our wonder-working God was to “make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert.” And now

“That day has dawned!”

and we are here to behold its glorious light. How true, how appropriate to us, we felt the divine word to be, that twenty-six years ago we clung to in that “dark and cloudy day,” the naked promise of our God, without the first external sign to encourage us: “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

The beautiful church was crowned that morning with a congregation of native Christians, whose tidy appearance and devout and intelligent aspect was a joy to behold. I think I am not partial in saying that I have not seen in all India an audience more worthy of this remark. It was also so good to see such a preponderance of the woman element in the congregation, due, of course, to the presence of the girls from the Orphanage, as well as to hear such Christian singing in a heathen land as we had there that day.

As the sermon ended, Dr. Dease, the missionary in charge, came forward and said that, before the service was closed, there were one or two other things which they desired I should do for them—more delightful

surprises prepared for us by our kind friends. He explained that they had reserved the candidates for full reception belonging to the two quarters, so that I might have the joy and honor of receiving them, and giving them the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the Church at home. He drew forth the list and began to read, and did not reach the end until sixty-seven names were called. What a sight it was, as they came round the communion rails and stood two and three deep. More than twenty-five of them were orphan girls, and some of them looked so young, that I quietly asked the doctor if he considered that all of these youthful candidates had "saving faith in Christ?" He smiled and said in reply: "I asked that question of Miss Sparkes the day she handed me her portion of the list, and she assured me that she had held them back from joining in full until she was satisfied that each of them was a child of God." He added, "You need have no reservation in your mind on that point." Of course, after such assurance, I had none, but gladly received them all.

When they had taken their seats Dr. Dease again arose and said: "And now, sir, we have another pleasant duty which we desire you should also fulfill for us. The converts of the quarter from heathenism are now to be baptized and received on probation, and we wish you to have this privilege also." He read again, and thirty-four answered to their names and came around the altar. It was a grand sight, these

accessions from heathenism to Christianity. It was a matter of satisfaction that so much of my little stock of Hindustanee had come back to me, that I was able to give them the sacred rite in their own language. And this was in Bareilly! The experience of this day was unique in my ministerial life. Never before have I baptized so many, or received such a number into full membership into our Church, in any one day. At home it would not be so wonderful. But this was BAREILLY! Here, where the first member we received became a martyr for her faith. Here where we, too, were doomed to die. Here, where so many suffered death for Christ on the 31st of May, 1857, and their bodies lay exposed in the public streets. Here, where we escaped with the loss of all things but life. Here, where we experienced the loneliest and saddest Sabbath in our Christian history, and where the outlook was then so dreadful for Christianity, where the enemies of the Lord Jesus held their high carnival for full fifteen months; even *here* had God brought us back to see, and rejoice in the wonderful evidence how he could "make the wrath of man to praise him," and restrain the remainder of wrath. Yes, here, within those communion rails, I stood, with a heart full to overflowing and with tears of joy, and realized it all as no one else could. How conscious I was that the blessed Master himself was with me as I was honored to receive, there and then, one hundred and one members into the Chris-

tian Church, nearly one half of the number being females !

We are assured in the word of God that, in "the assemblies of his saints," there is more presence than what is visible to mortal eye. "We are made a spectacle to the world and to angels and to men," "compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses." How fully I was impressed with the consciousness of this fact that day as I stood there. The divine presence was realized with a peculiar power ; but in addition to this divine surrounding, a special impression of the interest that Maria must have had in this scene kept recurring to my thoughts all through those reception and baptismal services, until she seemed so manifestly before my mind, that I came to the conclusion that it had probably pleased the blessed Lord to grant that the soul of the martyred girl (whose mutilated body was lying under the rose-hedge only a few minutes' walk from where I was standing) the privilege of being present to look once more on the face of her old pastor and witness the joy of his heart that day as he received or baptized these one hundred and one candidates, half of them of her own sex, into the communion of the Church for whose sake she suffered death ! I never had such a vivid impression of the presence of any of the sainted dead. To me at least it seemed very real ; indeed, the highest realization I have ever known as to

"How thinly the veil intervenes"

between ourselves and the spirits of the just made perfect, whom we are so soon to join.

Speaking of these orphan girls at Bareilly, and of what they have become and are yet to become to Christianity in India, I am reminded of an incident that occurred in one of the audiences which I addressed. There were probably six hundred persons present, nearly all of them native Christians. Babu Ram Chander Bose was my interpreter on the occasion, and he is certainly one of the most competent of his class. He stood on one side of the pulpit and I on the other, and without a moment's hesitation, as fast as I uttered the thought in English, he poured it out in his fluent Hindustanee. The audience was intensely interested, as they usually are, in this style of addressing them. I was making three points as to the object of missionaries in coming to India: to give them a true religion, a sanctified education, and to create the Christian home. All went smoothly till I pronounced my third position, when the Babu suddenly stopped and looked round him confused. For a moment I supposed he was ill. But turning to the missionaries sitting behind us, he asked, "Brethren, what am I to do with that word? In the sense in which Dr. Butler is using it, we have no term in our language by which I can render his word *home*. I can translate it "house" or "family," but neither would express his meaning, yet I can get no nearer. What am I to do?"

I stood and looked at the cultured Babu in his inability, knowing that if he could not translate the word adequately probably no one else of his race could. He had been twice in America; had seen “the Christian home,” and knew exactly what it was, and how it ought to be represented. But there he stood and was helpless. This was, perhaps, one of the highest compliments ever paid to the Christian religion. The Babu could not find the term in his vocabulary, for the sufficient reason that the thing it expresses is not to be found in the condition of his country. Heathenism has but little need for the word. They have sacrificed the possibility of its true meaning by their treatment of woman and their sentiments in regard to her. Their miserable civilization has involved them in this penalty. Polygamy, either as a fact or a possibility, banishes the idea of *home* from any land over which it spreads its dark shadow. The happiest wife in India knows well that, though she may to-day be alone with her lord, and without a rival in his affection, that to-morrow all this may be changed. With or without any reason on her part—without any failure of her duty or affection—her lord and master may choose to become fickle, his love may wander and find other attractions, and without a note of warning she may at any hour find herself supplanted, and a stranger introduced into the “family” or “house.”

Nor would she dare even to protest; for well she

knows that both her religion and the law justifies her husband in so doing. And any rebellion on her part against the deep wrong done her can be suddenly ended by her punishment and expulsion. No; no true, no Christian home is there, and cannot be, so long as their vile religion regulates their family life. If to this license you add ignorance, then the chain which binds woman's condition is dark as well as galling. Only Christianity can create the home. That fragment of Eden which has survived the fall, under the merciful arrangements of Him who ordained holy matrimony, is still guarded by his justice, and made possible to those alone who accept his condition of

“Loving one only and being true to her.”

He enjoins the measure of that true and manly affection, when his holy providence has guided the two sincere and honest hearts together. At his altar, as the gentle hand of the trusting woman is placed in the hand of him who then covenants before God and man “to love, honor, and cherish her, and forsaking all other, cleave only unto her as long as they both shall live,” the Author of this blessed institution adds, to the heart and conscience of the happy bridegroom, “Now love her as Christ also loved the Church.” Here is God's own foundation for the Christian home; the rest, for its culture and sanctity, depends upon themselves. A home, too, where its children, the fruit of their affection, are gladly welcomed as the gifts of heaven,

to be trained for glory, honor, and immortality; where the family altar is sustained in its midst, and divine benedictions sanctify the joys and sorrows of their daily lives. What scope God intended should be given in this sanctuary of the affections for the exercise of the tenderest charities of life, its mutual helpfulness and sweetest sympathies !

Without Eve, Paradise was but a solitude to the most perfect man of our race. It is still woman, thus honored, that with her cultured affection, her devotion and unquestioning trust, forms the Christian home ; which makes a paradise for the poor man as well as for the rich, for the cottage as for the palace ; for there the loving wife reigns as queen and fears no rival. “Her children rise up and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her.” Such homes are the creations of Christianity, and they flourish most where its influence is most felt. Christianity enriches the language and the civilization of every land which it enters, as it renews the heart and life of each individual who receives it. “Old things are passed away ; behold, all things become new.” The new life demands a home suitable to its own peace and joy, and Christianity stands ready to create it for all its true disciples. As the vernacular has no word to express the idea of such a home, so it has none to properly define regeneration and its associated blessings, and the people must either go to their ancient classics to find a phrase for them, or coin the requisite terms. But as sure

as this new thing is born in their land, like the manna in the wilderness, a worthy name will be found for it, by which it will henceforth be designated and recognized.

Already such homes are beginning to dot the great valley. Our female Orphanage, under God, is doing its part toward their creation, and the number and culture of them are increasing.

The second generation is building them better than the first, and "the rise in blessing" is still before them. I saw some of these homes. One of our most pleasant recollections is where we were invited to go and share their humble evening meal, and when the repast was ended, the dear woman laid the word of God before me, and said, "Sahib, wont you please read a portion and pray with us before you go?" Yes, surely, here was the very thing that Babu Bose could not call by name, but which this Hindu Methodist wife and mother knew by experience as a fact in the humble little sanctuary where her daily life is spent.

Our Boys' Orphanage, at Shahjahanpore, forty-three miles east from Bareilly, was our next point of interest. Its origin and history have been intimated already in speaking of the Orphanage at Bareilly. This institution, also, has fully answered our hopes, and has become of untold blessing to our mission work. The number of children received into it has been smaller than what the Girls Orphanage ad-

mitted. But those in charge of it, and especially Brothers Johnson and Bare, have equal reason to be grateful for the results attained, as have the devoted ladies who guided the interests of the Bareilly Orphanage.

I found every thing at Shahjahanpore in a very satisfactory condition. It is, in fact, a good industrial school, where, in addition to an excellent Christian education, our boys are taught to earn their living by various trades and industries, as well as by the cultivation of the land around the institution. Shoe-making, cabinet-making, blacksmithing, rope-making, tailoring, and other trades are taught, and all do what they can. It is a pleasant and busy scene, and they have the aspect of being a God-fearing, intelligent, and happy band of boys. Here, too, we had a delightful reception, hearty addresses, and a joyful time generally with these dear lads. A little gift from my wife furnished them with the "fire-works" with which they finished up their celebration; and no Fourth of July boys at home could be more jubilant than these were that evening. Indeed, human nature is very much alike all over this world. It is especially so, as similar conditions of intelligence and religious enthusiasm come into action. The experiences and their manifestations then become almost identical, and you realize what a true brotherhood these make for humanity every-where. The bar of clime, color, and language sinks out of sight, and you have a delight-

ful consciousness of the wide meaning of our Lord's language when he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said: "Whosoever [Hindu, Chinese, or American alike] shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Here we have Heaven's own remedy for the caste distinctions, aristocratic exclusiveness, and pride of race, which have so long separated men and cursed the world. It is well for us to remember that we Gentiles were once all alike involved in the common ruin, when we "were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world: but now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." For he "came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh. For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father," and are "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." Into this blessed brotherhood of salvation and peace, through atoning blood, the last of men are welcome, the farthest off and the greatest stranger is especially and cordially invited by our common Father; "who will have all men to be saved," and who has laid it as an obligation upon those already saved to invite the rest to come and be saved too. How "glorious" the Gospel appears as

one stands amid these crowded bazaars, and realize that this is its nature and purpose, and that this will be its blessed result to them also! Truly, we are debtors “both to the Greeks, and to the barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise;” for we *owe them the Gospel*, and will owe it until the last man on earth has had it given to him. Doubtless, as we toil for God, we are “building better than we know,” for we are finding out and preparing material to aid in the erection of that “holy temple,” of which the Lord Jesus is “the chief corner-stone,” and saved and glorified humanity will be the component parts.

No one race nor clime can furnish all that is necessary for its beauty and perfection. When complete it will be evident enough that its “Builder and Maker” obtained its materials from many lands, and even from the ends of the earth. Like those dissimilar but magnificent pillars of alabaster, malachite, porphyry, and marble—the gifts of crowned heads of various countries, which constitute the most prominent ornaments of that splendid church of St. Paul’s, outside the gates of Ostia, so the Lord Jesus is having materials sought out and prepared whose variety and loveliness will form forever the leading attractions of that living temple of our God. And, surely, India—gorgeous India—is to furnish some of that redeemed humanity, whose nature and quality will be found at last possessed of the perfection and polish which will render them capable of bearing

that glorious prominence and ornamentation of which the divine Architect speaks when he says, “I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out thence no more: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and mine own new name.”—*Revised Version.*

But we are wandering away from those dear orphan boys. It was a pleasure to be informed by the missionary in charge, Brother Bare, that a large number of them meet in class and enjoy religion; and, also, that many of the elder ones are helping in the good work by Sunday-school teaching, by assisting in the singing in the bazaar services, and by accompanying the preachers to the villages around to teach the people. The native pastor is the Rev. W. R. Bowen, one of the original orphan boys, and now a good minister of Jesus Christ. It was very pleasant to sit and talk with Brother Bowen of that first band of boys. As name after name was called from the list in my hands, he was able to furnish me with valuable information of many of them as to his school days, his conversion and life, what he became, who he married, and where he is now, and how engaged. Boys who are brought up together know one another well, and their testimony as to each other's religious and Christian character is seldom extravagant, and generally very reliable. It made it all the more

pleasant, therefore, to me, as I gave the name of his associates, twenty or more years ago, one after the other, to hear Brother Bowen say of so many, "Sa-hib, he was good," or "nice," or "excellent," as the case might be. It is very encouraging that they thus hold each other in respect, and that there was so little of a contrary character to qualify this generous regard.

I found it more difficult to trace the history of the orphan boys than those of the girls. This might have been expected. But I have done all that was practicable to obtain the facts concerning them, and now present the ascertained results of that Orphanage to the cause of Christ within the bounds of the North India Conference. The Shahjahanpore Orphanage has given to the mission since its origin the following educated helpers:

Doctors and Apothecaries.....	4
Colporteurs	4
School Teachers.....	27
Exhorters	8
Now in the Theological Seminary	4
Local Preachers employed in the work.....	41
Members of Conference	19
Total Christian workers	107

Besides these there are 36 engaged in secular employment as artisans, servants, farmers, railway and government service, etc., who are members in our Church and congregations, making a total of 143

saved to Christianity by that Orphanage. This leaves, as nearly as I could ascertain, 39, who must be accounted for by deaths, removals, and failures, making a total of 182, besides the 158 boys who are still in the Orphanage. This, too, is a record for which our Church may well feel deeply grateful to God. Both Orphanages have fulfilled our every hope, and have been of immense blessing to our work, and are destined to be far more useful in the days to come. For the results achieved and the hopes we cherish we render our devout and adoring thanks to God.

Within a few miles of Shahjahanpore is one of our two Christian villages. We have about eight hundred acres of land, granted by the government, where we not only provide for persecuted Christians who are turned out of their holdings when they are baptized, but also where we can provide for such of our orphan boys as do not develop ability to become teachers or preachers. Here, as farmers, they can earn a living and help the cause as members of the Church or congregation. The yield of two crops per year makes a small amount of land—five to eight acres—sufficient for the support of a family, and the outfit required (a pair of bullocks, plow, tools, seed, a central well, and a little house and furniture) can all be provided for \$40 or less. When the house is built and the seed is in the ground the young farmer is ready to get married, and with a Christian, intelligent wife to help him, he is prepared for housekeeping. Yes, and

a great deal of happiness is realized in those little Christian homes. The pastor of Panapore (the city of refuge), as the place is named, is Rev. Horace J. Adams (named for his patron in Lowell, Mass.), one of the earliest orphan boys. He told me that every one in the village is supposed to attend Sunday-school and church. In many homes there is a family altar, and the place does not contain a Sabbath breaker, not a stroke of work being done on the Lord's day. A nice little chapel and the school stand at the head of the village. The whole enterprise is self-sustaining, and the members are trained to do all they are able toward the support of their pastor. Money is yet but little known there, but they contribute in kind, so many quarts of various sorts of grain, which the pastor receives and accounts for. As the ability of the people increases these contributions augment, and less money is required from the Society for the balance of the pastor's salary, the expectation being that after some years the people will be able to take the entire burden, thus becoming self-supporting, and the Society be permanently relieved of all expense on their account.

This Christian community now numbers two hundred and fifty souls, of whom one hundred and ten are full members, and thirty-four probationers. Of these the patriarch is old Yakub (Hindustanee for Jacob), who was one of the first in the valley to embrace the Christian faith. He is now one hundred

and three years old, has a rich experience, and is beloved by all. He is still able to go round among the people and advise and influence them for good, and seems to be in possession of all his faculties. It was pleasant to be remembered by the dear old man, and be so heartily welcomed back again by him.

And now for Nynee Tal and the mountain district of our work in India. Here, too, we find the great improvements which are quietly spreading over the land. An excellent road now connects Bareilly with Nynee Tal, seventy-four miles northward. It was impossible, as we entered the comfortable carriage, to forget that night of gloom in 1857, when we left in our uncomfortable doolies, under the liability of being pursued by the Sepoys, and if not, we had the risks of the malarious Terai to face. But now the carriage brought us to the *Lal Kua* (the red well), in the center of the Terai, ere day faded. Here was the scene of that memorable prayer (mentioned in *The Land of the Veda*), where, at the midnight hour, God wrought out for us, in answer, that wonderful escape from those "perils in the wilderness," which can never be forgotten by us, either in time or in eternity. To pass the place without stopping was out of the question. As soon as we reached the locality I ordered the driver to halt, and, taking off my hat, entered the forest, and stood on the spot where, with uncovered head, that dreadful night, I so agonizingly implored divine deliverance, when human help had

utterly failed, and a fearful death seemed so imminent if those bearers should abandon us and take away the only torch, as they declared they must for their own protection in returning to their station outside the Terai! I trust the gratitude now, twenty-six years after, was not unworthy before God of the prayer and wonderful deliverance which he then so promptly sent us. The locality is as much infested, all the way up to Huldwanee, by the "royal Bengal tigers" and leopards to-day as it was then. In evidence, I need only mention that I requested my good friend, the governor, Sir Henry Ramsay, to let me have three tiger and three leopard skins to take back to America. He promised, and they were shot in that Terai last April and sent after me. The largest —now on the floor of our sitting-room—has a face nearly as big as a bullock and measures over eleven feet long. Since I left India the railway has been completed through the Terai, and what a terror the scream of the engine and the glare of the head-light must be now to those fierce brutes as the train rushes for nearly twenty miles through their wild domain!

Beautiful Nynee Tal! It looked lovelier than ever as we entered it again last year. The little settlement has grown into a great sanitarium. We have here a self-supporting English Church; but our native work has not been developed as it might be, or as its early history led me to hope it would be. It made me sad to see our native church—the first erected in our mis-

sion—rented as a store, and religious services crowded inconveniently into the school-house. It seemed to me to be a desecration of what had been so solemnly dedicated to the worship of God. I do not know who advised this course; the object was, I understand, to obtain by the rent more help to carry on the native work. I may wound the feelings of some one in uttering these words, if they should reach India, but cannot help it. I must be excused, for I collected the means and built that church, and I have a conviction that its restoration to its original use and purpose must take place in order that our native work may be prosperous in Nynee Tal as well as our English work. This was the only thing in all our mission that caused me pain; and it was the more keenly felt because the prosperity of the native work filled us with such delight every-where else that we went. I cannot but hope that this error, as I regard it, will soon be rectified, and God's house be restored to his service, and the requisite help for the work be otherwise provided for.

Engineering skill has, as far as we can judge, made the hill-side safe from any further land-slide. We lost no part of our ground by the former slide. The situation is one of the most central in Nynee Tal. We have over five acres of land, which with the little residence I purchased from Judge Wilson for one thousand six hundred and fifty rupees (only eight hundred dollars), and it would to-day bring probably

three or four times its original cost if we were disposed to part with it. The growth of the place requires not only the restoration of the church to its proper purpose, but also another chapel for the lower bazaar and school.

Our mission agents here are treated by the native community in the most cordial manner. Brother Kirk (formerly of the South India Conference), one of the most devoted of men, is greatly esteemed by them. And the native preacher, John Barker, and his excellent wife, Remotea (one of Brother Humphrey's medical class), are so popular with the entire native community that they joined in a formal petition to Dr. Humphrey, on his return, to have John and Remotea re-appointed to Nynee Tal. They declared they could not do without them, and especially without Remotea as a medical lady. So they were restored to them.

One of the most pleasant receptions we had was by the natives in this bazaar. They heard of our coming up, and were very cordial. The old tradesmen and shop-keepers, parents of our former scholars, came out of their stores into the street in such a kind and neighborly way, and welcomed us back again. As they stood round my pony, amid other kind things, several of them referred gratefully to the great advantages their boys had derived from the school which we had opened there in 1857, even while we were shut up and besieged by Khan Bahadur, and told me what

profitable situations some of their boys were now filling as a result of the education we gave them there. They thus esteem us as friends of their families and promoters of their welfare, and have become so conciliated toward Christianity that it was easy to think, in reference to many of them, that they were "not far from the kingdom of God." That school is now self-supporting by the fees which they are willing to pay to sustain it, notwithstanding the Christian education we give in it. Dr. Humphrey, whom they greatly respect, told me that such is their good-will that when his Dispensary began to run out of medicine, he had only to intimate the fact to some of the young men whom we have educated, and they would go round that bazaar and quietly make up a purse of two or three hundred rupees, and bring it to him to replenish his stock. Surely there is a harvest ripening here that will yield abundant sheaves to some future reaper.

There were eighty present at the Sabbath service in the school-house, thirty of whom were native Christians. The latter could be picked out from the rest at once by their neat and tidy appearance. They were bright and intelligent looking. In the lower bazaar we had forty-five of a congregation, with a delightful sacramental service and two baptisms. We went to visit the old "Sheep House" (mentioned in *The Land of the Veda*), where our first services were held; and then to the beautiful little cemetery, where

dear Mrs. Thoburn and my own sweet babe and others are awaiting "the resurrection of the dead."

We had hurried up here thus soon to be in time to attend the sessions of the Kumaon District Conference. None but ourselves can know how wonderfully that name sounded in our ears. Twenty-seven years ago we stood here on our defense against our deadly foes, who were in the gorge below us, watching and waiting the hour when they might rush up and destroy us, to the last man and woman and child. Behind us in these mountains there was not a native Christian then, nor a school between this and Mussoorie, seventeen days' journey west. The six hundred thousand souls scattered in little villages down in these valleys and on the sides of these great mountains knew nothing of our Saviour. He had not a friend or follower among them all. When at length our foes below retired, on hearing of the fall of Delhi, and we were left in comparative safety, I was led, under the pressure of want of means of subsistence, to venture across these lower Himalayas to Landour, above Delhi, where we learned that a bank had been opened and I could sell a bill on London, and once more have some money. The results of this memorable journey have already been given in the sixth chapter. Both in going and returning again to Nynee Tal (for we could not yet enter Rohilcund, which was still in possession of the Sepoys, the English forces being only strong enough to hold Delhi

and Lucknow, which they had retaken, and awaited the arrival of the troops which were hurrying to their help from England) we had the sad evidence all the way as to the condition of heathen darkness in which these mountaineers were sitting, and had been sitting for long ages past! Most earnest were our pleadings with God that the day might dawn soon upon these poor benighted people! And now here we were again, twenty-seven years after, about to start from Nynee Tal for Dwarahat—three days' journey into the interior—and for what purpose? To attend a Methodist District Conference in the very center of Kumaon! How delightfully true had the words become, and also as applicable as ever they could have been to those of whom they were originally spoken “in Galilee of the Gentiles,” that “the people which sat in darkness saw great light,” and “to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.”

Only photographs can do justice to the wonderful roads we had to travel during this three days' journey. Climbing mountains that were from three to five thousand feet high, and then down as deep on the other side; on up a valley for a mile or two, and then another rise like the former. We had to wind round precipices that made the head dizzy to look down below to the little river whose roar was too far off to be heard at such an elevation; and yet, within an hour or two after, we were fording

that very stream. The safest way to go is in a “dandy”—a sort of inclosed chair with a pole on either side and cross-bars at the ends; so that six or eight men, whose profession this is, can carry you up and down and round all these thrilling points in safety. They serve you for four annas (twelve and a half cents) per day, and go anywhere with you. The alternative is to ride on a “tattú”—a long-backed and short-legged pony. But on such a journey as this many are too timid to venture to ride on even this safe and reliable creature, some parts of the narrow path being not more than thirty-six inches wide, and so steep that you have to clutch the long mane and hold on, lest you, saddle and all, should slip off and go over the tattú’s tail and down the precipice !

Rest houses are found at the end of each day’s journey, called “Dak Bungalows,” where food and shelter can be obtained; and welcome sights they are after the toilsome travel of the day is over. On the third morning we made an early start, as the Conference was to open in the forenoon and we wished to be in time. By eight o’clock we saw Dwarahat far off on the side of a high mountain, but it took us nearly four hours more to reach it. We crossed the intervening valley and began the last ascent; and soon after, on turning a corner, there was Dwarahat, once famous as one of the head-quarters of Himalayan Buddhism. Thirteen deserted temples of that faith were right before us, and above them stood out, clear and dis-

tinct, our Methodist mission buildings. There were the church, the parsonage, the school, the dispensary and hospital, for this station has a native doctor resident. It was enough to bring a shout of joy from heart and voice to see this blessed sight on that grand mount, while the eternal snows of the higher Himalayas rose as a glorious background to the Christian picture !

The road led from this point right up to the church. We were a little late, and they had commenced the opening service. The Dak Bungalow, where we rested and spent a solitary Sabbath on our way to Mussoorie in 1857, and from which we looked upon these temples, and where we so earnestly prayed that light might come into this great darkness, was on our right hand as we ascended ; and now here we were, “going up to the house of the Lord” in that same Dwarahat ! Soon we heard “the voice of singing” coming down through the open door to meet us as we toiled up. How good it sounded ! We first recognized the tune, and then the words became distinct. They were singing, in their own language, the hymn,

“O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me !
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.”

Surprised and delighted, I paused to hear the holy strains in such a place. They seemed also such a prophecy of the future, when even these Himalayas

shall resound with the joy so long foretold : " Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains ! " The facts and the anticipations were thrilling, and very appropriate to the thoughts and feelings of the moment seemed the lines of Wordsworth :

"I listened till I had my fill ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

That " music " still sings in our memory, and will so sing for many a long day to come.

We were gladly received by the brethren and sisters. Fifty-six preachers, teachers, and colporteurs, with the agents of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, were here " in Conference assembled ; " and in the congregation were forty-six orphan girls from the Ladies' Orphanage at Pauri. They looked so nice and intelligent, and devout as well. They had walked the whole distance, eighty miles, and barefooted, too (shoes not being considered necessary), and did it as a privilege to attend the special religious services held in connection with the District Conference. The language of this mountain district being different from that of the plains below, this Orphanage is a necessity of our work on the Himalayas. Only four American brethren are connected with this District Conference ; all the rest of the working force is native. One of the preachers, baptized by the name

of Thomas Williams, was a celebrated Fakir, but was grandly saved, and is now a devoted servant of God and very useful.

The order of business seemed to be conducted very thoroughly and in the best spirit. This is the smallest of the four District Conferences, but I was very favorably impressed with the manner and devotion exhibited. I noted that at the early morning service there were one hundred and twenty persons present to pray for the blessing of God upon the service of the day. My address to the Conference was on ministerial fidelity, and its great reward hereafter. The responses of the brethren showed fully that I had their sympathy with me in the consecration to their high duty which I urged upon them. Those responses fully satisfied me that these men were animated with the true spirit of Methodist preachers, and that they were worthy of the love and confidence of our Church at home.

During the miscellaneous business, notwithstanding their effort to hide from me what they were consulting about, I caught a few words which intimated that they were planning some memorial for presentation to us, as an expression of their gratitude, and which was to be furnished by the native preachers alone. The matter had been started by the Oude District Conference, and was now going round the other Conferences. I rose to my feet and pleaded with them to stop the whole thing; declaring that I

could not consent to see them, out of their humble allowances, and with the claims of their children for education, and their own want of books for their studies, going to any expense of this kind on our behalf. But all in vain. They rose and pleaded, even with tears, that I should not refuse their little offering of loving gratitude. Harkua—one of the orphan boys, who is a doctor as well as a preacher—most tenderly reminded me of the past, and said : “Sahib, you are our father ; to you we are indebted for what we are to-day ; you surely wont decline the humble memorial of our gratitude and affection.” He broke down and took his seat weeping. So I had to submit, or I should have made every man of them unhappy. Very glad they became when I yielded consent. And yet, there are some people who wonder if the heathen are capable of gratitude ! They carried out their purpose, and at the Annual Conference at Cawnpore, in December, the presentation was made, after the whole group of us were photographed together, Joel being placed at my right hand. A beautiful silver cup to Mrs. Butler, with an Oxford Bible for myself, on the fly-leaves of which the native preachers had written their names, was their memorial. The resolutions which passed so cordially at this District Conference I need not present, but they will be cherished among my treasures as long as I live. How little I imagined, much as I expected from them, when I took up those dear boys that I

should live to see such a day as this as the result !
Again, thanks be to God for his mercies !

Those thirteen temples which stand below our mission are all in the usual Buddhist style—massive cut-stone erections. Thirteen temples without one worshiper. “The Light of Asia” has gone out forever here. On the continent of India, the birthplace and triumph scene of that faith, you find no worshiper at Gautama-Buddha’s shrine. A prolonged and bloody persecution, many hundred years ago, exterminated that religion from the land of its birth, and you can only find the system in foreign countries, from Ceylon to Siam. But the great ruins still remain. When at Benares we went out to see the Tōp at Sarnath, the most venerable and leading monument of the Buddhist faith, and found an English engineer with a staff of workmen engaged in putting supports and buttresses around the huge pile to keep it from tumbling down. Another Englishman, Edwin Arnold, lately gave the world an evidence of his skill in propping up this poor, godless system of religious opinion. It seems a pity that he was not candid enough to give his readers a view of what lies beneath the gilded surface of the hopeless faith which he attempts to eulogize. Especially should he have put a picture of the highest agency of their devotions on his title-page in the form of the “praying machine,” which is used by them so extensively in their homes and temples ! But that, though the

sad and solemn result of the system, would have made people laugh at its absurdity, and the author of "The Light of Asia" preferred to act as do certain other artists with the repulsive objects which the facts in the scene before them presents to view, when

"Whate'er offends the sense,
The painter casts discreetly into shade."

Certainly the day of judgment will have no rewards to confer upon writers of this class, for such services as these. Poor Burmah, with a savage murderer on the throne, whom the English government cannot hold diplomatic intercourse with, on account of his enormous barbarity, even toward his own flesh and blood, is a poor recommendation of the civilization produced by "The Light of Asia;" and yet no nation is more orthodox in its Buddhism than is that dark and bleeding land; and the monster emperor was raised and educated a priest of the system, and knows it well. There was a report that his majesty, or the king of Siam, was about to confer the honor of "The Order of the White Elephant" upon the author of "The Light of Asia," for the service rendered in commanding their system to the favorable opinion of Christendom. The regalia of the dignity will not, however, be counted a very high honor, when that time comes—as come it will—when the temples in all Buddhist lands are as completely deserted of their worshipers as are the thirteen which

stand so lonely beneath the Methodist mission at Dwarahat! "That day shall dawn," as sure as the promises of God, because, in blessed reality,

"The Light of the world is Jesus!"

And of him every teacher of men will have to say, as he bows the knee, "He must increase, but I must decrease;" because, "He that cometh from heaven is above all."

The following Sabbath was spent at Almora, the place, thirty miles from Nynee Tal, to which we had to fly on that weary Sabbath in 1857 when we were so suddenly ordered off, under the apprehension that Khan Bahadur's troops were to storm our position that day or the next. It was a great pleasure, once more, to meet General Sir Henry Ramsay, Commissioner of Kumaon, that noble friend of our mission, whose liberality to our work stands almost equal to that of General Gowan. Their munificence must ever hold an honored place in the history of our missions in India, and will, no doubt, receive its reward from our divine Master "in that day."

One of the sights of Almora is the Leper Asylum, founded by the London Missionary Society, and sustained by the government. Leprosy in India, unlike that of Syria, is a dry leprosy, and not usually considered contagious. But it mutilates as surely as the other. The ears, lips, nose, toes, and fingers rot off, and leave the poor victim hideously deformed

and wretched. Christian sympathy has collected together from all parts of the district these poor creatures, and has surrounded them with such comforts as their condition requires, instead of having them occupy the highways and expose their miseries in order to obtain a living. A large piece of ground was given and inclosed, a garden planted, suitable homes provided with proper supervision and medical help, a place of worship was added; sufficient funds are voted for support, so that every want is provided for. On the Sabbath afternoon I went over and preached for them, the Rev. Mr. Budden kindly translating for me. Of the one hundred and twenty on the premises, more than sixty are regular attendants at worship, and twenty-five of these are communicants; twenty of the members have been taught to read. Only one of them remembered me as having been there before. One of them was a blind man, whose face was so pleasant that it was a study. When the hour of service arrived they came in. The floor was covered with mats, and they seated themselves on them, in regular rows, all doing their best to conceal their deformity, especially of the nose and lips, by shading with the hand. The readers and church members sat in the front rows. It was very affecting to see the readers, as they followed the minister in the Scripture lessons, try to turn the page with the heel of the hand, the fingers being gone. There was no singing, the loss of the lips for-

bidding it. I spoke from Luke iv, on the sympathy of the Lord Jesus for people of their class, and his willingness and ability to cleanse them from a more deadly leprosy than any that can afflict the body. They gave excellent attention to what I said, and especially when I spoke of the glorious change which would be theirs, if they loved and served God, when, on the resurrection morn, he would "change their vile bodies and make them like unto his own glorious body." As I said this it brought to my mind an incident in the life of Robert Hall, the great Baptist minister of England, whose mental aberrations occasionally involved him in awkward situations. It is related of him that, in an evening party where he was present, he fixed his gaze so earnestly on a lady sitting opposite to him as to distress her. She was remarkable, not for beauty, but for the want of it. Unable to endure his gaze any longer, she expostulated and asked him what he meant by it; when he replied, with a charming candor: that he "was trying to study out what an amazing change for the better the morning of the resurrection would make in her personal appearance!" So, at least, I thought of my audience at Almora. What change, what compensation, will "that day" be to those of them, who die, as Mr. Budden assured me a few of them have already died, trusting in Christ!

I thought it might be a ray of comfort to them to hear the case of Laura Bridgman, of South Boston, and show them how she, with all her natural disad-

vantages, became a true Christian and a cultured lady. I told them of her, that she never saw, never heard, never spoke—sight, hearing, and speech having been denied her—and yet she became a happy Christian. They looked up with such interest, and when I put the question whether, in view of the fact that they had all their senses, and could hear, see, and speak, they had not some advantages over her for which they could be grateful, they turned to each other, and the poor, dull faces lit up into something of a smile as they nodded to one another and assented to the idea that they had something left to be grateful for. I may have strained the point in trying to comfort them, but their countenances showed I succeeded in my effort. Even here the value of our Orphanages comes again into view. The devoted couple who have charge of this institution were educated by us at Bareilly and Shahjahanpore. She was one of the original orphan girls, and was trained by Dr. Humphrey as a medical woman. He was educated as a teacher, and became a local preacher. They accepted the position here, and so these one hundred and twenty lepers have the instruction and medical and religious care which they require resident with them. The government medical commission, which comes round once in five years on a tour of inspection, wrote in their report regarding this institution the significant words, “Content and even pleasant.”

In returning to Nynee Tal, on our way to the Plains

again, we passed by the point where, on that Sunday night of our flight (referred to on page 384), my horse hung for a few moments, in the darkness, on the verge of that awful precipice, where only the Divine hand saved us both from being dashed to pieces. In this journey one climbs up out of narrow valleys and to the summits of high mountains (running east and west) on large spaces of which the sun never shone since the creation. He cannot get round them to touch them with his rays. You ride out of the warm air into these stretches of damp, chilly atmosphere—miles long sometimes—where you must wrap up or run the risk of taking serious colds. The trees, which grow in such gloomy localities, are loaded with a hair-like moss, hanging down from one to three feet in length, as if nature there was draped in mourning. You come out again into “the blessed sunlight,” more than ever grateful for its cheer and life-imparting power.

In leaving Nynee Tal for Moradabad we went down on the west side, and visited our other Christian village at the foot of the hills. The place is named *Isanagar* (the home of Jesus), and has a Christian population of nearly one hundred souls. Rev. Thomas Gowan—the third orphan boy whom I received—has charge of this circuit, with five appointments and several schools, and is grandly aided by his good wife, Florence (one of the orphan girls). Thomas met us at the foot of the hills, and was our guide into

the Bhabur. When we came in sight of the place, and the villagers saw their pastor and ourselves coming, they shouted the news to each other across the fields; and it was a sight to see them unyoke their bullocks and leave the plows in the furrows and hurry across to intercept us on the road to welcome us. The animals were soon put up, and, knowing I had but a few hours to stay with them, they came just as they were to the tent (the gift of General Ramsay), which they use as a chapel, and I preached to them from the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Some one exhorted after me, and, before we were aware, we had glided into a pleasant love-feast and had a good time. Then they served us with a hearty dinner of rice and curry, and in half an hour after I was preaching to them again. About forty of the heathen around had crowded in and listened with deepest attention to all that was said. Now this entire enterprise is self-sustaining, and never cost our Missionary Society a dollar. The people are very poor, but they are slowly rising, and are also doing what they can for the support of their pastor, paying in kind, like the other Christian village near Shahjahanpore. If some good man or woman would build them a little chapel, what a benediction it would be! They were so loving and kind, I was greatly delighted with them.

Moradabad, forty miles south, was our next point. Here was where I had that struggle to obtain our dear

girls. At that time our congregation at this place was an illustration of how we were shut up. How dark and forbidding the prospect was! About two women and twenty-five men constituted the usual congregation here. Now the congregation is one of the largest in the Conference, and the majority are women. Besides the church at the mission premises, they have a church in the very center of the city, which is admirably arranged and commodious, and has a tower and clock upon it. On the Sabbath it is filled. The galleries are latticed, so that zenana ladies can come in their palanquins, and go up and be entirely to themselves, looking down through the lattices on the audience below without themselves being seen, and yet hearing all that is said. This was Brother and Sister Parker's idea, and on several occasions they have drawn out the ladies to see an illustrated lecture on some Scripture theme, or other entertainment—quite an event in their poor secluded lives, and which will lead to something better and more freedom ere long. What hard, devoted work Brother and Sister Parker have put into this mission since they came to India in 1859, and what a monument their success is to them to-day! Long may their efficient and faithful services be spared to our work in India!

The schools established here by Rev. J. T. and Mrs. Goucher, of Baltimore, are already a great power for good, and are destined to aid in developing the work of God in Rohilkund to an extent that will, no

doubt, be a joy to them forever. Shulukh and Jane Plumer (two of the original band of orphan girls trained as female physicians) are here earning a comfortable support by their medical practice. We visited the Dispensary, and were greatly pleased to find two of our girls so honorably and usefully employed. The best singing we had yet heard in our mission was what we listened to here. They have in the city one thousand and seventy-one Sunday-school scholars, and raised the banner collection for the Missionary Society of all the native Churches, the amount being eighty-nine rupees. The list lies before me, and seems to include most of the members of the Church, and the amount contributed runs from about two dollars to three cents each. Brother Gill told us that some of his people contributed to the collection a full week's salary ; two or three gave two weeks, and one gave a month's pay. Well done, Moradabad native Church ! A good old man, by the name of Kundan, came in twice from the district, walking forty miles each time, to see and welcome us. With tears he " thanked God that he had lived to see the day when Dr. Butler came back to India," and then he turned and requested our prayers on behalf of his wife, who is still unconverted. He is the old man who is so fond of the hymn,

"I left it all with Jesus."

By a rising vote the congregation requested me to send their salaam (loving regards) to the members

of our Church in the Mexican Mission, with their hearty wishes for their welfare and Christian fidelity. Here, too, I had the privilege of baptizing quite a number of babies, the children of our former orphan girls; the grateful mothers being so pleased that I should do this for them that it was really a delight to gratify them. And here let me say, while referring to these India babies, that I feel assured I am not at all mistaken when I declare I never saw such well conducted babes in any part of the world as are those in India. The mothers are zealous about attending the means of grace, and do not think that having a baby excuses them from doing so. Not one in twenty of them is able to afford to keep any help (cheap though that help is there), so, unless they have an older child able to take charge of the little one in their absence, if they are to attend worship they must take the baby with them. I have seen fifteen to twenty of these babies in an audience, and I was constantly surprised to witness how good and quiet they were. Sometimes a whole service would go over without a single cry being heard; and even when one of them would begin to whimper (and it seldom rose above that), and the mother could not hush it to silence, she would leave with it, but in ten minutes return with the pacified little one, and there would be no further trouble or disturbance from them. They certainly are an example to all the babies of Christendom that I have ever seen for good behavior in the

house of God ! As little ones they are handsome. Their warm olive color prevents them showing any paleness, and their little bright, black eyes, shining like animated diamonds, give them a very pleasing aspect.

Our next visit was to Budaon, lying south-east from Moradabad, and thirty miles from Bareilly. This was the first place in India in which I administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. A few days after my arrival at Bareilly, in 1857, I received a note from the English judge of Budaon (the only white man in that district of eight hundred thousand people) requesting me to visit Budaon and give a Sabbath service to his family. At that time there was no made road from Bareilly to Budaon over which a carriage could run ; so the judge arranged to bring me through by sending out a couple of elephants, which he had stationed at suitable distances, and on their backs I went over the thirty miles in about six hours. I spent a very interesting Sabbath with this pious Episcopalian family, and ministered to them in holy things, but had little idea in what peril they would find themselves within six weeks of that visit, and how wonderfully God was to work out the deliverance of each of them, though separated from each other in the confusion. The facts are given in *The Land of the Veda*.

Now I am returning, twenty-seven years after, to that city and district, to see what God has wrought

meanwhile. After the Sepoy Rebellion I went through the towns of that district, and cannot cease to remember the intense solicitude with which I surveyed that region of spiritual darkness. I never offered more earnest supplication to God for any object than I did, as I went prospecting around through these villages and towns, that God might have mercy upon the long-benighted multitudes, and raise up there Christian Churches and an indigenous agency of leaders, local preachers, Sunday-school workers, etc. I distinctly remember going over just such enumeration, and then realizing keenly how naked my faith was, not a soul of them having yet heard of the Gospel ; but still I clung, in an agonizing desire, to the blessed hope that He who could "call the things which are not as though they were," would, in his infinite compassion and mercy, bring about this result. He heard these prayers ; how he answered them the facts will show. The brethren kept saying to us, in the south-east of our mission (in and around Lucknow), as they saw our delight with what we witnessed, "O, wait till you reach Rohilkund, and you will see the strength of Methodism there." In company with the presiding elder, Brother Thomas, we went to Budaon, to attend the Quarterly Conference. I had no adequate idea, before going, how developed Christianity had become throughout that circuit, and they might well anticipate how surprised and delighted I would be at the sight of that Quarterly Conference.

On entering the place where the Conference was assembled I saw fifty-seven members—seven of them being ladies—awaiting us. In my day fifty-seven persons were regarded a goodly number as a congregation; but here was that number now of official brethren and sisters—class-leaders, Sunday-school superintendents, local preachers, and other officers of our Church in that Budaon Circuit. I have not seen a more devout and orderly Quarterly Conference anywhere. The business proceeded in full disciplinary style. Every part of the work was well represented, the reports, generally prepared and written, were clear, zealous, and spiritual—the substance being translated to me as they proceeded. To show how the Gospel is penetrating this population I quote a sentence of one of their reports. The native preacher said: “I have twenty-seven villages in my sub-circuit, and Christians in every one of them.” Here, too, the cause has become so strong that our people are able to hold their temporal position notwithstanding they have become the followers of Christ. Hitherto they generally had to surrender position, relations, and property when they became Christians; and many who desired to follow their example were deterred from doing so by the fearful sacrifices which these had to endure. But a better day is dawning, and a more rapid extension of the work will be the certain result, as well as a higher ability to support the cause which will be espoused.

The seven female members of the Quarterly Conference—all educated women, and in that respect occupying a higher intellectual position than the average of the members of that Conference—were, with some exceptions, members of the normal class of the Orphanage. The reports of their quarter's work were rendered with a clearness and style that was a credit to their training. I looked at them with surprise and gratitude to God. There was more in that Quarterly Conference than I had, at the first sight of it, supposed; and it was manifest that our Methodistic system suited them exactly. They evidently appreciated it, and could work it well. Surely the future was here provided for. Our cause, as a precious system of evangelism, could be safely intrusted to hands like these. It was the ripest product of our disciplinary methods which I had yet seen in India, and impressed me intensely, and intimated such a future that my whole heart went out to them in loving confidence. Here my feelings nearly overcame me, and I found I was sobbing aloud before I could get control of myself. What a full heart of gratitude to God was mine that hour, and what a blessed hope of the glorious future which seemed so sure to come through the faithful services of these devoted brethren and sisters and their successors!

It was easy for me now to fully appreciate the appeal of Dr. Waugh when, after pointing out to me the conviction of our missionaries that our Gospel

had so penetrated the minds of the people of this district, by means of our itinerant preaching through their villages and in the bazaars, and by our schools and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures and our Christian books and tracts, it is held as a conviction by all here that they are on the eve of a mighty movement, in which immense masses of these people may one day abandon idolatry forever, and slide down, like an avalanche, toward Christianity, and entreat that they be instructed and saved. They have lost faith in a system which they have trusted so long, but from which they have derived no saving benefit. They plainly see their Christian neighbors are better and more enlightened than themselves; and the only thing now needed is to get before their minds that the reason of this difference is made by the grace of the Holy Spirit, which these people have received by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. How suddenly, and savingly too, this change may come to multitudes of them was being illustrated (March, 1885), as these sheets were passing through the press, at the great mela at Adjudia; where in three days two hundred and forty-eight men and women (one half of them Brahmans) were led to Christ under the preaching and testimony of two of our native ministers! This is, probably, the most wonderful religious fact that has taken place in India, and shows the divine power there is in the argument from *experience*, when presented in

faith and with a loving heart to these people by men who are themselves converted and full of the Holy Spirit.

The appeal made by Dr. Waugh was based upon considerations of this character. But he startled me when he asked, what was our mission to do when this breaking-down time came, and these multitudes, whom they had so long been instructing, would yield and turn to them for help and instruction in seeking salvation ? I did not comprehend at first what difficulty stood in the way of the mission doing all that was necessary to help them and utilize such a glorious opportunity. But the doctor asked me to look at the condition of their work and say, where was the man whom they could spare from existing labors to go to the help of those people were they to appeal to them to-morrow ? Every missionary and native preacher and leader they have is already under all the tension they can bear to fulfill the duties laid on them by the Annual Conference. For new work, no matter how energetic or important, they have neither the men nor the means. They are crowded already by their success ! They have appealed again and again for more financial aid in order to educate the young men whom God has given them, and get them ready for the enlargement of their work. But the Missionary Society is unable to respond, and so half of this precious material is not utilized, and they are looking forward with anxious hearts to a demand upon them

which they know they are not able to meet without abandoning existing work, which is not to be thought of.

Will the Methodist Episcopal Church allow this serious condition of things to continue? Are not the *remainder* of these twenty million of souls, "for whom Christ died," as valuable as are the few thousands whom we have already won from among them? Will not our people provide for the rising wants and wide extension of their mission in India, and especially while God is working so graciously and bidding them "Go forward"? Surely they will do so, for the present demand is the *result* of their own praying and liberality. They implored God to remove every obstruction out of the path of his Gospel in that land, and open a way for the salvation of those millions, so that his Son might have magnificent India "for his inheritance;" and up to the measure of their liberality, and far beyond it, has He blessed their work for him. Now he makes further appeal for *more* means to accomplish "greater things than these." Will the Church be worthy of her Lord and his leading? Will she bring "the *tithes* into the store-house... and prove" him therewith "to open the windows of heaven, and pour" them "out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it?" If so, the scale of average liberality must soon become very different from what it is to-day. An average of forty cents each for the redemption of the world

is a poor evidence of a *serious* purpose on the part of a Church to bring the world to God! Were the average contribution from our people four or five dollars each, then, indeed, we might begin to look up, for our redemption would be drawing nigh, and the millennium would be dawning upon the world! The “million of dollars,” now anticipated with so much interest, is liberal, but it is only so in comparison with the past niggardly giving. God is very patient with us in condescending to accept hitherto such poor offerings at our hands. But does he not expect “the tithes” to be brought in, and can he be satisfied with less, if less will not suffice to save the world? He certainly does, and requires in addition “the firstlings of our flock and the fat thereof” to be laid upon his altar in consecration to this, the supreme duty and service of his Church. He wants, in addition to our money, our cultured and precious sons and daughters, to be given up for his glorious service. He “gave his own Son” to the same work, and he expects our children to be consecrated to it. O for a baptism of liberality upon the people of God, that they may in deed and in truth render to the Lord what they so often profess to do when they sing :

“ ‘Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.’ ”

After this solemn engagement, made in our better moments, how serious if we go back on that consecration, and show, by our want of liberality, that we did not *mean* what we said to God!

One of the female members of that Quarterly Conference had a remarkable history. She was the little daughter of people well to do, and was stolen one evening by thieves for the sake of the ornaments that she had on her person. Next morning she was found, utterly destitute, by a native policeman, and by him was taken to the court of the English magistrate, who, unable to find her friends, sent the poor little waif to the missionary, Brother Hoskins, who forwarded her to Bareilly, where she was received into the Orphanage. In a few years she developed into a young woman of such culture that she was sent to Budaon to be employed as a Bible woman. One day, in visiting the houses of that city to read and explain the Scriptures to the women, she entered one where an old lady sat in the corner of a room. Something about the face and voice of the young visitor startled the old woman. She gazed and listened till she could endure no more, and, rushing across the apartment, laid her hands on the girl, and eagerly asked her : “Are you not the daughter of Luchman, the goldsmith?” It was the grandmother. Identification followed, and they rejoiced over the recovery of the lost one whom they had mourned as dead. Even her Christianity was found no serious bar to their revived

love. They could not but admire the nice, educated girl that stood before them, whom Christianity had saved, and for whom it had done so much ; so she was taken to their heart again, Christianity and all. Elizabeth (her baptismal name) soon after was married to the son of Samuel, one of our first preachers, and whose triumphant death at Shahjahanpore has been often referred to. Elizabeth's husband is also a preacher, and at present a candidate for admission into the local ministry.

In connection with this station there occurred, in its early history, a fact that was unique of its kind, and the results of which I was interested enough to inquire into on this occasion. A man by the name of Presgrave, about the close of the year 1859, came under the influence of the Gospel, and applied for baptism and admission into the Church on probation. On inquiry we found that he had two wives, and we told him it was out of our power to receive him in that condition. He pleaded that the entire family were ready and willing to come with him into Christianity, and he wanted them to be received along with himself without disturbing their relations. He seemed so honest and earnest that we felt much for him, but explained to him that, under the Christian law of marriage, we could not baptize and receive either himself or them in their present relations. He became greatly distressed, but, after much conversation upon the matter, declared his willingness to give up

his polygamy, and live with one wife only, and was even willing to be married to that one by Christian rites. This brought up the question as to *which* of the two he should marry, and he appealed to us to decide this matter for him. I shrank from such a responsibility, and told him he must decide this question for himself. They were both equally his wives by the law of his former religion, and they had married him in good faith. The case was even more difficult than this. His first wife, to whom he was much attached, had brought him no children, and she pined under this privation, chiefly on his account. She knew that Menu, in his *Institutes of Hindu Law*, had ordained that, under such a condition of things, a second marriage was a sort of duty, so that the husband might have a son to officiate at his *shraad* (the funeral ceremonies), in order to insure for the father a happy transmigration. This idea prevails all over India, and is, after all, the leading reason for a second marriage.

The first and childless wife herself suggested this course to her husband, and declared that she would regard the children born of the second marriage as her own, and love them as such. He accordingly took another wife, and five children were the fruit of the second marriage. It was after the eldest daughter of that marriage had grown up and was herself a wife that this contact with Christianity occurred. In response to his earnest request that we should decide for

him, we urged him to return home and settle this serious question after full consideration with all concerned. He went, and, I presume, did his best, but failed to reach a conclusion in which they could all agree. Willing to do right, but unable to see the way to accomplish it, in view of the conflicting hearts and interests involved, the distracted husband and father loaded the whole family on his bullock-cart and came to Bareilly. I was called in from my work one day to find the entire circle in the sitting-room. The father opened the subject by stating that they had tried to settle the matter among themselves, but had not been able to do so, and so he had brought them all in to have us aid them to a conclusion. The crucial question was, *which* of the wives should be discarded? I anxiously looked up to the Lord for wisdom in the emergency, and soon found myself appealed to as judge in the matter by both sides. It was pathetic to the last degree to hear them, and especially the two poor wives, pleading their own claims. The first and oldest urged that she had been a true and faithful wife to her husband all her married life, and, though God had denied her the children she longed to have, especially for his sake, yet her fidelity and affection ought to plead for her in this hour, so that she might not become the discarded one. Then the other wife urged her claims, not only love and duty faithfully performed, but also the five children that she had brought to him, and pleaded with tears that she

ought not to be the one rejected. No word of bitterness or recrimination was uttered by either party. All spoke under the sense of the heavy sacrifice which Christianity was then demanding of them, and also with full respect for the feelings and convictions of the husband and father. The children sat looking on with an anxious and foreboding aspect that was painful to contemplate. All the time my heart was going up in prayer for the merciful intervention of Him whose holy and inflexible law was requiring this sacrifice from those who would be his followers, so that we might be guided wisely, and without any compromise which he would reject, from out of the midst of these painful and intricate circumstances into which their false religion had led them.

I felt a strong hope that, in view of the husband's manifest anxiety to do what was right before God, the merciful One above would not leave us in this terrible perplexity, but, in some way or other, would cause "light to rise upon this obscurity." But I could not imagine how it was to be done. It is often said that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." It certainly was so here; for, when the pleadings were ceasing, and the solemn silence was creeping over us, and each heart seemed hushed to listen for the decision which must come now from some quarter to solve the difficulty and save the whole effort from a confusion and collapse that would surely sacrifice the future peace and love of this an-

ious family, and effectually impede their conversion to Christianity, then help seemed to come from heaven. The eldest daughter of the second wife, herself married, and with her babe on her bosom, stirred by an impulse that seemed to impel her to most decided action, rose to her feet and crossed the room to the sad and weeping first wife, and tenderly addressing her, said, "Mother, I have now a home of my own, and if you will only consent to be the discarded one, so that my father may be able to carry out his religious convictions, I will take you to my heart and home, and I will be a loving daughter to you all the days of your life!" Love solved the whole difficulty. The old woman threw her arms round the neck of the dear girl and crossed the room with her to sit by her side, and the matter was settled without another word being spoken. We all sat in tears to see this wonderful, merciful, and even beautiful solution of one of the most unique and painful difficulties in which a number of human hearts could be entangled! The feelings of all parties were saved and honored, God's law was complied with, and the whole family received into Christianity and its holy relations. I made inquiry during my late visit as to the results, and was particularly pleased to find at the Rohilcund camp-meeting the son of the family (one of those sad and anxious children who had there to pass through this terrible ordeal) was in attendance as a candidate for admission to the office of local preacher.

From Budaon we went on to attend the camp-meeting at Chandausi. This is our largest camp-meeting in India. As we stood at the station with our company, waiting for the arrival from Bareilly, it was delightful when the train approached to hear the enthusiastic singing of the crowd on board—our orphan girls helping so grandly. How it reminded me of such scenes at home. But it was far more significant here! It contrasted so grandly with the somber mood and joyless aspect generally exhibited by the people around, who have nothing in their religion to make them happy. They would stop and listen with surprise to these joyful Christians, then pass on, wondering what all this meant. But they will learn some day, and may it be soon!

The camp was pitched in a grove owned by a friendly Hindu. Eight hundred native Methodists were on the ground. Instead of tents, which our poor people could not afford, the requisite shelter was provided by booths, made of boughs of trees and grass, for which about half a rupee (twenty cents) rent was charged. Each sheltered a family, and was sufficient for shade, though they would not turn rain off if it occurred at that time of the year (early December), which it does not. The scene was very interesting, and was a good copy of the “Feast of Tabernacles” in other days.

The first two days were given to District Conference work, with morning and evening public services,

that at the close of the Conferences glided into the camp-meeting proper, which closed on Sunday night following. In this case there were three District Conferences held on the ground, the Rohilkund Conference, the Amroha Conference, and the Conference of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society ; the presidents of each being Rev. D. W. Thomas, Rev. Zahur-ul-Huqq, and Miss Fanny Sparkes. The first and last were held in large tents, but Brother Huqq's Conference (it being the cool season of the year, when the natives feel the cold more than we do) preferred to hold theirs in the open air, where they could sit in the sun. It was unique to see them seated on the ground, native fashion, so content, with only the canopy of heaven over them, going thus orderly through all the forms and duties of a Methodist District Conference.

Every person in the service of either Society, no matter how humble the sphere of duty, is required to attend their Conference, to represent their work, to pass examination in character, appear before the committees on the prescribed studies of each year, as well as to receive the religious help and benefit of the camp-meeting which follows the Conferences. The supervision of our work in India is complete to the fullest degree. The visitations of the presiding elders are regular and effective, and thus there is not a dollar expended on our work there but they know where it is and what it is doing for the Church. I

went round from one Conference to another, filled with admiration of the thorough manner in which the Discipline is administered in the North India Conference. Yes, indeed, these men "mean business," and that business is "well done." From the ordained elder of the legal (Annual) Conference, stationed within the limits of these District Conferences, down to the humble colporteurs, here they were assembled for the transaction and oversight of the Lord's work committed to their charge. I took the numbers of the membership of each Conference from its secretary and found that there were :

In the Rohilkund Conference.....	125 members.
In the Amroha Conference.....	44 "
In the Ladies' Conference.....	95 "
A total working force of.....	264 persons.

And this is over and above the male and female District Conferences of Kumaon and Oude. In fact, there are seven District Conferences within the bounds of the North India Conference, four of the parent Board and three of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. They meet at the same time and place, and co-operate together most kindly and harmoniously, acting freely and independently for what concerns their own specific work, and yet in unity and mutual assistance for all that concerns the common interests of the Church within their bounds.

The missionary ladies have a regular *Manual*, con-

taining their Constitution, Rules of Order, By-laws, and Specified Courses of Study for four years, obligatory upon their lady missionaries and assistants, their Bible women, school teachers, and zenana visitors. Their rules are faithfully applied at these Conferences, and one of them is strict enough to lay down the law, that any lady missionary unable or unwilling to acquire the language and pass the examinations in the vernacular course of study shall be reported to the executive committee at home, so that she may be recalled. The result is a general efficiency, that makes them worthy to stand by the side of the missionaries of the parent Board. There is thus a proper foundation for a real respect and confidence, which is very pleasant; and this, joined with the loyalty of the lady missionaries to the Church and its constituted authorities in India, enables them to toil together in the same stations without friction, and with sincere appreciation and mutual help. The Annual Conference draws all together under its kind and efficient supervision.

I was delayed somewhat in reaching the camp-ground, and found on arrival that the general service, where all three Conferences had met together to implore the blessing of the Lord upon their work, had commenced. The hymn was over and they had gone to prayer. Hurrying across to the big tent, I heard the voice that was leading the devotions within. I did not need to ask those with me *whose* voice that

was! It was eighteen years since I heard it last, but how quickly I knew it, and how my heart throbbed to hear it! It was Brother *Joel!* Quietly entering behind the pulpit, I remained unobserved by any one till he had ended and they rose up again. I suppose, according to the proprieties, I ought to have waited till the service had concluded before hailing and saluting my dear old helper. But I could not wait. Before the presiding elder could give out the next hymn I had rushed across the tent to where Joel was sitting, and, laying my hands on his shoulders, I looked into those sightless eyes and kissed his forehead, exclaiming, “Dear *Joel!*” I felt his whole frame thrill with joy. He was on his feet in a moment, and we were clasped in each other’s arms, our hearts beating responsively each to the other. The elder had to wait; nobody could sing; every one was moved, and the native preachers were in tears around us. Perhaps they will never forget it. There is nothing like love. It wins and conquers hearts anywhere on earth. That scene did those native brethren much good. It satisfied them that fidelity to the Church and to God was the true way to be appreciated and loved. I sat during the sermon with my arm round this “true yoke-fellow,” and my mind was busy with the past, when he stood so faithfully by my side amid the toil and trials of our work when we were so few and feeble. The only shade over this joyful meeting was his inability to *see* me. He felt

if he could only look into my face, even for one minute, he would be satisfied. Poor fellow! how I sympathized with his yearning heart in the desire for what could not be now, but will surely be hereafter.

When the service was over the rest of the brethren and sisters crowded round and we had a glad time together. They looked at us with astonishment and delight, as they realized how far we had come to see them all once more. Of course our pleasure was greatly heightened by meeting Joel's daughters. The eldest, who is married, is almost as beautiful as her dear mother, the gentle Emma, whom my good wife regarded as one of the loveliest women she had seen in India. And now, here were the little babies of twenty years ago, grown up into such sweet maidenhood. The eldest is well married to one who is worthy of her, and whose means enable her to be generous to the Lord's work. She does a good deal of service for the Ladies' Society in zenana visitation, as a voluntary agent and without accepting any earthly recompense. She must be very efficient, being so well educated and so lady-like and Christian in her spirit.

The business of all these District Conferences is, of course, carried on in the Hindustanee language. The Hindus are a courteous race, and this was exhibited in their Conference discussions and the respect they showed for the rules which governed their assemblies. It was pleasing to hear so frequently the

words, as they addressed the chair, “Mir mugles sahib!” (Mr. president.) The order kept was excellent and their conduct gentlemanly toward each other.

Twelve new local preachers were accepted from the ranks of the exhorters; but, after a very strict scrutiny in each case, one or two, who had come up for admission, were rejected on account of not having passed good examinations, and were sent back to their books for one year more. Another was rejected for having whipped his wife. The poor fellow, with apparent sincerity, pleaded, in extenuation, that it was the custom of his country, and that he supposed wives “sometimes *needed* it to keep them good!” When confronted with our Christian usages not to whip our wives, he said that our women were “of a different race, and perhaps did not *need* it!” But it was all in vain, he was rejected. The American members of the Conference did not require to take part in the discussion; it was left entirely in the hands of the native brethren, who are very decided not to tolerate this “Hindu custom” in their Church members, much less their official brethren. Sometimes women, who are not aware of our “Christian customs,” are amazed when they learn that we never whip our wives. Dr. Scott told me of a case that occurred under his own eyes some years ago. He had reason to suppose that one of his theological students occasionally resorted to this method of

"keeping his wife good;" so he quietly awaited a chance to cure the evil. One day he heard some commotion on the other side of the wall of the enclosure which sounded suspicious, and, hastening round, came upon the scene as the husband was laying the switch on the wife's back, and she crying bitterly. Hastily snatching a broom, which stood convenient, he made a dash at the man to stop him, when, lo! the wife rushed to her husband's rescue, and in his defense insisted that, being his wife, he had a right to whip her if he chose to do so, and that she ought to have taken it more patiently! But these things are ending, and a native Conference refuses to excuse it, and will discipline any man that will raise his hand to a woman. The better day has come, and the law of Christ has begun to abrogate the *Institutes of Menu*, and vindicate long-suffering women from the treatment which heathenism has thus far inflicted upon them. They will ere long learn,

"What a friend we have in Jesus!"

It was satisfactory to see how narrow the door was into our ministry and how carefully these native brethren were guarding it.

In my address to these native preachers I urged upon them the highest motives of the ministry which they had received, and also the duty of developing the liberality of their people, so as to lighten the load on the funds of our society, and hasten the hour

when our means should be set free to evangelize those whom we had not yet reached. They do recognize this duty, and, I believe, are doing about all that can be fairly expected of them in this comparatively early stage of our work, and also in view of the very humble ability of most of our people, who, in becoming Christians, have lost their all, and have had to emerge from a poverty that the Church at home cannot imagine. Let them have five or ten years more time to work up, and we can then fairly judge of their disposition to help themselves. But even now, the statistics which are to follow in these pages will show that our people are doing all that they are able for self-support; perhaps as well as the average of our members at home, if the respective *ability* of the parties is fairly estimated. But the statistics will enable my readers to judge for themselves upon this question.

These camp-meetings are of great use. To our own people it is no ordinary inspiration to have them come together yearly from localities where they are few and generally persecuted, and often realizing how heavy is the cross which they carry in having forsaken heathenism and embraced our religion. Then to find themselves united for a week with a body of fellow-disciples six or eight hundred strong, and enter on the enjoyment of this luxury of the means of grace, day after day, putting strength and courage into their hearts all the time; they return

to their homes better prepared than ever for the duties and trials of their Christian life, and cheered by the reflection that they belong to a body of considerable importance, whose members are growing all the time in numbers, intelligence, and power for good. Here, also, the heathen have a grand chance to see and understand Christianity. Hundreds of them, who are too timid to enter a place of worship, will come to the *Christian mela*, as they call it, and listen to the singing and preaching with much interest. They, too, see that this Christianity is growing into a power, and they are led to respect it, and become more conciliatory toward those of its members who reside near them. The steady growth of this work of God is indicated in a remark made by Dr. Scott, in the Rohilcund Conference tent. He said: "Some years ago I built this tent to hold our camp-meeting; now you see it wont contain even the members of the District Conference." They have most gracious reasons for obeying the Divine command, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations." A remark made by one of the native brethren in the account of his work, shows, also, the growth of toleration toward our religion which the past twenty-five years have developed. The Nawab of Rampore (a native State in the center of Rohilcund) is a Mohammedan sovereign. We have long desired to get access to his territory, and have at last succeeded. But his

bigoted officials brought the fact to his notice lately, mentioning the name of a family who had become Christians in one of his towns, and where we have begun to hold service. Of course the expectation was that he would give them leave to drive them out. But no; to their amazement, his highness replied, "Why, I tolerate Hindus in my territory, and why should I not tolerate Christians, also? Let them alone." I know this nawab personally. It was his worthy father who (as I have related in the *Land of the Veda*), when we were so closely beset at Nynee Tal, gave us that "aid and comfort" then so valuable to us. I hope my readers will pray for the worthy and tolerant son who now occupies the throne of Rampore.

Andrias, a member of this Conference, in his zeal and desire to relieve the missionary treasury of his support, gave up his humble salary, of six dollars per month, on this occasion, asking merely that a small portion of it be paid to sustain his wife and family, and he would throw himself entirely upon his Chumar people for support. They had even requested him to do so. He had been their *guru* (religious guide and teacher) in their heathen state, and they were willing to sustain him now as their Christian *guru*. The good old man is working his circuit on this plan, and so far is doing well.

I ought to mention that the head of that family in Rampore, mentioned above, who has become a Chris-

tian, shows his faith by his works, and on this question of support for the Christian cause (which all our preachers instruct their people to observe to the extent of their ability) he thus states his own sense of duty: "In my heathen condition I dedicated the product of five begas of land (nearly an acre) to the Brahmins; but now I plow and sow it for Jesus, and give the product to his cause."

I had once more the great pleasure of hearing dear Joel preach one of his own eloquent, spiritual sermons from the text: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory." It was affecting to look upon his expressive face, with those sightless eyes, as he dwelt on the fact that they shall "behold" that "glory"—not one of them being destitute of the power to see it.

The sublime and the ridiculous sometimes come very close and awkwardly together. One such incident may be worth relating here, not for the smile which it will create, but for the better purpose it will answer to illustrate, in a simple way, how our religion cultures its adherents and confers on them a spiritual discernment which marks the difference between them and people of the world. Our camp was lighted at night by little "butties," small earthen cups with oil and cotton wicks, fastened upon the trees. To prepare these and take care of them is one man's work. He is called a *chirag wallah*. This wallah

was only a nominal Christian, and at the time was evidently thinking more of his “butties” than of that which they feebly typified, when the presiding elder was earnestly exhorting the audience to take due care to have “their lights trimmed and burning,” so that they should shine full and clear before men, and not go out and leave them in darkness. At this point the poor wallah, who imagined the exhortation was clearly aimed at him and his failure of duty, unable to endure it longer, rose to his feet and suddenly broke in on the elder’s address, and most energetically declared: “Why, sahib, it is not my fault that they burn badly; I prepare them carefully and watch them as well as I can, but the thieving crows come round and pull out the wicks and get at the oil in the butties—what more can I do?” At home this ridiculous blunder would have broken up the solemnity of any camp-meeting for a good while. But here, though there was a momentary merriment at the stupidity of the wallah, it was but momentary, and the feeling awakened was commiseration for the poor fellow’s want of “spiritual discernment” to understand the word of God and the elder’s use of it. In three minutes all was serene again, and the elder’s exhortation lost none of its effect by the interruption.

The numbers forward for prayers, and of those who professed to have been saved, were I think in advance of the Lucknow meeting, and the power of God seemed to me to be more manifest. The love-feast

was delightful, from two to five persons would be on the floor at a time waiting for a chance to speak. A singular fact occurred during this service. A Mohammedan gentleman, who had come into the assembly out of mere curiosity, was so affected by the testimonies which he heard that he rose and asked the privilege of saying a word. Permission was given, and he then remarked, that he "felt the spirit of the place, and he wished to confess that he had been much helped in his religious feelings." This was the way he put it. It seemed a true illustration of what St. Paul meant, in 1 Cor. xiv, 25, where he speaks of the stranger in a Christian assembly confessing to the power of God being present to save. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was a beautiful and solemn service—about four hundred and fifty communed—nearly half the number being women, and they were especially devout.

The closing scene of that Chandausi camp-meeting was the most enthusiastic hour which we witnessed during our visit in India. It occurred at the close of the blessed Sabbath, with all its privileges of religious services from early morning till nearly ten o'clock that night. Souls had been saved, believers sanctified, and every one more or less blessed, and the services had risen in spirituality and power to the end. But now the hour of closing had come, and they were to leave the glad scene early next morning.

Before describing this termination, to enable the reader to appreciate it, let me refer to the usage of these people in their heathen state a few years ago. Hindus make it a practice yearly to attend one of their great *melas* on the banks of the Ganges. One might call this mela an immense Hindu camp-meeting, where for nearly a week several hundred thousand people encamp on the banks of the "holy river" at these various shrines, and go through austerities, ablutions, and services in which they seek for purification from the sins of the past year. These services are consummated by an immersion of the whole person beneath the water of this river, preceded by a cry in which, at a given signal, the whole crowd unite. That yell (as it may well be called) is one of the most awful sounds to which a Christian ear can listen! The words are, as they rush forward into the river, "Gunga mata ki jai, jai, jai!" The meaning is, "Victory, victory, victory to the holy Ganges!" When our people "walked according to the course of this world" and its idolatry, this was their cry and their confidence. In this rested their highest hopes of salvation. But now, "in Christ Jesus," how significant is the change which they have made! Let me describe it.

The presiding elder, Brother Thomas, at ten o'clock that Sunday night, reminded them one thing more, according to their usage, remained to be done to consummate and close their camp-meeting. They

understood it, and the preparations had been made in the tall forest outside the line of tents, where fires blazed to give light. Commencing at the stand, we filed out singing, and soon formed a complete circle of eight hundred people beneath the tall trees. Here the preachers and ourselves stood in line, and the entire eight hundred slowly marched again till they passed and shook hands with each of us, while the singing, the shouts of joy, and flowing tears all attested the gladness of these redeemed people! The circle was reformed, and the missionaries and ourselves stood in the center, and then they sang over and over again, as though they did not know when to stop,

“I’m the child of a King.”

“The sweet by and by,” etc.

A pause was now called, and they then requested I should once more address them, perhaps for the last time. This I did, on the sacred freedom which our Church secured to them in these extraordinary means of grace for their enjoyment and help, as well as on the prospect which they had, if faithful, of joining in the glad redemption song, “clothed in white robes and palms in their hands,” where we hoped to meet them, though we could not expect to see them again on earth. The elder then said, “Now, brethren and sisters, I want you, before our final shout of victory is given, to unite in a loving Christian acclamation for Dr. and Mrs. Butler, the founders of our mission;”

and he led the way, and the forest rang with the applause of those grateful hearts! He here paused, as if realizing what all this implied, and called out again, "Has not this been a happy occasion? Are we not all very happy?" And there came, in response, the mighty united cry, "Yes, yes, yes!" This brought us to the final act, and to the recognition of the honor due that "Name which is above every name," and which they now love to celebrate as the closing utterance of their camp-meeting. The elder asked, "Are you ready?" They understood, and seemed to stand firmer in their place, and each hand prepared to rise toward heaven, as they answered back, "Yes; ready." Up went the elder's hand, and theirs with his, and, like the voice of one man, the eight hundred shouted out: "Isa Masih ki jai, jai, jai!" which is, "Victory, victory, victory to Jesus Christ!" The effect was thrilling, all the more so by the contrast which it suggested of their utterances "in the former days of their ignorance." I looked up into the clear, calm heavens, toward which their waving hands were pointing so triumphantly, and into which their glad acclaim was entering,

"And the happy stars above them seemed
To brighten as they passed!"

I felt sure that He who made those stars was looking down in love upon the adoring audience, and that their ascription of "victory" to him was accepted.

No doubt the blessed ones above sympathized with that scene, where these redeemed idolaters were doing their best to unite with the anthem of the skies in giving glory to their common Lord. Early next morning we took our departure, and the glad crowd entered the train, still singing. Passing the engine I saw that the engineer was a native, and that he was looking down most benignly upon the people in their joy. It was to me a great surprise, for hitherto I understood that even the natives would demur to ride in a train not controlled by a white man, deeming their own race inadequate to drive it. But here was a native engineer, and no objection. Yes; on inquiry they told me he was a Christian and a member of our Church, who, in the good use of the education we had given him, and his sobriety and intelligence, had risen from the rank of a stoker to be an engineer, and a good one, too, fully trusted by the railroad company, who had elected him to the position on the failure, through intemperance, of his English predecessor. The train rolled out of the station, the happy people on board "singing lustily and with good courage," while now and again they would clap their hands in sympathy with their singing (another little peculiarity of theirs, and I think a native habit of expressing joy). The Christians claim it as a biblical right, for "the sweet singer of Israel" teaches them so: "O clap your hands, all ye people!" Psa. xlvii, 1. And so Isaiah (chap. lv, 12) calls upon "the trees of the field"

to do the same in their exultation. They have Heaven's warrant for their privilege as well as for their "shouts" of joy. Thank God, that such an hour has come, when these external manifestations are heard in India, in the significance which makes them acceptable to God, being the outward and audible expressions of the inward, unearthly peace and joy which his Gospel has implanted in their hearts!

CHAPTER IX.

“Come, then, thou King of kings and Lord of lords !
Sun-like, from out thy royal chambers come !
The robes of thine imperial majesty
Haste to put on ; and in thy right hand grasp
That scepter of unlimited dominion
Which thine Almighty Father hath bestowed ;
Even so, Lord Jesus, come ! yea, quickly come !
For 'tis the voice of thine own Bride that calls,
And all creation sighs to be renewed.”

—*In imitation of Milton, by Dr. Mitchell.*

THE North India Annual Conference was to commence its sessions in the city of Cawnpore on the 9th of January, and we now hastened forward to be in time to enjoy the great opportunity of meeting the Conference which I saw organized nineteen years before, under the presidency of Bishop Thomson. I was now in good measure prepared for the enlargement and great increase of power which I was to find there. But, what most of all impressed me with surprise and delight, as intimating the future, was the fact that the native members of this legal Conference are already in the majority. The American members are now outnumbered. Several of those who make up this native majority were the orphan boys of an earlier day ; and here they sat, as the

peers, ecclesiastically, of the missionaries who so ably represent the home Church.

Lest any one might suppose that I, as the founder of this work, was influenced in describing this Conference and the results of its labor, I here prefer to avail myself of the words of another and competent witness, Rev. Dr. Thoburn, who, as delegate from the South India Conference, visited this North India Conference at its recent session at Bareilly (such occasions being in all essential respects identical). The doctor thus writes of what he found :

“The *personnel* of the Conference has greatly changed since its first organization, in December, 1864. There were then eighteen American and European members, and four native preachers were admitted on trial. At the recent session in Bareilly twenty-one American and twenty-five native members were present. The foreigners were in a minority, and all parties were well aware that the minority must grow relatively smaller with every succeeding year. Fifteen years ago it was not uncommon to hear predictions of troubrous times if ever the native element should gain the numerical ascendency in the Conference ; but now that that contingency has become an accomplished fact, no evil result of any kind is apparent. On the other hand, all seemed to rejoice in the result, and instead of anticipating trouble in the future, native members of Conference are cordially admitted on terms of perfect equality with

their American brethren, and no misgiving is either expressed or felt. These American brethren practically place their characters in the hands of their native brethren. Each missionary is amenable to the Annual Conference for his moral and ecclesiastical standing, and, if put on trial, can be expelled by a majority vote. In this Conference the natives are in the majority; but no American member has the slightest unwillingness to trust his character to their keeping.

“Another marked and more unexpected change in the *personnel* of the Conference is seen in the presence of seventeen lady missionaries. These, added to fourteen wives of missionaries who were present, gave the ladies a large numerical preponderance, and although these good sisters are not reckoned as members of Conference, yet they hold an annual meeting of their own, and transact a large amount of important business pertaining to their work. The development of this large and growing work is one of the most remarkable features of recent missionary progress. It has been manifestly a providential movement from the first, and we think the Christian man who does not see the hand of God in it must be blind indeed. These ladies are engaged in many kinds of active work, and every year their sphere of usefulness grows wider and more important.

“The devotional meetings of the North India Conference are always seasons of interest, and have, on some occasions, been scenes of remarkable blessing.

It is a good custom, and one worthy of imitation elsewhere, for the brethren and sisters to gather together after tea in the evening and spend an hour or two in prayer and conversation. These social meetings were greatly blessed at the recent session, and will long be gratefully remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present. They were not only seasons of great blessing, but the gatherings partook largely of the character of a large family reunion, and were thus doubly blessed to the company which nightly assembled.

"The work of the Conference was reported as in a very prosperous condition. Steadily, and somewhat rapidly, the native Christians of Oude, Rohilkund, Kumaon, and Gurhwal, are increasing in numbers, and every year the momentum of the gathering mass is increasing. The whole number of baptized communicants under the care of the Conference is 4,573, a number which indicates a Christian population of, perhaps, ten thousand or more. The whole number of pupils in the schools of various grades is 12,119. In the Sunday-schools the extraordinary number of 18,069 was reported, of whom 4,364 were Christians, and 13,705 non-Christians. The steady growth of the Sunday-school work under the care of this Conference is one of the most striking features of recent missionary work in India. The number of adult baptisms reported for 1884 was 347. The amount contributed by the native churches toward the

support of their own pastors during the year was 1,882 rupees. Six Hindustani preachers were admitted on trial.

“Bishop Hurst was gladly welcomed by the brethren, and his administration highly appreciated. The missionary circle of Bareilly, as well as other Christian friends, gave the Conference a warm welcome, and the strangers who were present were greatly pleased and delighted with their visit to Bareilly, and especially with their stay in the charming little mission settlement. The theological school building, the church, the orphanage, the hospital, the mission houses, and the school and church in the city, all combine to make a group of buildings which, on the Chinese coast, would be called a settlement, or ‘concession.’ Those who knew Bareilly in earlier days, and remembered how the first foundations were laid, looked with grateful wonder at the changed scenes around them. The resident missionaries reported a hopeful state of things in the city and district. The cause of Christ is steadily marching forward, and all manner of barriers are giving way. May God still more abundantly bless the labors of his people in Bareilly, and in all the region in which those North Indian brethren labor, and multiply them and their people a hundred-fold!”

These Annual Conferences hold their sessions alternately at Moradabad, Bareilly, Shahjahanpore, Lucknow, and Cawnpore. Our brethren of other Churches

—Congregational, Baptist, and Presbyterian—find them to be occasions of such interest and spiritual profit that they come from considerable distances to attend them. In studying our methods and progress, we are glad to know that they find suggestions which are useful to them when they return to their own fields of labor. My readers will remember that in addition to this body of ministers forming the North India Annual Conference, we have about one hundred other native preachers, who being only “local”—though fully employed in supplying the work—are not members of this legal Conference, but yet hold a membership in the four District Conferences already described, and are amenable to the disciplinary arrangements as thus administered. In the District Conferences the business is transacted entirely in the Hindustanee language, and by resolution of this Annual Conference, at its last session, the English tongue will be discontinued at its next session, and henceforth all the business of North India Methodism will be conducted in the language of the country. This fact will mark an epoch in the completeness and efficiency of our work in India, and grows out of the necessity of deferring to the intelligent judgment and co-operation of our native brethren, who should, therefore, understand every thing that is said and done.

I was deeply interested all through the Conference in listening to the facts and figures which our breth-

ren were handling. In matters of which, in my days there, we spoke and rejoiced over increases in our statistical returns which did not rise above tens and hundreds—here they were reporting similar interests, but the tens had changed to hundreds, and the hundreds to thousands! Take the single item of Sunday-schools. At the recent Conference it was found that during the year the Sunday-schools had increased from 344 to 430, and the increase of pupils during the year was found to be 1,969. Again, in the Rohilkund District 50 new Christian day-schools had been organized during the year (chiefly by Brother Goucher's aid), and 30 more in the Oude District; 80 new day-schools and 86 new Sunday-schools in one year in these two districts!

But I need not continue the elucidations of the prosperity which God is giving to the labors of these faithful servants of the Church, as the statistical returns will present the facts fully in the tabular statement, which will appear a few pages farther on, and there my readers can consult them at their leisure and see how the Head of the Church has honored the faith and devotion of our North India brethren.

The number of foreign missionaries which, after due consideration of the great centers to be occupied, I was led, in 1858, to ask for from the Missionary Society was twenty-four. That number they granted and have since retained there. In view of the climate which they have to endure and the exhausting nature of

their toil upon the health and constitution of foreigners, they have stood well and faithfully to their work. Four of their number have died, and four more have been permanently removed from the field by failing health. Of the remainder, four have been in the work fourteen years; one for sixteen years; two for twenty years; four for twenty-two years; two for twenty-three years, and three for twenty-five years each. This is, so far as I know, as good a showing for devotion to mission service of men still effective, as any mission in India can present to the Church which they serve. Their vacations have been well earned, and they have used them to recuperate their energies and return to their beloved work. The remaining members of the Conference have seen but thirteen years or less of service.

It may be observed that the climate has pressed more severely upon the ladies of the mission than it has upon their husbands the missionaries, who have to be out so much more in the hot sun and necessarily more exposed. Yet so it is. While only four of the brethren have died during the twenty-five years, twelve of the ladies have gone down to the grave. Six of these have died in India. It is to be lamented that so many of these devoted ladies were physically unable to cope with the debilitating effects of the climate, and their useful lives were so soon ended. But they were honored of God in their service, and when they died they closed life in Christian triumph,

and left memories which are still fragrant in the India Mission. In building and arranging homes for the mission I acted on the conviction that a large roomy house, giving space for storing plenty of the fresh morning air to be used during the day, was one of the first essentials of health and life in India. They gratefully admit that my policy in providing them such homes, adapted to the climate, has done much in promoting their health and prolonging the period of their active usefulness.

It is also a fact, which ought to be recognized, in gratitude to God, that not one of the members of his mission, male or female, has ever been lost at sea, going or coming, during the quarter of a century; nor has any of them been injured or died during their land journeys. It bespeaks the care of Providence over them, and also the safety of modern methods of traveling. Some of the older missionaries are no longer the strong, erect men whom I superintended twenty or more years ago. Their toil has told on them; their step is more feeble, and they bend more under their burden. But their resolution and faith are grander now than ever they were. The holy calm of sanctified resolve rests upon their face and manner, and they look familiarized with victories won for the Lord Jesus, and evidently are expecting and prepared for even "greater things than these." As I sat and looked at them I could not fail to call to mind their early trials, in face of the organ-

ized resistance of earth and hell to their work and its purposes, and of the long years of persistent toil which they have so unobtrusively rendered to this service, while the Church at home has known so little of them individually; I could realize how patiently, nevertheless, they have worked on, animated by the highest motives of the Christian ministry; while separated by half the breadth of the earth from home, children, and loved ones, and even in India scattered forty or fifty miles from each other in their charges, and meeting only at their Conferences; yet they have toiled on, year after year, devoted to God and to the objects of their pastoral care. In their presence I supposed I had not looked upon servants of God of whom more truthfully and worthily might be quoted the lines of Robert Swan, in his poem on the *Sabbath*, where he says:

“ Then grant, O Lord, mine earliest, latest prayer,
That some sequestered hamlet be my care;
Where from all pride and all ambition free,
Save that of winning many souls to thee,
I may, unnoticed, pass my tranquil days,
And lead my flock in wisdom’s pleasant ways;
And meet in bliss, when every trial is o’er,
The little flock I loved so well before.”

The ability and devotion of the native members of this Conference were so much beyond what they were in my day that I was greatly delighted. Their good training and association with the foreign brethren have evidently drawn them into an intelligent sym-

pathy with our Methodistic ways and spirit, and is quietly but decidedly preparing them for the day when the Church will transfer to their race the entire charge of their own religious affairs. I would, however, earnestly deprecate this being done before they are properly prepared for it; in view especially of the magnitude of the interests involved and the work to be done. If India were an island or a little country with five or ten millions of people, the Church might safely begin to agitate this question within a few years. With twenty millions of souls in our own particular field, and a sixth of the human race right around them, it becomes us to be very careful what we propose if we are not to risk the blessed work so far accomplished. But the Church may as well settle down at once to the conviction that India is not likely to be evangelized within a life-time. This glorious prize is not going to be laid at the feet of the blessed Master by one generation of Christian toilers. It took primitive Christianity, with all its inspiration, miracles, and supernatural power, more than three hundred years to Christianize, even nominally, the Roman empire, including in all fewer millions than India contains to day! If we can save India in one hundred years, we shall move three times faster than early Christianity did. But if it takes two hundred years for its accomplishment, we shall do well, and India will be worth the time and expense; for her evangelization would be "life from the dead," for all surround-

ing nations ! So our Church has to receive into her heart the solemn conviction that she has hard work before her there ; that it is going to demand many millions of her money and hundreds of her sons and daughters to accomplish India's redemption. Are we worthy of the success by the hard labor it demands ? But, if we shrink back from the self-denial and sacrifice required by the duty to which God has called us, then surely woe must be to us, and to all that we selfishly reserve from God. Our wealth and our blessings may become a snare and a curse to us. But, the Almighty, in that case, will not be defeated in his object. If he finds us unworthy of the labor and the honor he can cut us off, and seek another Church and people, with larger faith and more worthy liberality, to consummate for him the grand work of the redemption of India ! O may God have mercy on our Methodist Church, by arousing her to her duty, so that she may not fail in the great service which he has at last brought within her reach to accomplish for him !

When we begin to give an average of four or five dollars per member to this work, and even then recognize that it can only be consummated "by patient continuance in well-doing," we may consider that we have commenced in earnest, and can then expect to see earth's redemption drawing nigh. At present the great heart of the Church is not aroused or in earnest in this work. We are playing at missions ; and a thousand years of her present liberality

will not suffice to measure up with the increase of population, or overtake the death rate, or save the one thousand five hundred millions of the population of the world! The duty would not only be done in one tenth part of the time, but it would cost far less in money, if we were to arouse ourselves to fulfill our Lord's command with means commensurate for its execution, and a high resolve which would never relax its diligence until this work was accomplished, and his Gospel preached to "every creature under heaven."

I am satisfied, from further inquiry made at this Conference, the question of self-support is being fairly placed before our native members. Candor requires us to remember that we usually reduce these people to poverty by Christianizing them. They have to "forsake all" to follow Christ, having, when baptized, to surrender home and family ties and property, "hated of all for his name's sake." Counted as dead; and, indeed, funeral ceremonies have been performed for many of them; if it were not for the presence of English law hundreds of them would be murdered for becoming Christians. Suffering thus "the loss of all things," they have to begin in absolute poverty to seek a living. Surely such persecuted and bereaved people should be allowed sufficient time ere the burden of supporting their pastors is required of them. To demand it too soon is to discourage and crush them. Let them have reasonable time and

they will do a Christian's duty in this matter. What are the facts in this case?

A dollar in India means far more than it does in this country. There the wages of a laboring man, under the best circumstances, is but two annas per day ($6\frac{1}{4}$ cents), and of an artisan just double that amount. Of course education (which our converts are anxious at once to obtain) gives them a far better chance of a living, but it takes some years to acquire it. The duty of giving, "as God hath prospered them," is taught, and even urged upon all our people from the first, and by none more earnestly than by our native preachers. They very carefully examine at each District Conference what each charge has contributed. The question is considered in all the Quarterly Conferences. How fully and intelligently this duty of self-help is recognized by our mission may be illustrated by a fact which occurred lately. A prize was offered for the best essay on "Self-support in the Native Church." The proposition at once awakened the attention of writers among the various missions of North India. Twenty-four competitors sent in their essays to the examining committee in due time, but both the prizes were won by two members of our own mission: Isaac Fieldbrave, one of our native ministers, and W. Earney, of our Press at Lucknow. They were both furnished in the native language and are now published. So that it has been said, to our credit, that "the mission of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church is one of the foremost among the missions in India in education on this subject."

Reasonable effort is made to keep the salaries of our native preachers at about that level to which our native churches may hope to come in their ability to pay them ere long. The lowest salary paid is about \$5 per month, and the highest about \$17. Age, ability, family claims, etc., make the difference between these extremes. The Lucknow native church pays its pastor's entire salary (35 rupees per month), and now asks nothing of our Missionary Society. Bareilly, Budaon, Gonda, Cawnpore, Setapore, and Moradabad are close behind in their effort to reach the same result. The rest of the congregations give from 3 rupees up to 54 rupees each, and the total contribution for this purpose from the native churches for the past year was 1,882 rupees by the 4,573 India members. Even already, then, we may ask the candid judgment of the home Church upon this exhibit. If there be no error in these figures, I find that, comparing this liberality of the humble class of our India members with our laboring class at home, where wages are, say \$1 50 per day (which is twenty-four times larger than the Hindu receives for his toil), the Methodist in the valley of the Ganges pays what would be equal to \$4 per capita from the American Methodist, with his higher ability, for the support of his pastor. Besides, he contributes his humble help to the missionary and other collections. In a church of three

hundred members these \$4 would yield here a \$1,200 income to the charge.

The total amount raised for self-support in India from our native and English churches last year was \$4,911 20. Adding the missionary collection, \$222 80, to which our native members contributed their share, and we have a total of \$5,133 20 contributed to help our Missionary Society to sustain their ministry in India. And this is a *bona fide* contribution—not raised in name and expended there without relieving our Society to that extent. It is raised as missionary money and for self-support, and is accounted for to the Society, which is helped to that extent, instead of having to bear the entire cost of ministerial support in the North India Conference. Let it be borne in mind, also, that this is but the ministerial aspect of the contributions, and is only about one sixth of what is raised in North India. The rest will be found reported farther on, as aid for schools, orphanages, repairs, and other benevolences, to the extent of over \$30,000 per annum. If ever there was a mission that for its age was a grand example to Christendom of self-help and extent of unencumbered property, this North India Conference is that mission. If our Society had to bear the whole burden of that work it would have to pay this \$30,000 more per annum than what is now required from our missionary funds. The Society “devised liberal things,” and “by liberal things they stand” to-day. While they have the

satisfaction, also, of knowing that the self-support from our native members for their own pastors is quietly but decidedly on the *increase* all the time, and will yet, as soon as their ability becomes equal to the burden, assume the entire charge and release the Society from further claim on this account. Our native ministry long to see that day as much as we ourselves do, and are training their people to anticipate and work on to it. Brother Badley is fully justified in saying, as he does in his review of our India ministry: "We are proud of our native preachers. Most of them could get from thirty to fifty per cent. higher salaries were they to give up preaching and enter secular life; that they prefer to preach the Gospel shows their earnestness." "The Church at home, no less than its missionaries in India, has reason to rejoice that the Hindus, when converted, make earnest and successful preachers of the Gospel." "In this respect, at least, we in India have great reason for gratitude to God." These grateful words are all the more impressive when we remember that they are uttered of the first generation of India Methodist preachers. Those who have been led up from a condition of Hindu society, where lying, selfishness, and insincerity are, and have been for ages past, the marked characteristics of the people. Each man among our preachers is an evidence of what divine grace and Christian training can make out of a race which idolatry has so deeply debased. The

next generation of these Christians and preachers will rise higher still in moral sense, spiritual perception, and refinement of character. And this will develop itself in that depth of devotion and strength of faith and courage which may yet make the native ministry of India as remarkable in Christendom as the heathen devotees of their race have been for their unparalleled asceticism and endurance of religious austerities. Already they are developing these qualities. May it not be asked, Where can be found 4,500 Christians in any land who have endured more for Christ and Christian conviction than this native Church has done? One by one they have passed through an ordeal of which Christians at home know but little; and many of them have carried crosses and endured self-denials which must have secured for them the deep sympathy of their divine Master.

They are capable of endurance, and can appreciate "the higher life" of Christianity. Entire sanctification will suit them well—union with God, to its last and highest degree, will meet the yearnings of their souls for perfection. I can appeal to those who have read the wonderful *Bagvat Geeta*—an episode of the *Mahabharata*—and who have been solemnized as they have contemplated the doctrines and practices of the *Yogees* therein illustrated, whether a people who were fascinated by such teachings and deadness to the things of earth, are not likely to enter with ardor into the adoring contemplation of "the mys-

tery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ?" If they have said, and done, and written, and endured all that is there depicted out of affection for Krishna or their other abstractions, what are they not capable of feeling and doing when "the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," shall become their grand experience, and the indwelling of "the true eternal God" shall develop in their strong desires such a devotion to duty as this:

"Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine ;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died!"

As I sat in that Conference and saw Brother Andrias proposing to go forth as a Christian *guru* to preach Christ without purse or scrip, and remembered that there were two others like him there, who asked nothing of our Society save a little support for their families while they gave themselves to this work for God and souls, I saw a strong intimation of that future which I anticipate. These three devotees in the North India Conference have a line of work peculiarly their own as wandering evangelists, receiving their subsistence from those to whom they preach; and their brethren who are in charge of stations are in sympathy with them for all the good

they can accomplish in gathering souls into the Christian fold. May they prove to be "men full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and as a self-supporting evangelizing ministry may they have many to follow the example of their devotion!

The warmth of our reception by all the members of this Conference, native and foreigners alike, may be imagined by my readers, but cannot be adequately described by me. Perhaps it will be enough if I here present the gracious and hearty report which the committee introduced, and the Conference passed by a rising vote, and ordered published in their Annual Minutes. Dr. M'Cabe and the kind friends who responded to his proposition to send us on this delightful visit have a right to know how their generous action was appreciated by the North India Conference. The report was as follows:

"The close of the year 1883 and the opening days of 1884 will mark an epoch in our mission history; for during these days and months the loved and revered founder of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, the Rev. William Butler, D.D., having returned from America after an absence of nineteen years (twenty-seven from the founding of the mission by him), comes to review the scenes of his early labors, trials, and triumphs, and to see what has been accomplished—what God hath wrought—since the day he first entered the valley of the Ganges. We desire to record here our

gratitude to Dr. Butler, so long the Superintendent of these missions, that in advancing years and impaired health he has found it in his heart to leave the quiet and comfort of his American home, and endure the hardships and inconveniences of travel by sea and by land to come once more among us and look upon our work. The pleasure it has given us to meet him, and enjoy his mature counsels, has been no common one. We are glad and grateful to him that he has gone so carefully and patiently over our mission field, examining our work in all its departments, and taking so much interest in all that has been shown him. We are glad, too, that he has been pleased, and that he clearly recognizes the hand of God in the great work planned and now carried on upon the lines laid down by him more than a quarter of a century ago. We are glad, too, that he has been able to give the time to look more thoroughly into the plans and *minutiae* of the work than any one who has yet visited our field; and we feel confident that in his representation of our work before the American churches, when he returns home, nothing but good can come to us, and that all who wish an intelligent comprehension of God's work in India will do well to hear Dr. Butler. We pray that his health and strength may be preserved for years of usefulness in going among the churches, and stirring them up to greater diligence and earnestness in the cause of the missions. We would be greatly pleased if some

arrangement were made by which Dr. Butler could be entirely set free for deputation duty; and we know the result must be a great advance in missionary interest, intelligence, and giving.

“The same word of welcome and pleasure on our part we would accord to Mrs. Butler, who has accompanied her honored husband in all his travels, and without whose presence the visit would have been incomplete. She has taken the same interest in all the work shown her, and has partaken of Dr. Butler’s joy and gratitude in going over the field of their toil among the troublous times of the Sepoy Rebellion and the following years. We have all welcomed them to our midst, and heartily thank them for coming. We pray for their health and comfort in their further travels, and we shall not forget them, nor the pleasure their cheering visit has given us.

“We desire also to send to the Rev. C. C. M’Cabe, D.D., of America, our hearty thanks for the worthy part he has taken in bringing about this opportune visitation of Dr. Butler and Mrs. Butler. We would fain hope that Chaplain M’Cabe may find time and respite from the cares of his busy life to pay us a like visit at no distant day. He will receive a most hearty welcome in North India. We request our Conference Secretary to send him a letter bearing our fraternal greetings, and mentioning how much we thank him for the part he has taken in giv-

ing us this great pleasure—the visit from our former Superintendent, Dr. Butler."

We spent nearly two months and a half visiting the leading stations of the South India Conference, and had also the privilege of attending their Annual Conference, held in the city of Allahabad in the month of November. We were received by these good brethren with great cordiality. They were kind enough to appreciate our visit, and the efforts which we made to become fully acquainted with their work. The resolutions which they passed, expressing the pleasure which our visit gave them, and the letter of the Secretary to Dr. M'Cabe, were as kind and cordial as were those of the North India Conference. Our visit to their work will long remain among the most pleasant remembrances of this journey.

They were well aware that I was the representative of a policy of missionary action somewhat different from their own; but they were specially kind in answering my inquiries, and helping me to comprehend what there was peculiar in their methods, and the reasons for their preference. I believe that not one of them doubted the hearty sympathy we had with them in their extended and difficult work. I am satisfied that their methods are not properly or fully understood by some people at home, and that they are assumed to be more apart from the North India brethren in their way of working than is really the case. In the liberty which I will take in referring to

the facts, I would fain present my understanding of them in the spirit of candor and genuine appreciation of the good work which they have done, as well as express my own views of what I understand to be the present necessity of their work. In doing this I will try to have them represent themselves, as far as I can, in those points where I might be presumed not to be as capable as they are to place the facts in question before my readers for their information.

To understand properly the respective work of these two Conferences, the dissimilar circumstances under which they were founded should be borne in mind, otherwise any comparison of the work must be misleading. When the mission of the South India Conference was begun, nearly fourteen years ago, the class of people whom it chiefly reached were the Eurasians. These people all spoke the English language, had education, and were also nominally Christians, and were generally well off in temporal matters. They had been neglected by almost all denominations, so that when Brother Taylor went among them they gratefully responded to his interest in their spiritual welfare, and at once agreed to support the ministers whom he offered to send among them as their pastors, and also to build their own churches. The founding of such a mission was comparatively easy work, and was prosecuted among a people who were very grateful for the coming of the missionary among them.

But the case was far different within the bounds of the North India Conference. There it was the native population whom we chiefly sought ; people who knew nothing of our language, and regarded our religion with fear and hatred from the very first. They were all idolaters, without education, and knew well that to embrace our religion was to lose caste, property, and social standing, and sink to the condition of pariahs. They wanted to have nothing to do with us or our Christianity, and rose at last, in their rage, to exterminate us from their country and from the face of the earth. We had to risk all this hatred and bloody persecution, to acquire their difficult language, to patiently live down their prejudice, and introduce to their candid hearing a faith with which they had not one fundamental idea in common, and then lead those of them whom we could win to a better mind, to where they were at length made willing to “suffer the loss of all things,” and bear the heaviest crosses carried by Christians anywhere in this world, into the communion of a hated and persecuted Christianity. Again, all this had to be done among a people whose law, religion, and public sentiment were most bitterly opposed to the education of any of their women—treating the idea with scorn and contempt ; and who united together to prevent those young men of their race who first accepted Christianity from having any home, and dooming them, so far as they could, to a condition of celibacy, and so preventing our Chris-

tianity from having any social life or standing in their country.

Now, any person of candor can see how different were the conditions under which these two missions began their work. It was likely, and to be confidently expected, that the Eurasian race would gladly respond to the Christianity which came among them, and they were very far from persecuting each other for embracing it; so those who planted the Gospel among these grateful people had a very different time of it as compared with their brethren in North India. The wonder is, not that the South India brethren succeeded as well as they have done in their field, but that the brethren of the North India Conference were enabled to endure, without flinching or yielding their ground, that great fight of afflictions, and to stand, as they do to-day, surrounded by the divine success which their statistics exhibit. Not unto them, but to the almighty grace which enabled them to so "triumph in Christ" in their more difficult field, do they ascribe, as is due, all the honor of their success. But the distinction should be borne in mind in order that God may have the glory due unto his name.

Then, again, must be remembered the future which each work intimates. The Eurasian and English-speaking population of India is a very limited one. It is considered that they are not more than three hundred and fifty thousand in number. Brother

Taylor's efforts for their religious welfare and his success provoked the zeal of other denominations, which had so long neglected these people, and to-day their good is more generally sought; so that the brethren of the South India Conference now find others competing with them in this limited field. They commenced among nominal Christians, and their success was chiefly at the first; their progress since has been rather slow. When the South India Conference was organized, nine years ago, they had 1,596 members, which, six years after, had increased to 2,040, an increase of about 100 each year. Three years ago these figures stood at 2,062, but there has of late been a decrease, the numbers reported at the last session of the Conference being but 1,898. It has been different in the North India Conference; during the above six years its membership was increased by 1,188 souls. Though laboring among hostile heathen, God has yearly added to their numbers. At the close of the Sepoy Rebellion, in 1858, the work began with three members, won from heathenism; at the last session of the North India Conference there was reported 4,573; while all the other statistics, numerical and financial, show a corresponding condition of progress.

To evidence that in these remarks I am entirely within the facts, I will here quote the admission of one who has a right to speak for his Conference. Dr. Thoburn, of the South India Conference, says, in

The Indian Witness for December 6, 1884, in reviewing the work of the year then just concluded :

“ For some years past the majority of the churches in the South India Conference have been doing little more than holding their own, and the time has surely come for them to consider their responsibilities anew, to repent of past unfaithfulness, and to consecrate themselves to better service in the years to come.

“ Some of the scattered flocks are very weak, and need to quadruple their numerical strength in order to be able to hold the position which they occupy. Some are falling back into a state of chronic discouragement, and need to gird on their armor anew, and go forth, as in former days, to battle and to victory. The time is opportune for sounding a new call to arms all along the line.

“ If we are to march on to a new career of victory we must all at once agree to leave the things which are behind. In all the past the Church of Christ has been strangely prone to cling to the things which are behind. The failure of plans, the differences of brethren, the strife about policies, the defeats or victories of other days, all are to be left behind. We are to enter upon the work before us as if it were all new.”

My sole object in what I write here is to draw the sympathetic attention of the Church to the position and necessity of these good brethren. It seems to me that Providence is crowding them out to a *higher*

and more important work than what they have been doing—a work more worthy of their power and faith. While holding well in hand the good accomplished among the Eurasian race, they see around their scattered stations two hundred and forty millions of heathen, for whom Christ died, who are “perishing for lack of knowledge.” This greater work, of doing their duty to the unsaved millions of idolaters within the bounds of that Conference, is the question that is now pressing upon them so seriously for consideration. They dare not close their ears to the call on behalf of these dying multitudes within their reach. God and our Church expect them to save these people; but they clearly see that they are not accomplishing it; yet they have planned and resolved and made such efforts as they could consistently with the other and imperative duties that press so heavily upon them. The financial burdens borne have been so serious, the claims of their English charges so exacting, and the pressure upon health and life in this climate so constant, that they have done and endured all that good men could do, without being able now to present to the Church the evidence that they can also reach and save the heathen, too, without help from home.

Surely, therefore, the hour has arrived, these things being so, when the question should be considered both by them and by the Church which they serve. Suitable men for this additional work, and financial

help to pay their passages and otherwise assist them in their efforts, are imperatively necessary.

They desire no aid for their English-speaking work. They tenaciously hold, as they justly may, that their cherished principle of self-support is therein vindicated, and they cannot allow it to be compromised. They had even hoped they could have made that work the basis from which they might have been enabled to develop missions among the heathen millions around them, and for years they have tried to do this. But their hearts are sad that their statistics do not show a larger measure of success on this line.

I took the liberty of saying to these brethren, that in this they were attempting to carry a load too great for what resources were available to them; and I feared further perseverance in the effort could not secure the expansion which they so earnestly seek. In saying this, I had before me the fact that they are not the first mission in India that has made a similar effort, and after many years have but little results to show for their devotion and self-sacrifice. There were one or two such in North India which I visited when about to lay the foundation of the North India Mission, and now, when I returned and inquired for the outcome of such self-denying labors, I was pained to learn how small were the results after more than thirty years of faithful and self-denying toil. Such missions certainly do not seem to have

paid for the health and life that were given to them. It may be there is something in the plans and policy of the South India Mission which will yield far different results in success among the heathen (and it is only of work among the *heathen* that I am here speaking) after the same term of years has passed over. But I was not able to see intimations of it, and especially in view of the size and power of that devoted Conference.

Still, every good man should be ready to rejoice if they could, by their success on this line, show Christendom a more economical and rapid method of evangelizing the heathen millions around them. This is what we are all aiming to accomplish. At any risk or cost of self-denial let us have men saved. Even if by going barefooted and subsisting on native fare, as some of those I have referred to did—and as Major Tucker, head of the India Salvation Army, does to-day—we can get more heathen saved in the same length of time, with all the clear risk of health or life, there are numbers of devoted servants of God in the evangelical missions in India that would not hesitate for a day, or count life or health dear unto them, to secure the greater good. But the experiments—and some of them have been costly in consecrated life that have been tried—have *not* given evidence, or furnished the *success* that should now lead God's servants to imitate such examples. Our North India Mission was developed on a different method.

The results are before the Church. How often was I congratulated on these results, while last in India, by ministers and laymen of other missions, who rejoiced with us in the prosperity vouchsafed by the Head of the Church to the plans employed by our parent Board for evangelizing the heathen. Such has been the hand of God upon us for good, that no mission in India of the same age has had such a development, not in one point only, but in all respects—a harmonious development of all the various interests which make up the life and power of a mission—numerical, financial, literary, and spiritual—and prepare it for a sustained growth and great success in the future. The statistical tables will furnish abundant evidence of this.

Our brethren of South India entertain a holy horror of having a body of native preachers supported by foreign money, generation after generation, stipendiaries upon missionary funds, while the churches they serve are, in a great degree, left free from the obligation of self-denial and liberality which should support their native pastors. Herein I heartily sympathize with them, and would be sorry to realize that I was the founder of such a mission. I am aware that our brethren need not look far to find evidences of such a policy. But it is not the policy of the North India Mission. Bearing in mind the explanations already given and repeated in these pages, and, in view of the facts to be presented in the statistics,

that mission can claim that, while they have paid salaries—as all missions must do at first, while the native preachers are collecting congregations, and instructing them in Christianity and the duties of the religious life—we have never allowed them to settle down into the notion of being pensioners of our Missionary Society. As soon as possible we have made them understand that they should teach their people that a mission which was not going to be self-sustaining was not worth founding, and that they must look forward at no distant day to take the entire burden upon their own shoulders, and let our Society go elsewhere to evangelize other people; that to secure this end, they must begin to pay something, as God has prospered them, toward the salary of their preacher, increasing it year by year as able, and look to the Society only for the balance that they could not yet raise themselves. This was included in my addresses at each of the District Conferences; and I found our native ministry in sympathy with me on this subject of self-support. I have given the reasons why patience should be exercised with these people, so many of whom are poor, and persecuted as well, and proper time be granted them to reach the position of a self-sustaining Christianity. Already they are, I believe, ahead of any other mission of their age and size in this grace, and the Church can trust them for the future.

Besides, it should not be forgotten that the amount of missionary money devoted to the support of native

preachers is very small. If out of the yearly appropriations we take the amount necessary for the support of the missionaries sent from America, and for buildings, for day and Sunday schools, for the press and orphanages, for college and theological seminary, and kindred objects, the amount furnished toward the support of our one hundred and fifty native preachers, as Brother Parker has shown, would not aggregate more than the sum that is contributed for the claims of four of our pastors in leading stations at home—such is the modesty of the salaries of these men, and also the value of the help which their members are contributing toward making up the amount paid them. My readers will be surprised to see, in the statistical returns, what a numerous agency the comparatively small amount granted, added to these contributions of their members, does keep employed. Thus aided (but not fully supported) by the Missionary Society, they are enabled to develop indigenous resources for work among the heathen, and are aiming at increasing these results year by year. Such is the result of our system. We wish the outcome was larger, and expect it will become more so in a steady growth. Yet, if any one, or any mission, can show us a more successful method (not on paper, or in prospect, but in actual fact and success), we shall thank God, and be grateful to them for the example. But we shall be excused in having confidence in our own method until we are shown something superior to it.

Our brethren of the South India Conference see our work in the valley of the Ganges, and are grateful for the power and self-reliance which it is developing. Many of them feel keenly their own inability to reach the heathen to the same extent; but they all cordially appreciate what their brethren in the North India Conference are accomplishing on this line, and the self-support that is springing up as a result among our native members. In evidence of this fact, I may quote some sentences from an article which appeared in the *Christian Standard*, from the pen of Rev. S. P. Jacobs, of the South India Conference, just before my late visit to India. This brother is a devoted adherent of the policy which the majority of that Conference maintains; but he admits frankly their inability, for want of the help which they need, but are unable to develop in India, to realize such success among the heathen as the North India Conference is achieving by the assistance of that help from home, which gave them such a vigorous commencement in all the departments of the work, and which is now continued in the increasing expectation of hastening on the time when the work shall become self-supporting. Brother Jacobs says:

"I must write. I can forbear no longer. These millions of idolaters have been moving my heart in their behalf. How Christians in the United States will meet these people in the day of judgment, how I shall meet them then, and how I shall answer for

my responsibility in withholding any motive from Christians to help these people and so hindering their coming to Christ for salvation, are questions which I have been considering for some days.

"About a half-dozen members of the South India Conference are now engaged in the native work, and others feel pressed to enter it. Parallel with this call upon men to enter the native work, is the wide door of invitation among the natives inquiring for the gracious light of God, and reading the gospels with avidity and listening with wonder to the story of the cross. Hardly a day has passed for a fortnight that a score or more of people have not come upon these premises to examine Christian life and hear Christian doctrine.

"Just here the prospects are met by a difficulty. The initial work among the natives must be supported by Christians. The 50,000 rupees of church debts will not permit our little force within the South India Conference to enter this inviting field of native work at once. Present progress at paying these debts will require from three to five years to free our people from debt, provided new debts are not incurred. A little skirmishing, of course, is carried on from the base of our English work, but no movement worthy of the Gospel we preach, or worthy of the value of these perishing souls, can be made on present plans.

"I am conscious of treading upon disputed ground here. There are those who will sacrifice almost anything to maintain the glory of a self-supporting Con-

ference among the heathen. But for the South India Conference such a pre-eminence is already made impossible by the thousands of dollars sent from America to aid our church or school work at Bombay, Calcutta, Bangalore, and Allahabad.

“That *aid* from home will smite us with spiritual paralysis, I do not believe. With full support from home the native work in the North India Conference is rapidly becoming self-supporting. Every appointment but one contributed to the support of the Gospel. ‘Six appointments raised sums from 180 to 3,000 rupees;’ twenty appointments contributed sums from 41 to 72 rupees; and Lucknow sustained entirely the English and Hindustani Churches. Such is the record of the past year.

“The questions submitted: Shall a general aggressive movement for the salvation of these hungering millions be postponed? or, Shall the immediate occupancy of the field be taken with the aid of Christians at home?

“How this help is to come, I leave for others to answer. At present we are among the ‘irregulars;’ that is, not under the management of the Missionary Society. We should be on the same footing as a home Conference if we received supplemental aid from the Missionary Society. If we continue in the present relation, help from home must come through unofficial channels if it comes at all.”

Perhaps no Bishop that has visited the South India

Conference more fully appreciated their work and its success and needs than did Bishop Hurst, who has just returned from it. In a recent article in *The Christian Advocate* he speaks thus of their wants:

"Some things are greatly needed here. It makes one's heart sick to see these few men—say forty-five—in the midst of the many millions. The contrast is awful. This Conference needs one hundred more men at this moment. It is a peculiar Conference. It has its own way of doing things, one of which is, that it asks no money from the Missionary Board.

"I sincerely wish, however, that to it would be granted, and that it would accept, \$50,000 a year with which to make a great advance upon the native population, and help to break to shreds this compact mass of paganism in South India. The grant should be for native work alone. The men are doing all in their power for the natives, but they are too much absorbed by the demands of the work among English-speaking people. Draw a line straight across India, from Bombay to Calcutta, and all south of it is the main field of the South India Conference. Besides, it extends away north-west into the Punjaub, even to Lahore itself, one of the main scenes of *Lalla Rookh*, but the prosy home of millions of souls as unevangelized as was the Roman empire before the Incarnation. To this broad and ripe harvest let men come and begin work with a will. If such men are worth having, the English congregations will want to absorb

them immediately. But let them go right out among the natives. Let them learn the Hindustani immediately, and begin to speak it. No man has a right to come from America and enter either of these Conferences without burying himself in the study of the language where he is providentially placed, and aiming directly at the salvation of the people speaking it.

"Another great want is schools. The need has been carefully discussed in the Conference, but too long has it been left in abeyance. Here, then, are the two great and terrible wants of the South India Conference — more men for the native work and larger funds for the schools. One cannot but wonder, however, that the work has advanced with the speed it already has. Our India work is a cluster of hard knots. The problems are terribly complex. Is it wonderful? Here are the millions, with their tangled faiths and one hundred and forty-seven languages."

To every word of this I add my hearty Amen! Surely the Church and the Missionary Society must ere long realize the situation of these brethren. They ask no grant for their English work. They have sustained that, and will sustain it, by resources which it supplies; but for the support of their schools and for the passage money of missionaries sent to them, and for other interests of their work among the heathen, they are willing, and will

be grateful to receive help to enable them to develop it vigorously. That “\$50,000 per annum” would send a thrill of joy and strength through all that Conference, and the effects would be soon seen, to the great satisfaction of the Church, while the grant would release at once for its more legitimate purpose, in the development of their work among the heathen millions around them, the resources which they do raise, but are now obliged to use in aid of their feeble schools.

As a body they recognize the North India Conference plan of support as being on an equally scriptural basis with their method, and seem to have no sympathy with the exclusive or extravagant utterances of any one having an overweening confidence in certain theories of their own for doing mission work, even to the extent (at least by implication) of reflecting upon the tried and approved methods of the Church of God. They do see and know that the Head of the Church has used and richly blessed such methods, and that controversy upon them is not, therefore, respectful to his grace. It is only at home that one hears occasionally remarks of this sort. People in India are not likely to talk or write in this way in view of existing facts, and the brotherly sympathy and convictions entertained for each other’s work by the Lord’s servants in that land. Our two Conferences there have no antagonism; they dwell side by side in unity and mutual apprecia-

tion of each other and each other's labors and success. Of course there may be a liability on the part of some brethren who are on what is called "the self-supporting plan" (though, of course, that phrase can properly apply as yet only to the work among English-speaking Christians) to plume themselves somewhat on the supposition that they are sustained by a more divine method than their brethren who are in connection with the Missionary Society, and that the contributions which reach themselves through "irregular channels" are just a little more holy than the money raised and disbursed by the parent Board. They know well that both come from the loving sympathy of people at home, who are equally devoted to the Lord's missionary work, and that each is followed by their earnest prayers. That they guard against the temptation to think or speak otherwise is evidenced by the following editorial in the *Indian Witness* of April 5, 1884, from the pen of Dr. Thoburn, in which he warns his brethren against allowing themselves to indulge in such a weakness :

" In Miss Tucker's letter, published in last week's *Indian Witness*, there is a thought which deserves to have attention particularly drawn to it. The writer said : ' One whom the Lord graciously permits to be enlisted for life, one whom he enables (through no personal merit) to be independent of missionary funds, may,' etc. There is a temptation to missionaries who derive their support through irregular

channels to think much of themselves on that account, and to look down upon their brethren as persons of inferior faith. This is worse than a mistake; it is a snare to the men who act and think so. As our correspondent puts it, the Lord may permit some of his servants to find their support at a side stream, but the main channel is his providing none the less. The Church at large would have no opportunity of promoting the cause of the kingdom in foreign countries if God did not lay out a broad and deep channel for their contributions, and direct his missionaries thither for their supplies. This providential arrangement is the means by which the Church at home and the missionaries abroad are taught to feel that they have a common interest in the evangelization of the world."

I was equally pleased to find among our brethren in the South India Conference a good common-sense view of what is entitled "The Pauline Method of Missions," and a freedom from any theory that would strain the teaching of the Scriptures upon this subject. They know, as well as we do, that St. Paul had no one plan—no hard-and-fast rule—to which he adhered, under all circumstances, as a means and method of doing missionary work. Hence, while they claim for themselves that they are Pauline in their procedure, they concede, with full frankness, that their brethren of the North India Conference are also working on Pauline methods. This is made

so manifest in a recent editorial of Dr. Thoburn's, that I feel it a privilege to transfer most of the article to my pages, in the hope that its perusal will tend to clear away the mist which has arisen around this subject at home, and lead the friends of both Conferences to rejoice in the unity of sentiment on this subject, which exists among all our brethren in India. In the *Indian Witness* for May 2, 1885, Dr. Thoburn writes :

THE PAULINE METHOD OF MISSIONS.

"A correspondent has drawn our attention to a recent article in the *Sunday-School Times*, in which the above subject is discussed from a stand-point wholly different from the one which is usually assumed when it is under review. The writer affirms that the great missionary apostle carefully refrained from taking money from those to whom he carried the Gospel, lest they might be tempted to think he sought, not them, but theirs; and that he either supported himself by his own labor, or accepted contributions for himself and those with him from distant Churches. This is certainly a new interpretation of his policy, but, like most of the theories which are put before the public as 'Pauline,' it is very imperfect, and sets forth much less than half the truth.

"The apostle Paul was a man of robust common sense, and was intensely practical in all his plans and purposes. In discussing this question of missionary

support, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians (chap. ix, 22), he says that he was ‘made all things to all men ;’ that is, that he adapted his policy to the character and circumstances of the people among whom he went preaching the word. In Philippi he adopted the policy of ‘self-support ;’ that is, he permitted those to whom he preached to provide for all his wants. He did this, too, under circumstances which probably called for a sacrifice of pride, as the person who entertained him free of charge was a woman, and probably a widow ; but her offer of hospitality was accepted, and at her house Paul and Silas found a home during their stay. At Corinth, on the other hand, a very different policy was adopted. At the outset the missionaries supported themselves by their own labor, for reasons which reflected more honor on them than on their converts. At a later day, in the same city and among the same people, they accepted ‘appropriations,’ from Philippi, and did so with professions of profound satisfaction and gratitude.

“Here we have *three* Pauline methods illustrated in the space of a very short ministry, and the reference to these instances ought to suffice to show how unwise it is to lay down a modern policy on what may be supposed to be Pauline lines, and insist on adhering to it through thick and thin, whether it succeeds or not. We are willing to be Pauline to the extent of becoming all things to all men, and of adopting each method in turn, or all methods in part ;

but it is more than unwise to select a single method, and cramp every thing within its narrow compass, without regard to time, place, or circumstances. It is worse still—it is, indeed, almost suicidal—to get up what might be called a battle of policies, and make it seem that the man who draws his support from afar is disloyal to New Testament teaching, or that the man who is supported by those to whom he preaches is not a real missionary, or that the man who earns his living by the work of his hands is a mere secularist. The devil will be delighted to the end, if the friends of missions can only be induced to quit real work and betake themselves to quarreling over questions of policy or method in this way.

“We believe it is generally agreed among missionaries in India—it certainly is in our own Methodist circles—that self-support is the ultimate policy at which all should aim. In reaching it, however, difficulties are met, and there are differences of opinion as to what extent foreign aid should be sought or accepted. We are clearly of the opinion that no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down, which will cover all cases and be found practicable under all circumstances. Let us, then, revert to the Pauline policy of using our sanctified common sense to determine what is best in view of all the circumstances involved. Let us become ‘all things to all men.’ If those to whom we go are suspicious or niggardly in spirit, let us scrupulously avoid taking any thing from them; but

if they are generous and hospitable, and if we can, by putting ourselves under obligation to them, win their good-will, by all means let us accept their support. Even though they be very poor, it may be God's plan, perhaps at the expense of our pride, to let us be supported by them. Elijah had to accept the support not only of a widow, but of a very poor widow, and his doing so enriched her. The widow at Philippi cited by Paul was not poor, but the principle illustrated was the same in each case. And yet every town does not contain a widow who is worthy of this kind of ministry ; and hence till the end come it will be necessary for Christian Churches to send forth messengers to the regions beyond, and to contribute to their support, or, as Paul used to say, 'communicate' with them 'concerning giving and receiving.'"

In order to promote permanent unity in India Methodism, and to provide a central authority, to whose decisions and guidance all matters of general interest will be referred, the General Conference of our Church provided for the organization of a "Central Conference" in India. This body, composed of delegates from each Annual Conference, was duly organized under the presidency of Bishop Hurst during his visit to India in 1885. It will henceforth supervise all interests held in common by the Annual Conferences, such as the general publishing interests, education, courses of study, Sunday-school and tract work, theological schools, and kindred

interests. Probably the question of boundaries of the Annual Conferences will be also left to its adjustment. Ample provision has thus been made for the growth, the unity, and efficiency of India Methodism, on a scale commensurate with the greatness of the work which the evangelization of one sixth of the human family, contained in that wonderful land, will require in the bright future which has dawned upon it.

I will now present the statistical returns of each of these Conferences, as furnished at their recent meeting, and in the third column will combine them, so as to show my readers "what God has wrought" in India during the first quarter century of our Church action in that country. I was aware that in the usual tabular statements published in Minutes and Reports many important items are not usually given, which, nevertheless, in a comprehensive exhibit at the close of a term of years like this, would aid in a fuller realization of the work done. Accordingly, I drew up more complete forms and sent identical copies to the secretary of each Conference, and also to one of the presiding elders, with the request that they would carefully fill up, to the fullest extent possible, their own Conference statistics, and return them to me for publication in this work. This was done, but I had to write two or three times after their reception in order to obtain explanations and have omissions supplied. By the kindness of all con-

cerned this at length has been accomplished, and the Church has presented to her view on pp. 475-478 a more full and complete representation of her missions in India than she has ever before seen.

To enable my readers to appreciate the work which we now record, I will first place before them, as a point of comparison, the statistical return presented at our *first* annual meeting in 1858—which was our starting-point at the close of the Sepoy Rebellion, and represents the work done at Nynee Tal during the six months preceding the end of that struggle. In connection with my visit to Delhi, I had delayed until the road from Calcutta to Agra had been so far cleared of the Sepoy forces that passengers could venture to come up. The two missionary families who had been waiting at Calcutta then joined me, and we proceeded to Nynee Tal via Mussoorie, and began work there till peace and order had been restored in the plains below. It was but the infancy of our mission. How feeble the native work appears—“one member and four probationers!” with thirty-five attendants on worship, and forty-one scholars! From this we will turn, with adoring gratitude, to contemplate the results, as reported at the recent sessions of the two Annual Conferences into which this feeble work has developed, at the close of the first twenty-five years. This return is taken from our first Annual Report, as published in *The Missionary Advocate* for January, 1859:

Extract from the Minutes of the First Annual Meeting of the Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Nynee Tal, August 20, 1858.

STATISTICS OF OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

1. As to the Laborers in the field.

Ordained Missionaries:	William Butler, R. Pierce, J. L. Humphrey....	3
Preacher on Trial:	J. Parsons	1
European Assistants:	S. Knowles, Wesley Maxwell.....	2
Native Preachers:	Joel Janvier, Azim Ali.....	2
" School Teachers:	Samuel, Meabrit.....	2
		<hr/>
	Total.....	10

2. As to the Membership.

The Hindustanee Class:	Member	1
" " "	Probationers.....	4
" " "	Catechumens (orphans).....	6
		<hr/>
	Total.....	11
The Mission Class:	Full Members.....	12
" Soldiers' "	Probationers.....	6
		<hr/>
	Total Members, Probationers, and Catechumens.....	29

3. As to Congregations.

The Hindustanee Congregation, averaging.....	35
" English " " "	90

4. As to Schools (2 in number).

The Boys' School, No. Boys.....	25
" Girls' " " Girls.....	16
	<hr/>
Total number of Scholars.....	41

I. STATIONS OF THE MISSIONS FOR THE COMING YEAR.

W. Butler, Superintendent.

Bareilly: J. L. Humphrey, J. Parsons, Azim Ali, Samuel.

Lucknow: R. Pierce, Wesley Maxwell, Joel Janvier.

Nynee Tal: S. Knowles, and a Native Teacher.

II. PROPERTY OF THE MISSION.

At Nynee Tal, a Mission-house and 6½ acres of Land, costing.....	\$1,650
And a Chapel and School-house in process of building, to cost about.	1,750
With School Furniture and Books, about.....	75
	<hr/>
Making a total of.....	\$3,475
Of which sum the Missionary Treasury paid.....	1,350
	<hr/>
Leaving a balance of.....	\$2,125

which was furnished by generous friends of our Mission in this country during the past three months.

We now present the summaries of the work of the two Annual Conferences, into which the preceding feeble commencement has developed, as furnished by their respective secretaries from their Minutes.

STATISTICAL SUMMARY OF THE MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN INDIA FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1884 :

NUMERICAL STATISTICS.	North India Conference.	South India Conference.	Total.
I. AGENCY OF THE CHURCH.			
Missionaries, No. of male missionaries.....	25	44	69
No. of female missionaries.....	24	30	54
Total foreign missionaries	49	74	123
Native preachers, No. ordained.....	36	3	39
Local, regularly employed in the work.....	98	9	107
Exhorters, acting as supplies	32	...	32
Total natives in charge of congregations.....	166	12	178
English local preachers.....	3	56	59
Total native and foreign preachers.....	194	112	306
School teachers, in the day-schools.....	394	26	420
In the high schools	31	24	55
Teachers and officers in Sunday-schools	646	328	974
Bible colporteurs, regularly employed.....	24	24
Other helpers, in Theological Seminary, Normal School, hospitals, dispensaries, press, etc.	73	73
Grand total of workers of all kinds.....	1,386	483	1,869
II. MEMBERSHIP AND BAPTISMS.			
Native members, on probation.....	2,285	100	2,385
In full connection.....	2,283	138	2,421
Native unordained preachers.....	180	9	139
Total native membership	4,698	247	4,945
English members, on probation.....	30	502	432
In full connection.....	85	1,158	1,343
Total membership, native and English.....	4,813	1,907	6,720
Conversions during the year 1884	491	238	729
Baptisms during the year 1884, infants.....	288	163	451
adults.....	347	28	375
Total baptisms	635	191	826
Adherents, or native Christians, under pastoral care	7,186	500	7,686
Regular congregations (besides bazaar audiences).....	139	60	199
Average attendants on Sabbath worship.....	6,034	3,147	9,181

NUMERICAL STATISTICS.	North India Conference.	South India Conference.	Total.
III. SCHOOLS.			
High schools, No. of schools.....	6	3	9
No. of male pupils.....	679	522	1,201
No. of female pupils.....	207	467	674
Total pupils.....	886	989	1,875
Of these, No. of Christian boys.....	222	273	495
No. of Christian girls	207	272	479
Total Christian pupils.....	429	545	974
Total non-Christian pupils.....	457	644	1,101
Common schools, Vernacular and Anglo-ver- nacular, No. of male schools.....	256	17	273
No. of female schools.....	149	149
Total schools.....	405	17	422
No. of male scholars.....	8,068	984	9,052
No. of female scholars.....	3,232	843	4,075
Total scholars, male and female.....	11,300	1,827	13,127
Of these, No. of Christian boys.....	1,089	564	1,653
No. of Christian girls	811	708	1,519
Total Christian scholars.....	1,900	1,272	3,172
Total non-Christian day scholars.....	9,400	555	9,955
Sunday-schools, No. of schools.....	479	54	533
No. of male scholars.....	12,690	2,881	15,571
No. of female scholars.....	5,379	5,379
Total Sabbath scholars.....	18,069	2,881	20,950
Of these, No. of Christian boys.....	2,443	2,443
No. of Christian girls	1,921	1,921
Total non-Christian Sabbath scholars.....	13,705	13,705
Orphans, No. of male orphans.....	238	238
No. of female orphans	264	264
Theological Seminary, No. of students.....	30	30
Normal School,	35	35
IV. THE MISSION PRESS.			
No. of languages employed	5	5
Volumes issued during 1884.....	31,750	31,750
Pages	2,961,000	2,961,000
V. WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.			
Missionaries, of whom three are doctors in N. I.	16	6	22
Assistant missionaries, English and Eurasian..	30	30
School teachers	78	78
Zenana visitors and Bible women, etc.....	139	38	177
Other native helpers in Orphanage schools, etc.	89	89
Total agents of the W. F. M. Society.....	352	44	396

NUMERICAL AND FINANCIAL STATISTICS.	North India Conference.	South India Conference.	Total.
(W. F. M. SOCIETY—Continued.)			
Schools, Vernacular and Anglo-veracular.....	118	118
Zenanas regularly visited.....	2,095	2,095
Zenana women under regular religious instruction.....	3,195	3,195
Women in villages under instruction.....	1,880	1,880
Orphan girls (counted under No. III).....	264	264
Girls in schools “.....	2,687	2,687
Total women and girls under instruction.....	8,027	8,027
Medical work, native female physicians.....	3	3
Medical Bible women.....	6	6
Assistants in hospitals and dispensaries.....	4	4
Medical students under training.....	3	3
Patients visited in zenanas during 1884.....	429	429
“ treated in dispensaries.....	16,678	16,678
“ received into hospitals.....	83	83
Prescriptions issued during the year.....	26,247	26,247
Inmates in Home for Homeless Women.....	34	34

VI. FINANCIAL STATISTICS FOR 1884.

	Rupees.	Rupees.	Rupees.
1. Contributions from <i>Native</i> churches :			
Collections for Missionary Society.....	382	382
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society	385	385
Sunday-schools.....	110	110
Education.....	349	349
Current expenses, sexton, light, etc.....	1,617	1,617
Support of their own pastors.....	1,882	1,882
Total contributions from native churches	4,725	4,725
School fees from native pupils	3,856	3,856
Grants and donations from native municipalities in aid of schools, orphanages, hospitals, etc..	1,170	1,170
Total receipts from native sources in 1884	9,751	9,751
2. Contributions from <i>English</i> churches and friends in 1884 :			
Collections for the Missionary Society.....	175	5,632	5,807
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society	4,030	4,030
Bible Society.....	209	70	279
Sunday-schools.....	560	3,428	3,968
English education and schools.....	5,152	48,087	53,239
Current expenses, sexton, light, etc.....	1,868	30,999	32,867
Support of their own pastors.....	6,911	48,395	55,306
Building and repairing churches and par- sonages.....	5,315	19,025	24,340
Presiding elders' claims.....	1,560	1,560
Support of native schools, orphanage, press, etc.....	3,971	2,084	6,055
Grants in Aid from government for schools, orphanages, dispensaries, etc.....	40,553	40,553
Total amount from English sources in 1884.....	68,744	159,280	228,024
Add receipts from native churches, etc.....	9,751	9,751
Grand total from all sources in India in 1884...	78,495	237,775

FINANCIAL STATISTICS.	North India Conference.	South India Conference.	Total.
VII. PROPERTY OF OUR CHURCH IN INDIA.			
Places of worship, regular churches.....	37	29	66
Halls and school-houses where services are held	95	25	120
School-houses, including common and high.....	42	7	49
Parsonages for foreign missionaries.....	30	15	45
" for native pastors.....	39	39
Estimated value of this property :	Rupees.	Rupees.	Rupees.
Churches.....	194,200	302,426	496,626
Parsonages.....	180,113	77,325	257,438
High-school buildings	147,200	20,000	167,200
The Smith School, Mussooree		20,000	20,000
Common school buildings.....	118,000	118,000
Theological Seminary.....	40,000	40,000
Endowment of Theological Seminary.....	116,000	116,000
Mission press and its endowment	58,000	58,000
Other endowments, by Gen. Gowan and Major Orr	25,000	25,000
The orphanages on the plains and the hills	24,000	24,000
Hospitals and dispensaries.....	23,000	23,000
Sanitarium buildings and furniture.....	16,000	16,000
Itinerating equipage, tents, etc.....	3,850	3,850
Other Conference property	4,200	4,200
Endowment of the Native Woman's Paper.....	50,000	50,000
Total value of mission property in India..	1,008,563	419,751	1,428,314
Amount of debt remaining on this property....	6,088	29,025	35,113
VIII. EXTENT OF AID REALIZED IN NORTH INDIA CONFERENCE FROM 1858 TO 1884.			
From 1858 to 1868, as reported.....	227,621	227,621
1869 to 1878, partly estimated	138,000	138,000
1879 to 1882, as reported.....	89,897	89,897
1883 to 1884, as reported.....	72,217	72,717
The Thomas endowment for the Theological Seminary	40,000	40,000
Toward the endowment of the press.....	28,000	28,000
Nawab's house and land for Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.....	20,000	20,000
Total help raised in India since 1858	615,735	615,735
(The details are found in the published reports of the society yearly.)			
Number of towns and cities where Methodism has a standing to-day, as centers of work....	131	42	173
Cities, towns, and villages where native Christians reside, more than	700	50	750

To God be all the glory!

It was certainly due to the worthy English friends of our North India Mission, under whose eyes that work was founded, and who have sympathized with its progress to this hour; and before whom, for twenty-five years, have been the daily lives of our faithful missionaries and their native assistants and members, that this record should be made of their princely generosity. I have named one or two of them already. These men, in all ranks of life, from the British general to the private soldier, and from the Viceroy of India to the humblest member of the civil service, all alike have shown their interest in this great work of God. When to this I add the fact, that they were nearly all connected with other Christian denominations—not one in twenty of them being a Methodist—their generosity has been the more disinterested and valuable to us. I feel it to be a duty, and a privilege as well, to place on record here the obligation of our Church and people to these generous benefactors.

Such has been the munificent aid which those generous friends and their government, and also some liberal native gentlemen, have extended to the work of our Missionary Society in India. The humble offerings of our own native Christians have helped, even though but a little, in swelling this aggregate. Here was the encouragement which led the parent Board and General Committee to “devise those liberal things” which enabled the Superintendent, as

advised by Bishop Simpson, to "lay deep and broad foundations for Methodism in India," and which have continued since to build up our work on the lines then laid out for it.

The value of the rupee is forty cents. The Secretary of the South India Conference regrets, in his communication, that their statistics are not more definite in several items asked for. He is my authority, as the Minutes do not show it, for the figures of their native membership—"being one in eight of the whole number"—and he also adds that, of the 238 conversions during the year, 26 of that number were natives. If the figures were furnished as fully as those of the North India Conference, there are several items that would have made the exhibit still more favorable for the South India Conference. But I have inserted all the representation that was possible with the information available to me.

In the property exhibit of the North India Conference, that of the Ladies' Society is included, and also their girl pupils in the school exhibit, but not the zenana and village women under their instruction. The report on page 477 gives the full exhibit of their work. I ought, also, to add that in the North India Conference there are three of the male missionaries who are doctors, and there are also three doctors among the native preachers—Harkua Wilson, Amos Miller, and Edward Thomson. The former are doing good service at Bareilly, Lucknow, and Agra.

The native physicians are in the Kumaon District, and the following is the aggregate of their medical services for the year past in the three stations occupied by them :

Patients treated, Male.....	7,804
" " Female.....	2,730
" " Children	1,966
Total cases.....	12,500

There were besides 130 surgical operations, of which 110 were minor and 20 major. It should also be observed that, in the items of native liberality (beyond the 1,882 rupees toward the support of their own pastors), there was, as usual, some help from the mission families in those collections—for the Missionary Society, current expenses, the native auxiliaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, etc. But, after deducting this help, most of the contributions were from the natives themselves, and the result shows that the yearly giving is already up to 4,000 rupees from our native membership.

It should also be stated that the Minutes of the North India Conference show an aggregate of 99 "unpaid voluntary workers :" such as local preachers not regularly employed in the work, native preachers' wives acting as Bible women, etc. ; adding to these most of the 646 Sunday-school officers and teachers, that Conference has a band of over 700 helpers in their force, whose services are rendered without receiving any earthly compensation for them.

While profoundly grateful to God and his servants for this Numerical and Financial Exhibit of our Missions at the close of the first quarter-century of their existence, we realize that all this is but means to the ends we aim at—the mere scaffolding of the building which we are erecting. Unencumbered property, munificent financial aid, and numerical prosperity are good and necessary in their way ; but they might all appear without a living experience of salvation, like a beautiful body without an animating soul. The glory of a Christian mission is in the amount of its spiritual life, and that cannot be tabulated ; but it can be “felt and seen” and illustrated in the lovely “fruits of grace.” This, after all, was what drew forth our deepest gratitude as we went from station to station in our mission. We realized that our native membership had a Christian experience ; that they were able to live their religion, and to die well, when they came to die. And, when to this we found added a converted native ministry, called by the Holy Spirit to the work, we felt that the highest gifts of God had been bestowed upon our mission, and that our hearts need feel no solicitude in regard to its permanence, for here were the essential and divine elements of its future life and usefulness.

What that work is capable of, in meeting and overthrowing this colossal and organized heathenism, was gloriously illustrated in March, 1885, at Ajudhiya, where, amid the din and madness of a preposterous

idolatry, in which fifty or sixty thousand people had assembled, according to custom, to worship Hanuman, the monkey-god, two of our native ministers, Ambica Charn Paul and Chimman Lal, with one or two helpers—men full of faith and of the Holy Spirit, were honored of God during those three days to accomplish for him the most glorious work yet known in that land. A brief description of it, in two letters from Rev. B. H. Badley, will lead my readers to bow their heads, as I do mine, before the display of this wonderful grace of God. The happy missionary writes :

“It is safe to say that at no *mēla*, in North India at least, has there been such a manifestation of the saving power of Christ as at Ajudhiya this week. The great ‘Ram Naomi’ *mēla*, held in this sacred city, the birthplace of Ram Chandra, as the Hindus declare, was largely attended ; several of our native preachers from Lucknow, Rev. Chimman Lal, Philip Andrew, and a colporteur, together with Rev. A. C. Paul, of Barabanki, went to Ajudhiya last Monday. On Tuesday morning, the 24th, before beginning the day’s work, the brethren engaged in prayer in their tent. A poor leper, a Brahmin, heard and drew near the tent : some by-standers said jestingly to the brethren, ‘Here is a hopeful case for you ; make this man a Christian.’ The brethren had the man come into the tent, and one of them began praying : at once the power of God was manifested, the leper began to

pray in the name of Jesus, and with tears streaming down his face he soon confessed Christ had heard and saved him. He cast away his *janeu* (sacred thread), gave his necklace of praying beads to the brethren, and with a joyful heart started out to tell the story. He had made many pilgrimages to Budrinath, Benares, and elsewhere, seeking rest, but all in vain, and now at last had found salvation. During his baptism a *pundit* and his disciple came up, and these, too, were convinced of sin and began praying; others joined the company and the tent was surrounded with inquirers. These were all seated, men, women, and children, and the brethren began explaining the Gospel message: the hearts of the people were touched, and scores were at once baptized, men, women, and children, family after family. All were baptized with their old names, except the leper, who went about declaring that he had found the true *gyán* (knowledge) and was happy in Christ; he was given the name ‘Gyan Masih, (one who knows Christ); a woman who was baptized showed such earnestness in inviting the people to come to Christ that she was named ‘Masih Dasi’ (handmaiden of Christ). The preachers taught their new converts several Hindi hymns, and these were sung with much spirit, while in the very shadow of the famous temple ‘Hanuman Garhi’ (Hanuman’s Fort) scores were joyously shouting ‘Victory to the Lord Jesus Christ!’ (Jai Prabhu Yisu!) The police looked on in amazement.

There was no confusion or difficulty. After preaching in the *mēla* the brethren invited those who desired to become Christians to come to the tent, and numbers followed at once, and after being instructed and confessing Christ were baptized.

"The first day (Tuesday) 96 were baptized; the second (Wednesday, the great day of the *mēla*), 102; and the third (Thursday), 50; in all, 248. The names of all were carefully written. About a score live in Ajudhiya, and will form the nucleus of a Methodist Church there; others live in the surrounding villages; but most of them live in the North-west Provinces, beyond the Ganges. All were directed to make their way at once to the nearest missionary or Christian village and report themselves as brethren.

"It is very significant that out of this large number of converts the majority were Brahmins; nearly one third were women; one third were children; and entire families were baptized.

"No American missionaries were present. The two native ordained preachers baptized the converts. They and their helpers were all greatly blessed, and say that the place was filled with the presence of God. They had gone with prayer and were prepared for the great work. They are among the best native preachers in the North India Conference, while Brother Chiman Lal is a beautiful singer, as well as a poet and musician. He has written a number of hymns which are in use among us, and is constantly adding to the

number. He is our Conference Sankey, a most successful worker, greatly blessed of God. On this occasion the people came in scores and listened to the singing, joining in the choruses as soon as they learned them. As great results will attend the singing of the Gospel in India as have in other lands, and Methodism has a great work here in preparing hymns and popularizing them—displacing the licentious songs which, wedded to beautiful tunes, are sung far and wide. With Brother Chimman Lal to prepare original hymns, and Brother Isaac Fieldbrave to translate Western hymns, and a press to publish them in the language spoken by seventy-five millions of these people, we are ready for the great opportunities which are opening before us.

“It is worth remarking that in January last a native preacher in an adjoining zillah wrote Dr. Johnson, presiding elder of the district, asking that he might be appointed to Ajudhiya, as he felt in his heart that there would be a great work there. This desire was entirely spontaneous, as nothing had been said to the man regarding a preacher being sent to Ajudhiya.

“The results of this pentecostal outpouring cannot be too highly estimated. The city was shaken, and the people were amazed as they saw the scores of their own idolatrous countrymen flocking to the standard of the Lord Jesus Christ. On the railway, when the *mela* closed and the people were departing,

it was a common topic of conversation, and the 248. were multiplied to a ‘ thousand.’

“The list of their names, with their ages written, is before me as I write ; and as I glance down the long list I cannot keep from saying for every name, for every man, woman, boy, and girl : ‘Praise God ! Praise God !’ Several were old men, some were men of good position. These all promised, on reaching their homes, scattered here and there throughout the provinces, to report to the nearest missionaries or native Christians. We shall do our utmost to follow them, and daily pray that they may be graciously kept and divinely shepherded. We are praying that this may be but the beginning of a great spiritual harvest in North India. God is with us, and our hearts are filled with singing. Pray that the hundreds may grow into thousands this year.”

These “pentecostal days at Ajudhiya” are astonishing many in India, who have long labored and waited for the kingdom of God. It is coming “with power.” All the facts forbid the idea of there being insincerity or superficiality in this reception of mercy by these people, or in its free and cordial offer by these honored native ministers. The cause and effects were manifestly similar to those displayed in the case of Philip and the stranger Eunuch, St. Paul and the Philippian jailer, Cornelius and his friends, and others mentioned in Holy Writ. No higher evidence of human sincerity need be looked for than when a lordly Brah-

min consents to bend in penitential humility at the feet of a man as destitute of caste as is Chimman Lal, and entreats him to pour from his hand upon that proud head the water which forever breaks this Brahmin's caste. When, in addition, this "aristocrat by creation," voluntarily and promptly takes off from his breast the emblem and outward sign of his nobility, and hands it over, with his string of praying beads, to the administrator of the holy rite, he has done all that man can do in India to prove his earnestness and honesty. But on this occasion there were 127 of these Brahmins who did all this, and that, too, in public and before thousands of their own people, who had hitherto honored them as the clergy caste, and nobility of their country! Yes, indeed, such men must be sincere! There was no earthly motive that could mingle with that scene. It was pure spiritual conviction and strong desire for salvation in Christ, and they found what they so promptly and earnestly sought, and "went on their way rejoicing" to their homes, where they are now, no doubt, telling their friends what they obtained by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Church to whom God "gives this increase" has a heavy responsibility to follow up her own success, and to see to it that these people are closely looked after, and drawn into intimate relations with the means of grace, and "taught the way of God more perfectly."

This divine manifestation has added additional and

startling evidence of the spiritual susceptibility of the natives of India. They, indeed, have hearts, and hearts that can yield promptly to the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit. Perhaps hitherto we have been appealing too exclusively to their intellects and too little to their spiritual natures; not realizing how readily these latter might yield to Christian sympathy and personal appeal. Commenting upon the results, the editor of the *Indian Witness* gives expression to sentiments which intimate "the gift of power" that is coming upon our missionaries, and the glad results which we may henceforth look for in that land. His words may apply at *home* as well as in India. He says:

"There is here a great lesson for those who would win souls for Christ. It is unnecessary to spend ingenuity, and still less time, in preparatory courses. Whatever intellectual difficulties an intelligent Hindu feels in the way of accepting Christianity, there is in his mind, along with his religious speculation, but distinct from it, a longing for spiritual rest, and if that be clearly offered to him in the name of Christ, he may clutch at it and wait for the solution of his doubts at another time. This was plainly shown by Mr. Knowles, in his letter published recently in the *Indian Witness*, and he had good reason to know whereof he wrote. Moreover, he confessed freely that his faith had not always been equal to that manner of work. When his faith was weaker, his aim

was poorer. The fact to be remembered is, that the Holy Ghost, whose special office it is to convict the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, has usually been at work upon men's consciences before they hear the Gospel: so that the message of salvation falls upon ears on the alert for something of the kind.

“The chief point in preaching is to deliver the message in full faith that it is divinely adapted to the cases in hand and will be accepted. The importance of this cannot be overestimated. If there be uncertainty in the preacher's mind as to the present efficacy of the salvation he offers, that uncertainty will inevitably betray itself in his spirit, and his hearers will not put more faith in his message than he has in it himself. This faith is the gift of God. There is something out of order in a messenger of Christ who does his errand with misgivings about the result. He is doubtless sincere, but his faith is defective. And it is often a consciousness of this uncertain grasp of the truth that makes preachers content to do their part in keeping the gospel machinery going, or at most, willing to hope that a future day will bring a wave of success upon their efforts.”

Surely the Church at home, which originated this work, must now begin to feel her heart deeply touched with the value which she must henceforth attach to this enterprise, in view of the grace and the honor which God is putting upon it. She can now go to

her missions to attest her theology, and gather inspiration from them even for her own home work. Blessing others she will herself be blessed.

There is another very important result that will arise out of this manifestation of grace which I would like to draw attention to before closing the subject. And I find the point so well presented by Dr. Thoburn, that I will borrow a few sentences from his article. Commenting upon this "New Missionary Era" which has dawned upon the North India Conference, he says :

"For some years past we have steadily maintained the view that the cause of Christian missions in India was about to enter upon a new era. Much had been done in the past, but the work had, for the most part, been carried on within narrow lines. The massive force of Hinduism had never been broken, and converts from Islam had been gathered in by twos and threes, but never in such numbers as to break the Mohammedan ranks at any one point. The only exception to this remark, we believe, was in Bengal, where some years ago a large community of Mohammedans embraced the Christian faith ; but these people were hardly orthodox Mohammedans, and would not have been accepted as such in North India. The Brahmin lines, however, had never been broken. Here and there one, two, or three converts had been gathered in from the Brahmin and higher castes, but we think we are correct—and we hope to be put

right if mistaken—in saying that never in the history of missions in India has any considerable number of Brahmins been baptized in a body. The unconditional acceptance of Christianity on a New Testament basis has as yet been confined to isolated converts from the higher castes.

“The recent baptisms at the Ajudhiya *mēla* put a new phase upon this peculiar feature of mission work in India. In all two hundred and forty-eight persons were baptized, ‘the majority of whom were Brahmins.’ The significance of this statement can hardly be overestimated. One man’s soul is, of course, worth no more than another’s, and a Brahmin stands no higher in God’s sight than a sweeper; but the Brahmins have been hedged about in such a way that it has seemed next to impossible to reach them; and it is a cause of rejoicing that access to them at last seems to have been gained, and that their hearts are as open to receive the word of life as the hearts of the people of lower castes.

“We cannot believe that this extraordinary movement in the Ajudhiya *mēla* will end with the dispersion of the people who attended the fair. A hundred thousand busy tongues will tell the story over and over again, and by this time it is known to ten millions of people in North India that Brahmins and other high-caste people are accepting Christianity freely. The effect of this will be to break the spell which has so long held the mass of the people. It is

popularly believed that Christianity is only adapted to low-caste people, and that Brahmins are clad in an armor of social and religious sanctity which makes them invulnerable against the Christian preacher. It avails little to point to one or two Brahmin converts among the Christian preachers. The fact that they are so few in number seems only to confirm the people in their notion of the general rule, and they rest quietly in the conviction that a religion which cannot reach the Brahmins must be inferior to that which the Brahmins profess. A few more occurrences like this, and this notion will be dispelled forever. The people will see, and quickly realize, that a power greater than Brahminism is at work in their midst, and however reluctant they may be to accept the Christian religion, they will begin to regard it with a respect, a reverence, which they have never known before."

At another *mēla* since held, at Mahmad Gunge, twenty-five more persons of the same classes were baptized; and there are other recent instances which I might quote, so that already it would seem a larger number have been added to the Church there within four months since Conference than have been added in any whole year in the history of the mission. They are evidently entering upon times of great power—"years of the right hand of the Most High;" and it behooves our Church now to re-enforce her work, and, pushing the battle to the very gate, capture India for Christ as fast as she possibly can.

What an evidence of this increasing power was the dedication, in the fall of 1885, of our new church in the city of Cawnpore! Situated in the center of the city, this beautiful church—the largest and most complete native church in North India—was dedicated to the worship of God amid circumstances of the most encouraging character. Here, where the blood of several hundred Christian people was shed amid scenes of unparalleled cruelty by the Nana Sahib, in 1857, Methodism has erected a Christian church that is a joy to look at; complete in all respects, with its tower and bell and clock, and school building attached. The people of the city manifested a lively interest in the enterprise, and even a few Hindus offered to subscribe toward its erection. On the day of its dedication the edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity, about twelve hundred persons being present. Such was the interest which the event excited that several zenana ladies came in their palankeens to attend the service, a part of the gallery having been curtained off for their special use, where they could see and hear without being themselves seen! And this in Cawnpore, where those beloved Presbyterian brethren and sisters, and hundreds of others with them, endured the most cruel martyrdom for the Lord Jesus known since the days of Nero and Caligula! Yes, even here, “the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church!” But it is the glorious *future* that is thus intimated, of which I think, as I

read with surprise and joy of the present events at Ajudhiya and Cawnpore. This is only the dawn ; but what a day it is ushering in for poor India, when her “sun shall no more go down ; neither shall” her “moon withdraw itself : for the Lord shall be” her “everlasting light, and the days of” her “mourning shall be ended !”

Her candid and intelligent visitors all alike recognize in the present success the intimations of this coming glory. The last, and one of the most competent of these visitors, expressed his delight and anticipations at the opening session of the North India Conference in Bareilly, January 7, 1885. From a *verbatim* report by one of the missionaries of Bishop Hurst’s address on that occasion, I take the following portion. The Bishop said :

“I come to you, dear brethren, bringing the salutations of the Church at home. When doubtful missionary fields are spoken of at home we think of various countries, but never of India. The work here is, beyond a doubt, successful. I have now been in India two months, examining the work of our Church. I think it would take more than two years to see it all and see it well. I wish I could be here a year—and that would be too short a time to satisfy my own wishes.

“I am pleased with all I have seen of India Methodism. The work is infinitely beyond what I expected to find. I was not uninformed ; I have read various

books on India, as well as all that has appeared in the public prints, and your letters in our various *Advocates*; but I was not prepared for what I see. I find a surprise every hour. Some things I am amazed at:

“1. Your choice of church property. Every-where you have bought wisely, beautifully, and it is very evident that you have bought *to stay*. Your buildings are well located; I am not surprised that it is so here in Bareilly where we have met; we have this beautiful church; just yonder the Remington Hall, the home of your theological seminary; across the way your Girls’ Orphanage. So it is in other cities.

“2. Your schools are prospering. In New England the spring sun calls out the life and beauty of the vegetable world—the sturdy oak, the budding, leafing tree, the beautiful rose—all forms of life are developed by the genial sun; so here, you have not only churches, but schools for boys and for girls; you have Orphanages as well, and thus the light of the Gospel brings life and development in many varied ways.

“3. Your publishing interests are well cared for and full of promise. This gives great reason for rejoicing. I recognize this as a very important department. Here, as elsewhere, our Church has not been able to utilize the books by others, and you have had to create your own literature, as you will have to do in the future.

“We have met to-day for our Conference session

—brought, many of us, thousands of miles, in peace and safety to this place. Blessed be God for his abounding mercies ! The eyes of the whole Church are upon you ; your names are familiar in America. In the company before me are those who have been away from you for a time, now with you again, glad to be here. I have read about the Corsican, how the fragrance of the flowers of his native land so gets into his nature that wherever he goes this fragrance tells his presence and his nationality ; so it seems to me it is with India missionaries at home on furlough ; they do not call America home ; their thoughts go back to this distant land ; they are restless, and are never at home until they land in India. It is this perfect enthusiasm in your work which makes you successful.

“ This work of yours is a glorious one. People all about you have sprung into beautiful lives through your efforts, and many who are in heaven to-day are the fruit of your labor. No mission has in fuller measure the confidence of the Church than yours.

“ We shall have a grand future in India. You have many forms of error to meet and overcome. I am amazed at the bravery of soul with which you are attacking these. If you seek for heroism, you do not need to go yonder to the Lucknow Residency, where Havelock fought and Lawrence fell ; you will find it in the men and women who to-day are battling against error in the many mission fields of India. You have

gone to work to meet the questions of to-day with great faith and courage. We believe the future will be grander even than the past.

“The Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society has won great laurels in India, as elsewhere. With its ‘first decade’ we are all familiar; the second decade will be brighter still. I am glad to see so many of the workers of this Society here to-day—so many fresh from America, earnest, consecrated ladies, who have crossed three seas and one ocean to take their places in your midst. May God bless them; and may his richest blessings rest upon the noble women at home, whose helping hands reach across these seas to touch and save the heathen women of India!”

Nothing more need be added to this to show the Church the value and opening prospects of her precious work in that wonderful land save the Bishop’s own words, written in Europe on his return from India, showing the full result of his reflections upon what he had witnessed there. It was written to the Missionary Secretaries and the Board, and was by them printed in a circular and sent out to the Church. Bishop Hurst says: “If from all the lands where our people are now singing centennial psalms our Church were suddenly blotted out, there is aggressive force in India Methodism alone to sail to all the continents and plant it over again.”

This is enough. No more appreciation need be desired. The climax was reached when these words

were written. As the humble founder of the North India Mission, I pause here to recognize gratefully the infinite mercy of God that has been over me and my work from its inception to this glad hour. I may now be indulged, at this point, with a few candid and grateful reminiscences regarding my own relation to that work, without any liability, I hope, of being misunderstood.

In doing this I may, perhaps, seem, in the apostle's sense, to "speak as a fool," but surely I may be borne with in doing so. This glorious birth of spiritual good was not accomplished without a travail of soul corresponding to its importance and value, and in this my own heart has had its prominent share. I appreciate the self-forgetfulness in the quotation,

"'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound;"

and who that was heroic would do otherwise on the field of battle? But the conflict is over, and, amid the joy of the victory which we now experience, reminiscences to the honor of supporting grace may be appropriate. So St. Paul thought when he enumerated his own grand endurances, and declared that he wore his scars as badges of sacred honor, and gloried in his sufferings for the Lord Jesus Christ. It is well that we do not know in advance the toil and trials which we have to meet in our path of duty. God wisely hides from our eyes what might discourage, and calls us to walk by faith, leaning on him alone for

support and guidance. What a list of discouragements *might* have been put into our hands, by some foreseeing power, on the day when we stepped on board that steam-ship, in Boston harbor, in 1856 ! Our hearts were yearning for the two dear boys we had then to leave behind ; and here that list might have begun its discouraging enumeration, and said to us : " That oldest boy you are never to see again, for he will die in your absence ; two more of your precious ones you will leave behind in India when your work is done, and you will also have to bury the fourth one in his young manhood in a Mexican cemetery, so that their graves will be twelve thousand miles asunder ! You will go straight with your dear ones almost into the jaws of death, and have to pass through the greatest emergency civilization has ever known on the Eastern hemisphere. For fifteen months you will be exposed "in peril among the heathen and in the wilderness," standing in jeopardy every hour, and will be given up as dead. When you come forth from that circle of fire, keen sufferings will await you. The Asiatic cholera and the sun-stroke, ophthalmia and other ailments, will in succession bring you again into the very presence of death, and almost close your career. Then, when emerging from these, your hardest toil and heaviest responsibilities will be only beginning, in laying out, developing, and providing for the extensive work of God which you are expected to found and superintend in that land. Nearly one

hundred agents in the field will have to be helped and satisfied in their work ; and while carrying this care and toil those who sent you will sometimes seem fail you, so that you will be criticized and even checked, because you appear to them to be going too fast, or to have taken too extensive a field to occupy, and for requiring so large a portion of the Church's funds for its cultivation. Your soul will mourn when you find you cannot please every one concerned—all in the field and all at home—till your nights become sleepless, and head and heart will ache because you will fear that your extensive plans of work are not understood or adequately appreciated. The keenest of these heart-aches will be when the limited liberality of the Church leads the authorities at home to restrain your action and curtail your work in the presence of millions of dying men whom your soul will yearn to save ! ”

This is only a part of what might be enumerated, and is all sober truth, without a word of exaggeration. Only God himself knows the solicitude which this one poor, weak heart, held to such responsibility, carried for this blessed cause ; while back of it all lay the consideration that I was only “a stranger and foreigner,” doing this work for my adopted Church and country, and realizing that it became me modestly to avoid, lest I should be misunderstood, the self-assertion which a native American might suitably assume under such responsibilities. I say not this because of any

reason given me to doubt their consideration for me and the office I held under these circumstances. No, indeed; my dear brethren in the field were considerate, and even magnanimous toward me, and these pages contain abundant proof that I was fully aware of it, and loved them for their honorable bearing toward me from first to last—from 1858 to 1884.

My entire reference is known to God alone, who saw my solicitude and how profoundly I respected the authorities who had commissioned me, as well as my earnest desire to bear conscientiously the responsibilities which they had laid upon me. But I never forgot that in all this I was not serving man, but God, and that to him I should have to answer in the judgment day for the appreciation and use of the great opportunity. I felt then—and feel to-day more fully—that he had called me to this great work, and would go with me to it, and be with me in it, removing the impediments from my path and sustaining me till that work was done. The farther I went in that line of duty the more convinced I became of the divine guidance and purpose. When I reached the Gangetic Valley, and saw that preventing power removed, God seemed to say to me, “I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.” That door was, indeed, “wide and effectual,” and my plans had to conform themselves to the circumstances of that magnificent valley and its twenty millions of souls. I realized strongly that the Almighty knew the ability, present

and prospective, of the Church which I represented, and that in calling her to India (where one sixth of our race was to be affected by her presence) he evidently did not intend that she should be represented there by a little puny mission that in a hundred years of labor could not reach the heart of India and touch it for Christ.

The Board, the General Committee, and even the Corresponding Secretary might look serious, and even hesitate about assuming such an obligation as this was to be—for faith then was weaker and less intelligent than it is to-day. But God was pressing us up to the duty which we had to fulfill for him. So, all parties—the superintendent included—were alike carried beyond themselves, and their first small plans, out into purposes and opportunities that were worthy of the great work to which “the Lord of the harvest” was calling them. What wonderful reading now is that voluminous correspondence upon this subject. How I was cautioned and instructed—sometimes almost censured. But the help I developed from those generous English friends—who caught the enthusiasm of our extensive plans—and my own pleadings, encouraged the Corresponding Secretary and the Board, so that they kindly (though often reluctantly) allowed me to have my own way. Meanwhile the Church, seeing what was being done, responded with increasing liberality for her share, and the finances rose, year by year, to the height required, and good Dr. Durbin

stood by me to the last. His hopes were fulfilled, and one of the greatest joys of his life was realized when the mission to India rose to the dignity of an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church !

What else could I do than what I did ? There before me lay a sight which the Secretary and the Church could only hear of—the plenteous harvest of unsaved humanity, 20,000,000 in number, within our own field ; while “the Lord of the harvest” was calling for “more laborers,” and Bishop Simpson’s words were ringing in my memory, “Brother Butler, lay deep and broad foundations for Methodism in India!” O, I thank God my faith and courage did not fail me ; not for a moment, even amid the hot fires of 1857, or when Dr. Durbin (awe-struck with the carnage) wrote and gave me full leave to reconsider the field I had chosen, and change it for another, if, on reflection, I thought I had selected one too hard to be a safe position for doing mission work. I am equally grateful that I did not flinch under the pressure of the timid counsels and opinions of some who thought I should do better by adopting their limited views of the work and how it was to be laid out.

No ; my Letter of Instructions defined my responsibility, and conceded to me a large discretion in meeting the great opportunity for our Church. God was with me every hour, and my trust in his guidance was simple, but immeasurable ; so I stood up to the duty laid upon me, and had neither fear nor doubt.

Who now regrets that I took counsel of my faith and assumed the full responsibility of my commission, throwing upon my Church the onus of cultivating that grand field which I had selected for her, honoring her in doing so? I do not; but shall go down to the grave grateful that to me was given the opportunity of committing her to its cultivation. Nor does any of my brethren amid our extending work in India, where they rejoice in the field which they occupy, and in the hopeful race whom they are evangelizing. Nor does Dr. Durbin in heaven, nor our living Church to-day, nor the adorable Head of the Church himself. Our denomination is surely richer for what she has done for India, and is all the better prepared to accomplish the work to which our fathers' God is leading her onward. The help of a Church of such resources means much to him in the realization of his promise to his Son: "I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

So here I stand, and take this look over all the way which this book records, and the path along which God has led us. Whatever it may have involved to us of solicitude, or bereavement, or trial, I see now that all was for the best. I would not change a single fact, nor ask exemption from any pain of mind or body which the duty involved. The close of the quarter-century has explained and glorified it all; and now, beyond former experience, I know the

outcome in which what we call mysterious providences can terminate, and the meaning of the lines :

“ Who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match,
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears ? ”

Gladly would I go through it all again, and far more, if God so willed, to accomplish the same results, even with full knowledge in advance of what it would cost the heart in the way of endurance. The discipline and sorrow which duty often involves work out the highest results to those who are exercised thereby. The personal benefits acquired by sanctified trial, has led multitudes of God’s faithful ones to know forever :

“ Amid my list of blessings infinite
Stands this the foremost, that my heart has bled;
For all I thank thee, most for the severe.”

Our Saviour was made perfect by suffering, and we may be, and find at last our life-work all the dearer to us for every care and toil that it cost us here below.

Such were the reflections that filled my heart as I crossed the Ganges in 1883, and recalled the emotions which moved my soul at the same crossing in December, 1856. I was then a stranger, without a welcome, and all was dark and forbidding. But here I was joyously reminded of the patriarch’s glad

reflection : "With my staff I crossed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands!" The long years of toil and anxiety had been crowned, and thousands of grateful and loving Christian hearts in that valley were now waiting to welcome us! O, wonderful change! I remembered Dr. Reid's words at the farewell meeting in New York, the night before we sailed on this voyage, and realized how true to the sentiments of my heart they were: "I would rather found a mission than found an empire." What hallowed compensation, for any toil and sacrifice, have we received! So,

"After all my wanderings through this world of care,
And all my griefs, and God has given me my share,"

I bless him that I have lived to see this day, and to look upon these glad results! My heart bowed before him in adoration as I there recalled Dr. Durbin's words, written to strengthen me, in April, 1856, when he sympathized with our lonely and unsustained position, and said: "Be of good courage, and let those yet to come say, 'William Butler founded this mission.'" Amen! and, again, to God be all the glory!

Poor India! A few more words about her before I terminate this book. She is to-day the most awful example on earth of the damnable nature of idolatry. There is a land which is one of the garden spots of this globe; a land with a history running back for

four thousand years, having boundless wealth, and a sixth of the world's population within her borders. She was in her splendor when our forefathers were half-naked savages in English forests. Her scholars were then writing her great epics, and calculating eclipses. Hundreds of years before the Incarnation the fame of her greatness had reached the court of Solomon, and he borrowed some of her superfluities to increase the "glory" of his capital. But she has taken a long departure from the religious simplicity of those times, and is to-day the head and highest example of the world's idolatry. In the greatness of her guilt and folly she has wandered so far from the original righteousness of a belief in the unity of God, that she has multiplied her deities until her "learned Pundits" are said to declare that their Pantheon contains 330,000,000 of them! Every one of these she has invented. The Lord rebuked Israel because their gods had become at least as numerous as their cities. What, then, must he, the jealous God, "who will not give his glory to another, or his praise to graven images," think of India, a country which, according to this preposterous enumeration, has a god and a half for every Hindu in the land! The recent census shows that her shrines are served by 601,164 heathen priests. So that there is a Brahmin priest for every three hundred and thirty persons of that population! Every god she has added, and every additional priest she accepted, has deepened

her debasement, and taken her farther away from truth and righteousness. Modern Hinduism is far more degrading than was the ancient form. The old gods of the Vedic times (who have been forsaken for the modern monstrosities) had some respectability of character about them, but the deities of to-day have sunk the nation so low that it was “perishing in its own corruption” when the Gospel of Christ entered the land, and began, by missionary teaching and Christian law, to arrest the dreadful downward tendency.

The record is atrocious. Idolatry was fully justifying, by its matchless cruelty, the Lord Jehovah’s denunciation of it. For under the sanction of gods and goddesses, who were deified Thugs, and delighted in human blood, even helpless female infancy was remorselessly sacrificed, and tens of thousands of beautiful women were immolated in their suttees in honor of these “divine” monsters. The clergy of India—its Brahmin priesthood—instead of protesting, gave the system their fullest sanction, urging on the devilish crimes, and putting the golden gains derived from them into their hungry purses.

In this deep departure from truth and holiness the men and the women of India are more degraded than any other heathen by the popular objects of their adoration, for they have sunk so low that they are groveling before idols as preposterous as a monkey-god, and worshiping symbols of sensuality which de-

cencey forbids to be named. Poor, deluded, misguided souls! how much they *need* our Christian pity and help to aid them, so “that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.”

Perhaps no human mind this side of eternity can form an adequate conception of the *fearful guilt* and debasing effects of the sin of idolatry. In its mental and material manifestations it is the crime of crimes—the prolific parent of selfishness, licentiousness, and denial of God. No wonder the Lord Almighty pronounces the heaviest maledictions of his holy law against this crime, and declares that no “idolater hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.” Heaven is closed against all such.

Here, then, is our obligation—to save India from this fearful guilt, which is the cause of all her woe and sorrow, and turn her from her “dumb idols, to serve the living God.” Glorious mission! Honored forever will be the men and the women who are engaged in working out her redemption, and upon all who help and sympathize with them in their blessed toil. She *can* be redeemed. Already her salvation has commenced, and they have begun to “cast their idols to the moles and to the bats,” and the blessed Christ is receiving them graciously, and saving their souls. Church of God, press on the work! India is a glorious prize to win from the kingdom of darkness. The overthrow of her colossal and organized

heathenism would be the knell of doom to every other “false god” upon this earth. The Hindu Pantheon, with its millions of “abominable idolatries,” would carry down in its ruin the polytheism of all Asia. That overthrow, when it comes, will realize to the heart of Christendom a thrill of victory more full and ecstatic than that heart has ever felt before. Heaven and earth will unite to celebrate this matchless fact of the Redeemer’s triumph over the prostrate heathenism of the world. Long ago it was foretold that “the idols he shall utterly abolish,” the hundreds of millions of those in India included. Then will have come the glad hour when

“To adorn the worship of the One
A universe of gods has passed away,”

and “the Lord alone shall be exalted in the earth.” *Christian India!* Redeemed at last from the sins and wrongs and sufferings which idolatry imposed upon her, and radiant then with all the graces and peace and joy of our holy faith! It seems to me as though the devoted missionaries who have toiled for this consummation, “but died without the sight,” would want to rise from the dead to behold this highest triumph of Omnipotent grace. “The heart of Asia” will have been won for Christ, her adorable Lord and Master; whom no doubt she will henceforth serve with an ardor worthy of those who have had “much forgiven,” while her vast resources will be laid

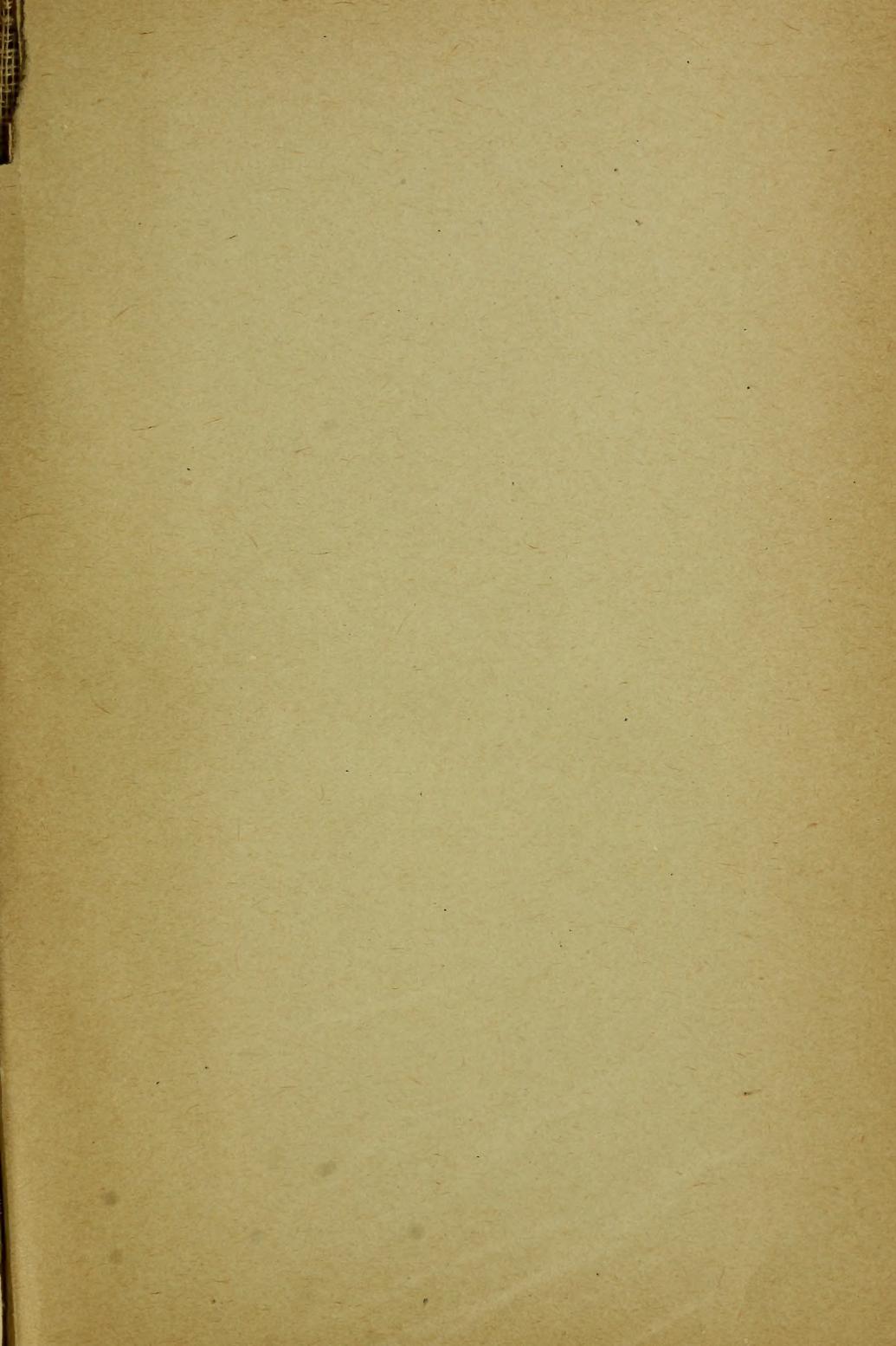
at his feet, and her part in spreading his glory in the earth be worthily done. Some one has anticipated that “day of days” in lines which I quote as I close:

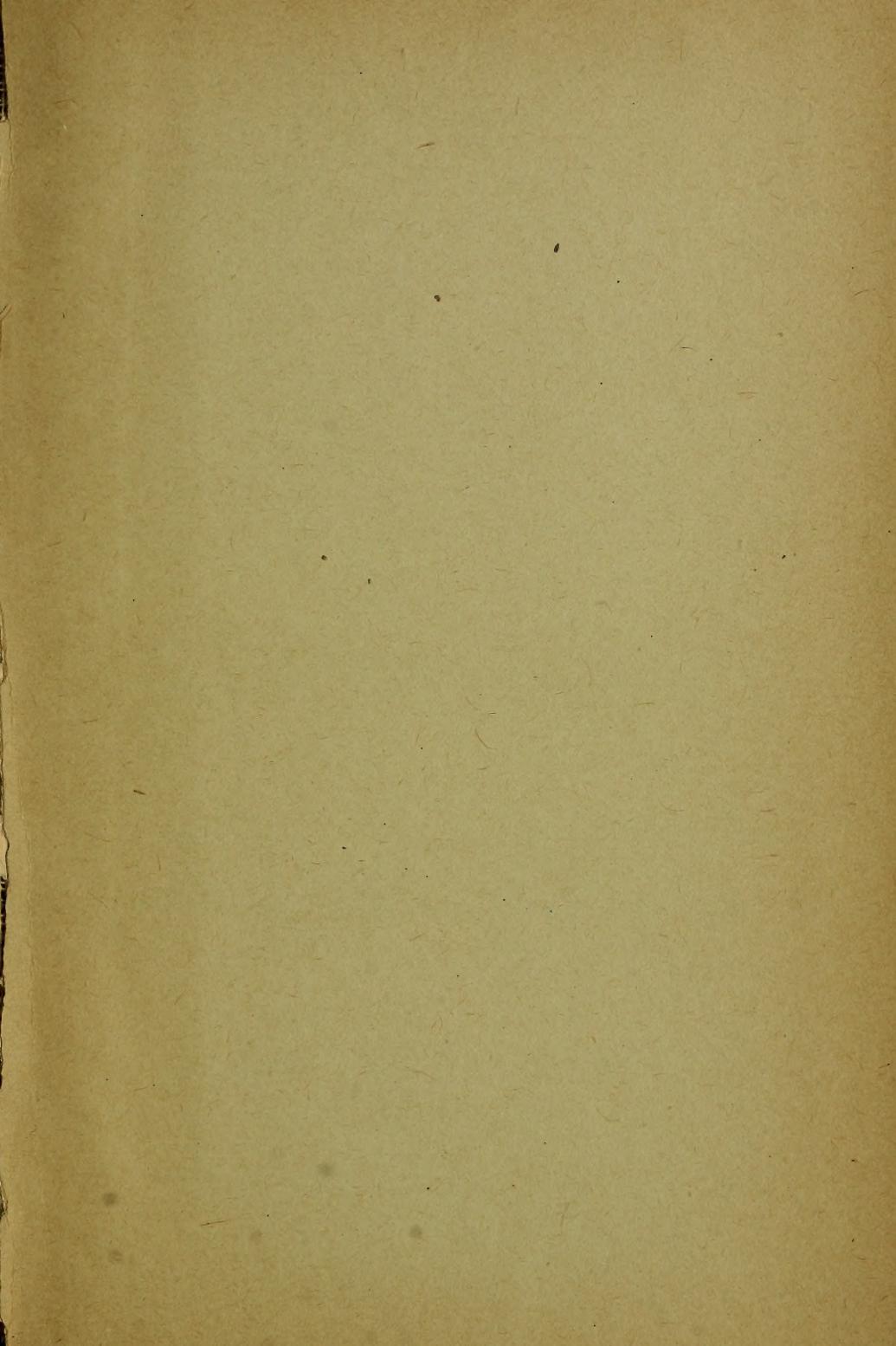
“No longer bestial, but in queenly mold,
Beauteous in needle-work and woven gold,
All Orient riches set on her large brow,
And from her lips sweet song and holy vow;
Her sandaled foot and life-enkindling hand,
Known by fair traces on her smiling land.
Thus glorious, she will glide through peaceful years,
The joy and wonder of applauding spheres,
And Christ will bear her henceforth honored name
On the broad ensign of his conquering fame ! ”

Once more I desire to express the gratitude with which this work commenced, to the generous friends to whom we are indebted for the memorable opportunity of this India visit—out of which, at their suggestion, this book has grown—to enable them to share with us, in some measure, what we were there privileged to see and enjoy. I conclude with my adoring acknowledgment of the kind providential care which was over us by day and night during the long journey of twenty-seven thousand miles, and which returned us in safety and health

“From the glad Orient to the still-loved West.”

THE END.





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